



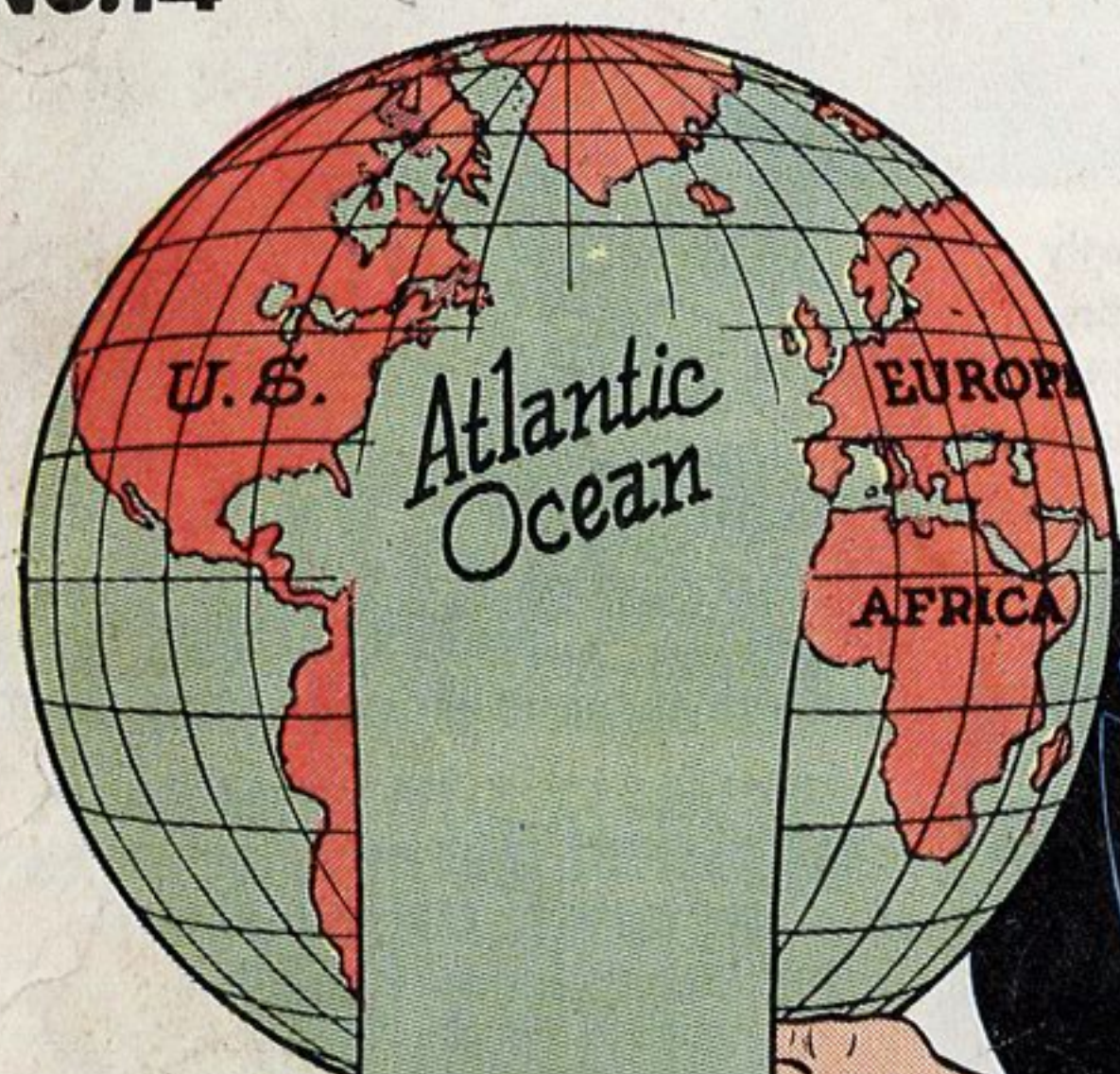
HUMOR

COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.D.
6

SUMMER
ISSUE
NO. 14

10¢



Is the
Atlantic **O**cean
really necessary?

MARK YOUR ANSWER HERE

YES ☐ NO ☐ MEBBE ☐

Read

KELLY POOLE
for the answer!

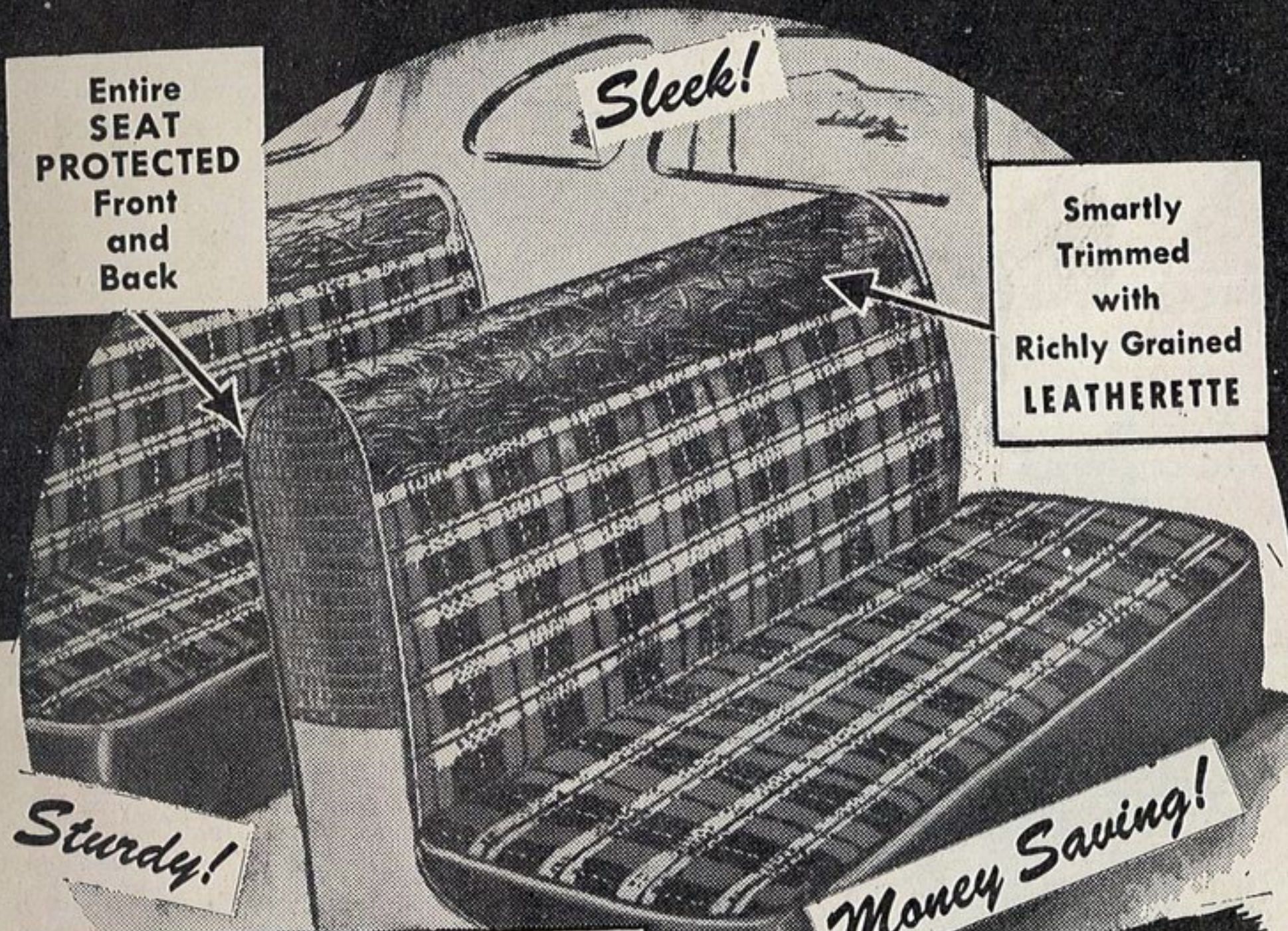


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The **BEST** costs you **LESS** at these
FACTORY-TO-YOU SAVINGS

Get De Luxe SEAT COVERS



*Way
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**ACTUALLY THE VERY SAME
MATERIAL USED IN COVERS
SELLING UP TO \$25!**

Our direct-factory prices offer you tremendous savings. Richer! Stronger! More Luxurious! GAYLARK'S New Auto Seat Covers are TOPS in quality, smart styling and value. Stunning plaid designs in softly harmonious multi-color weaves.

Every GAYLARK FIBRE Auto Seat Cover is carefully finished with elasticized slip-over sides for snug, smooth fit. Just the handsome, thoroughbred accent of elegance your car deserves.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We insist—you must be entirely 100% satisfied, or your money will be cheerfully refunded at once.

JUST NAME THE CAR— WE HAVE THE COVERS

To Fit Every Popular Make
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FORD	PACKARD	STUDEBAKER
PLYMOUTH	FRAZER	OLDSMOBILE
DODGE	CADILLAC	BUICK
CHRYSLER	LA SALLE	HUDSON
PONTIAC	CHEVROLET	KAISER
MERCURY	DeSOTO	LINCOLN
WILLYS	NASH	LAFAYETTE
	TERRAPLANE	

EASY TO INSTALL— on all types and makes of cars!

Be sure to specify which type covers you wish when you order. Note styles illustrated below:



1. Solid back for 4-door sedan—front or rear. Rear for coach or coupe



2. Divided back, solid seat for front coupe or coach



3. Individual seats or bucket type for divided back and seat

\$398 for 3-passenger solid back coupe, or rear seat of coach or sedan
\$895 complete set of covers for sedan or coach



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AND SAVE
BY MAIL**

Our Factory-to-You
Prices Mean Guar-
anteed Savings

SEND NO MONEY

GAYLARK PRODUCTS, Dept. HJ
615 N. Aberdeen, Chicago 22, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush Gaylark Seat Covers on 5-day money-back guarantee

- ☐ Complete front and back covers \$8.95 ☐ Front seat cover only \$4.98
☐ 3-pass. divided back coupe \$4.98 My car is a 19.... Make.....
☐ 3-pass. solid back coupe or rear seat of coach or sedan \$3.98
☐ Type 1 ☐ Type 2 ☐ Type 3 ☐ 2-door ☐ 4-door
☐ Rush postpaid—\$.....enclosed. ☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage.

Name.....
(please print)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

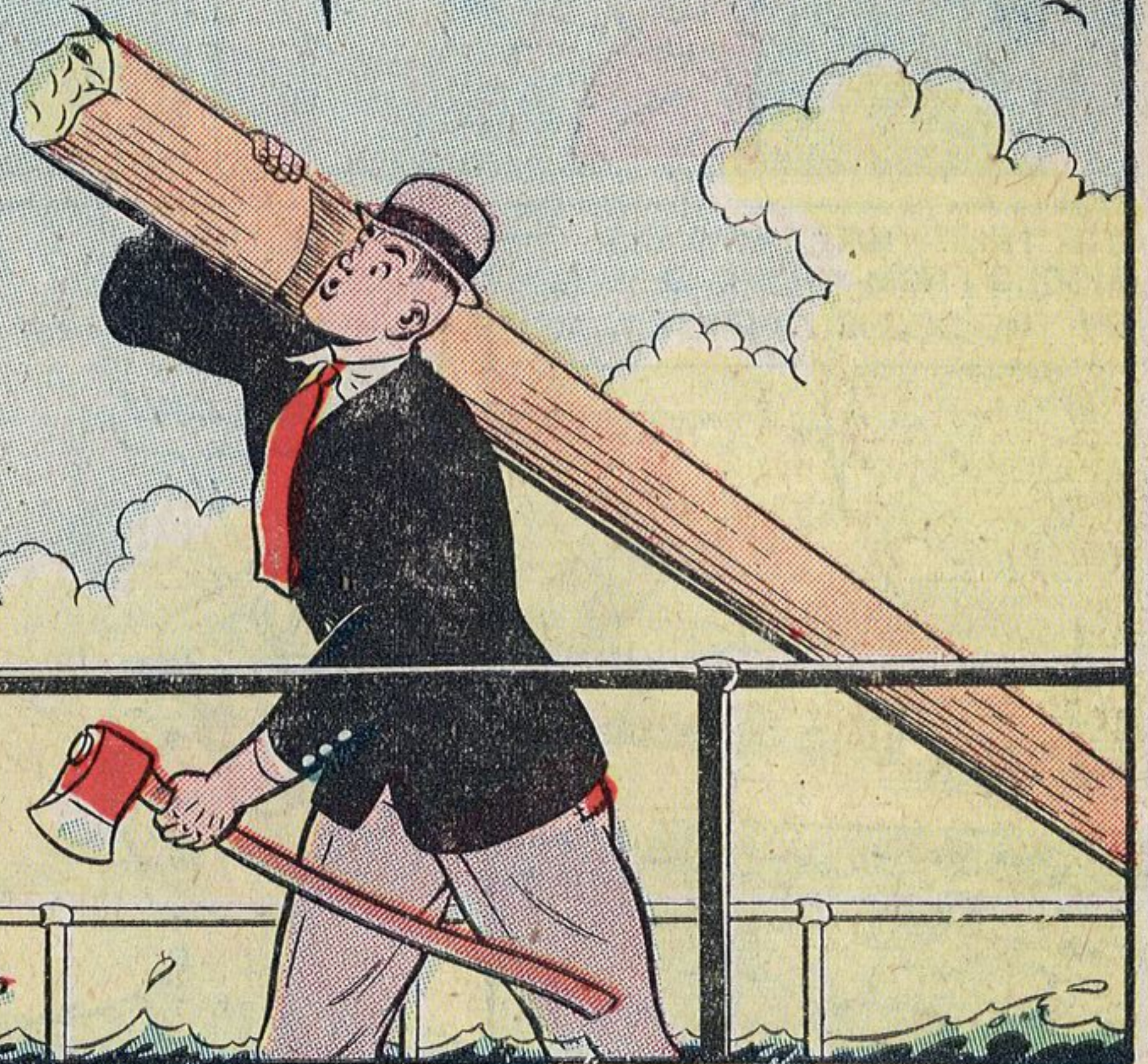
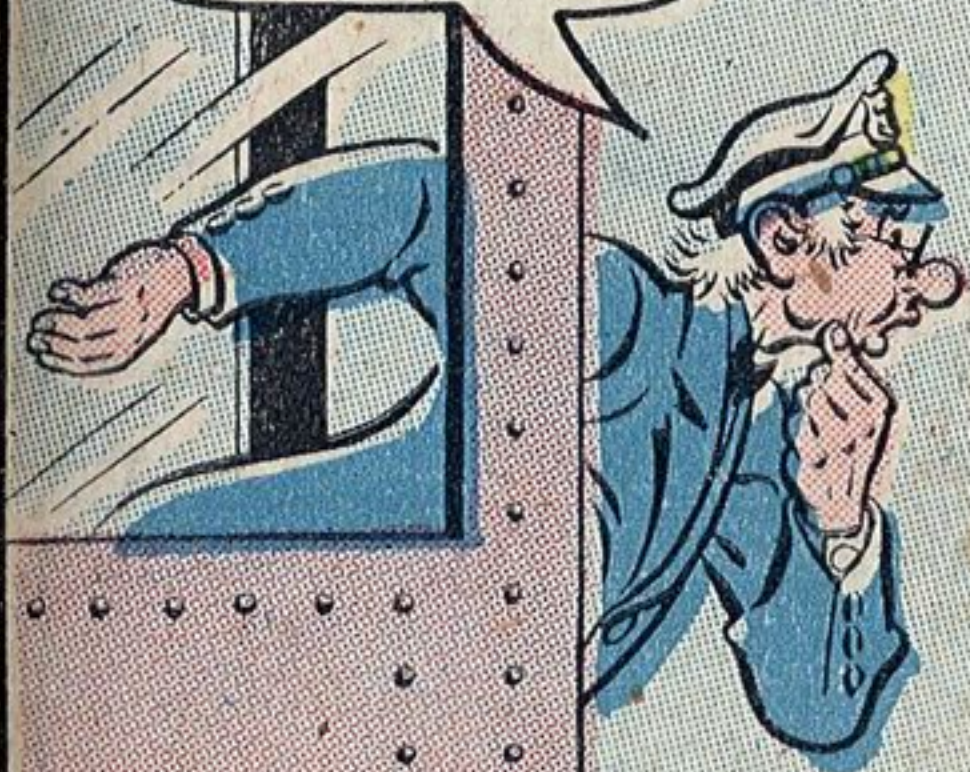
- ☐ Please include one pair Fibre Door Protectors to match, at \$1.00 per set
☐ Wedge cushion to match, \$1.00

GAYLARK PRODUCTS 615 N. Aberdeen, Chicago 22, Ill.

KELLY POOLE

KELLY! WHY DID YOU CUT DOWN THE MAST?

YOU ASKED ME TO BRING YOU THE SHIP'S LOG, DIDN'T YOU?



Kelly and the Poole family are hired by Prof. Pluto Plunkett to staff his sea-going boat!

At sea, they learn via radio..

PROFESSOR PLUTO PLUNKETT HAS BEEN DISMISSED FROM A HIGH POST IN ATOMIC RESEARCH BY THE SECURITY COUNCIL!



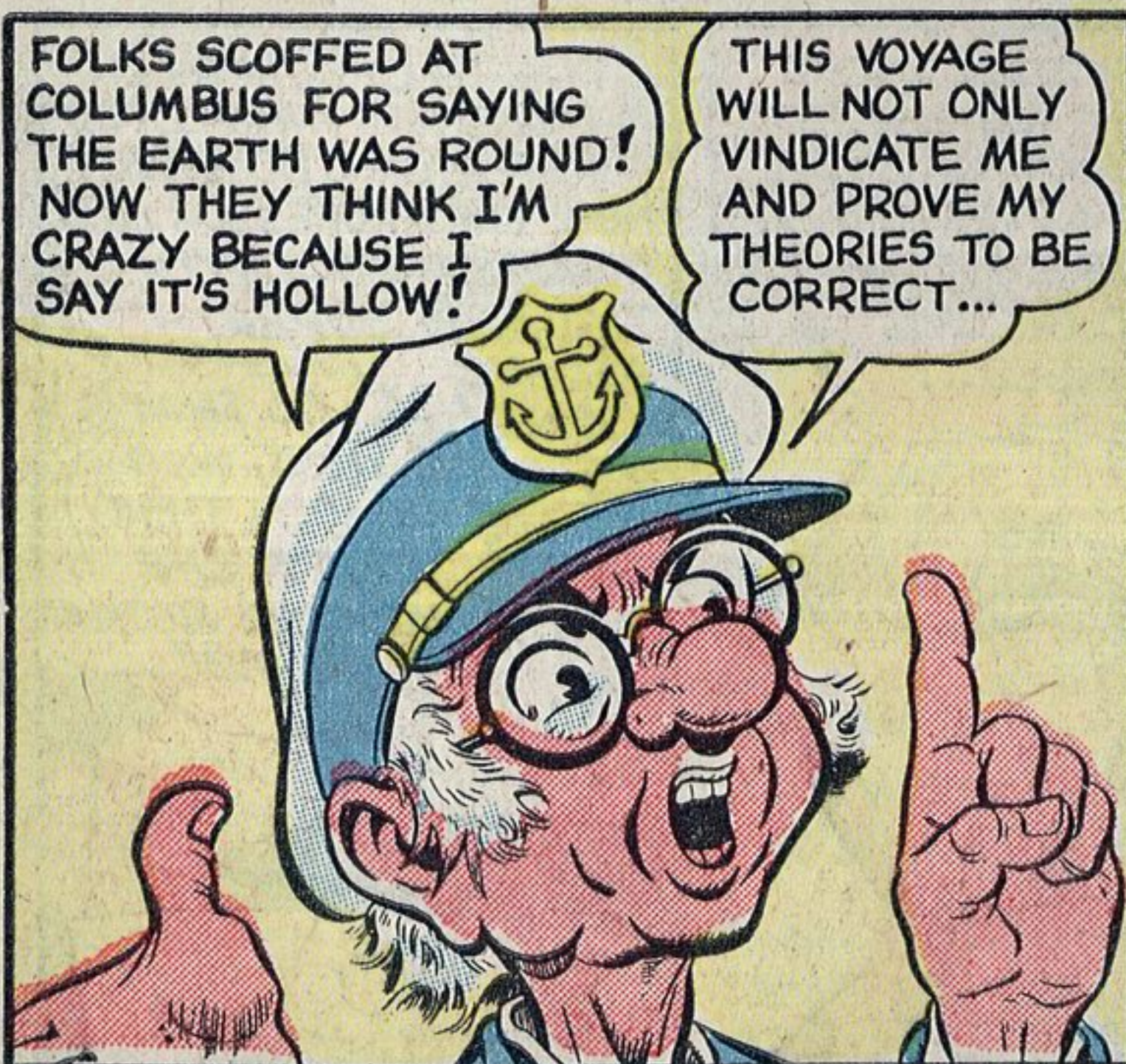
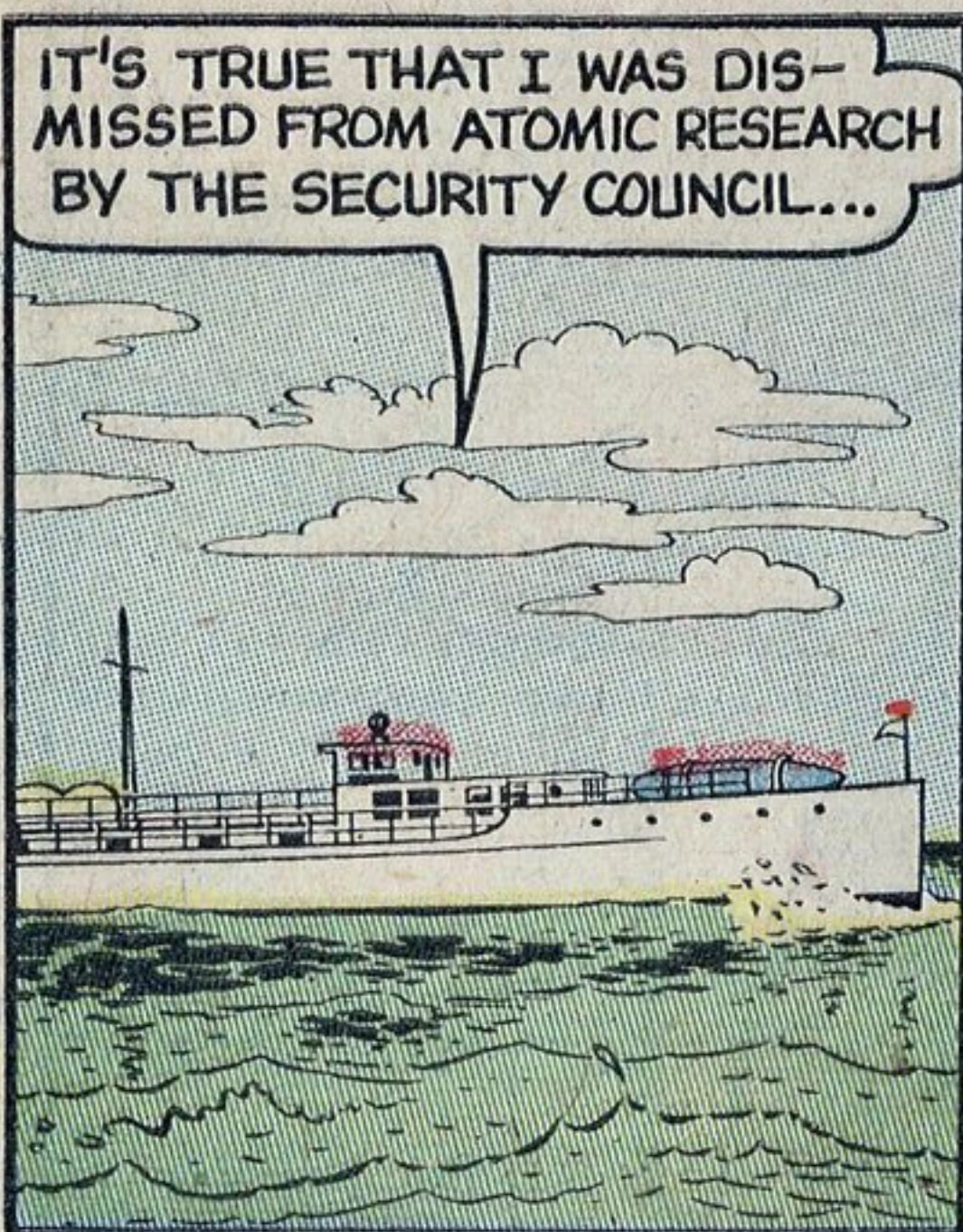
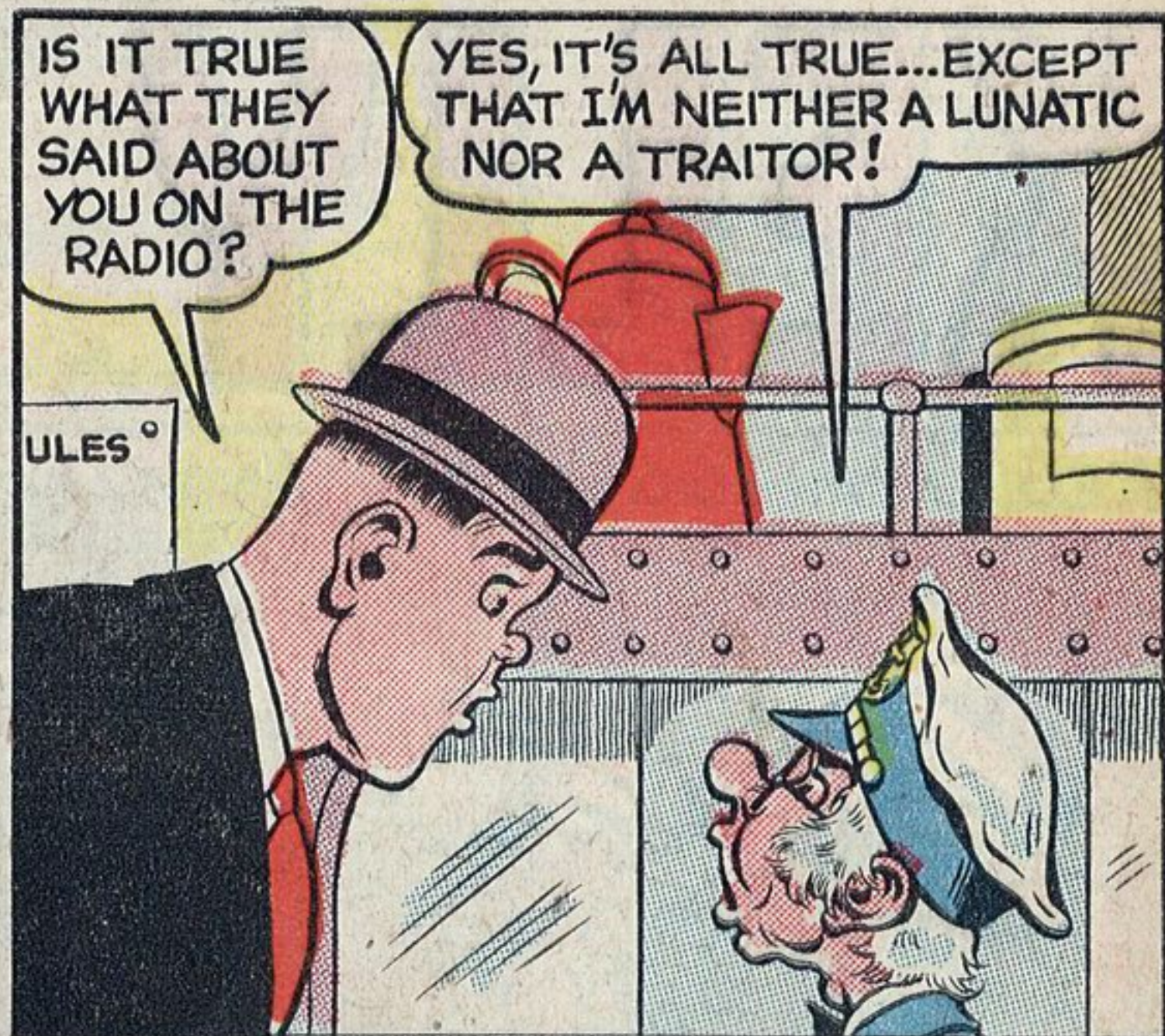
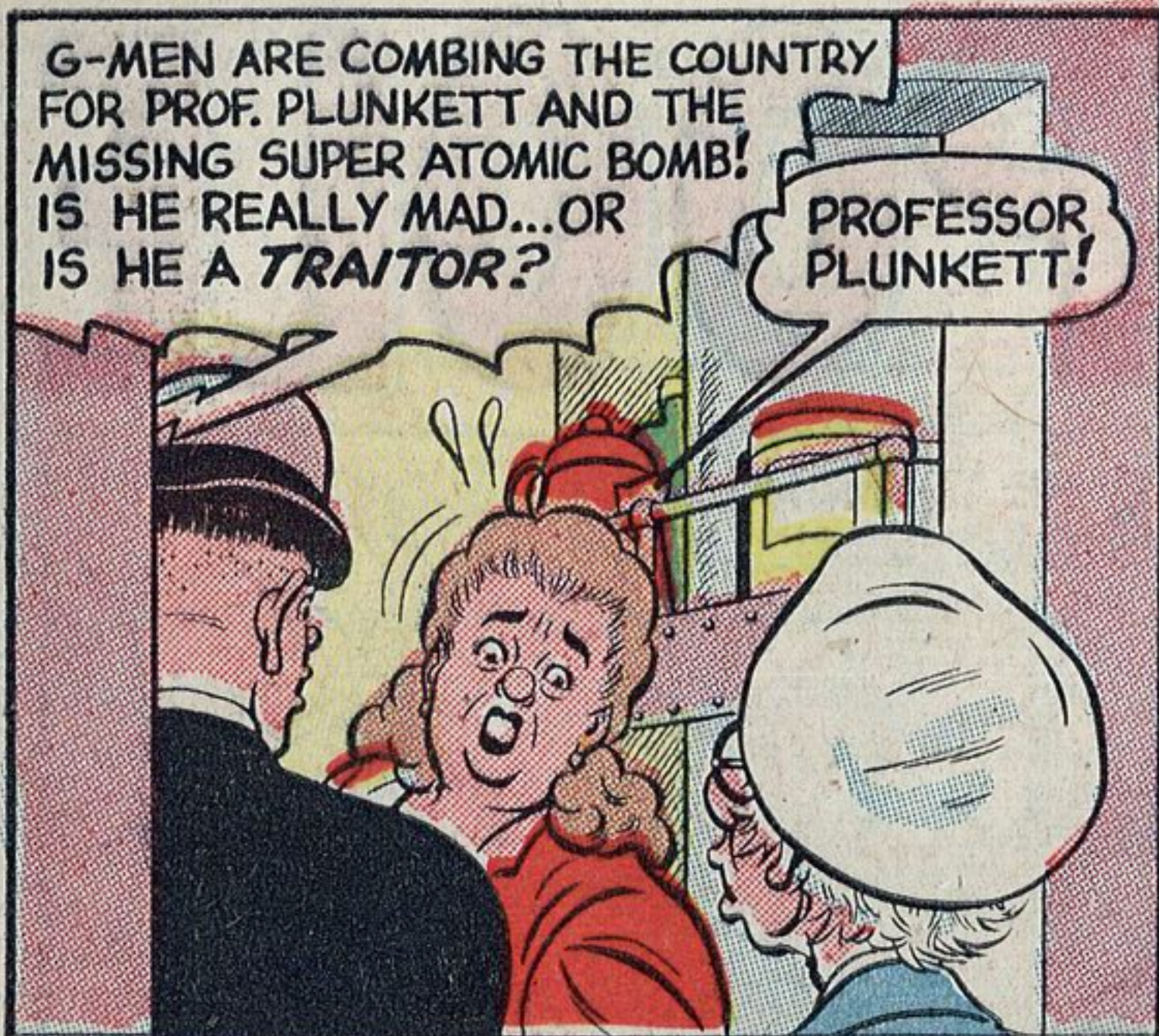
THE PROFESSOR HAD ADVANCED THE MAD THEORY THAT THE EARTH IS AS HOLLOW AS A TENNIS BALL... AND COULD BE SHATTERED BY A HEAVY ATOMIC BLAST! IT WAS THOUGHT HE HAD BECOME MENTALLY UNHINGED...



... DUE TO OVERWORK ON A RECENTLY COMPLETED SUPER ATOMIC BOMB! BUT NOW THE PROFESSOR HAS DISAPPEARED... **WITH THE NEW SUPER ATOMIC BOMB!**

SO THAT'S WHAT THAT BIG IRON THING IS! IT'S THE MISSING ATOMIC BOMB!

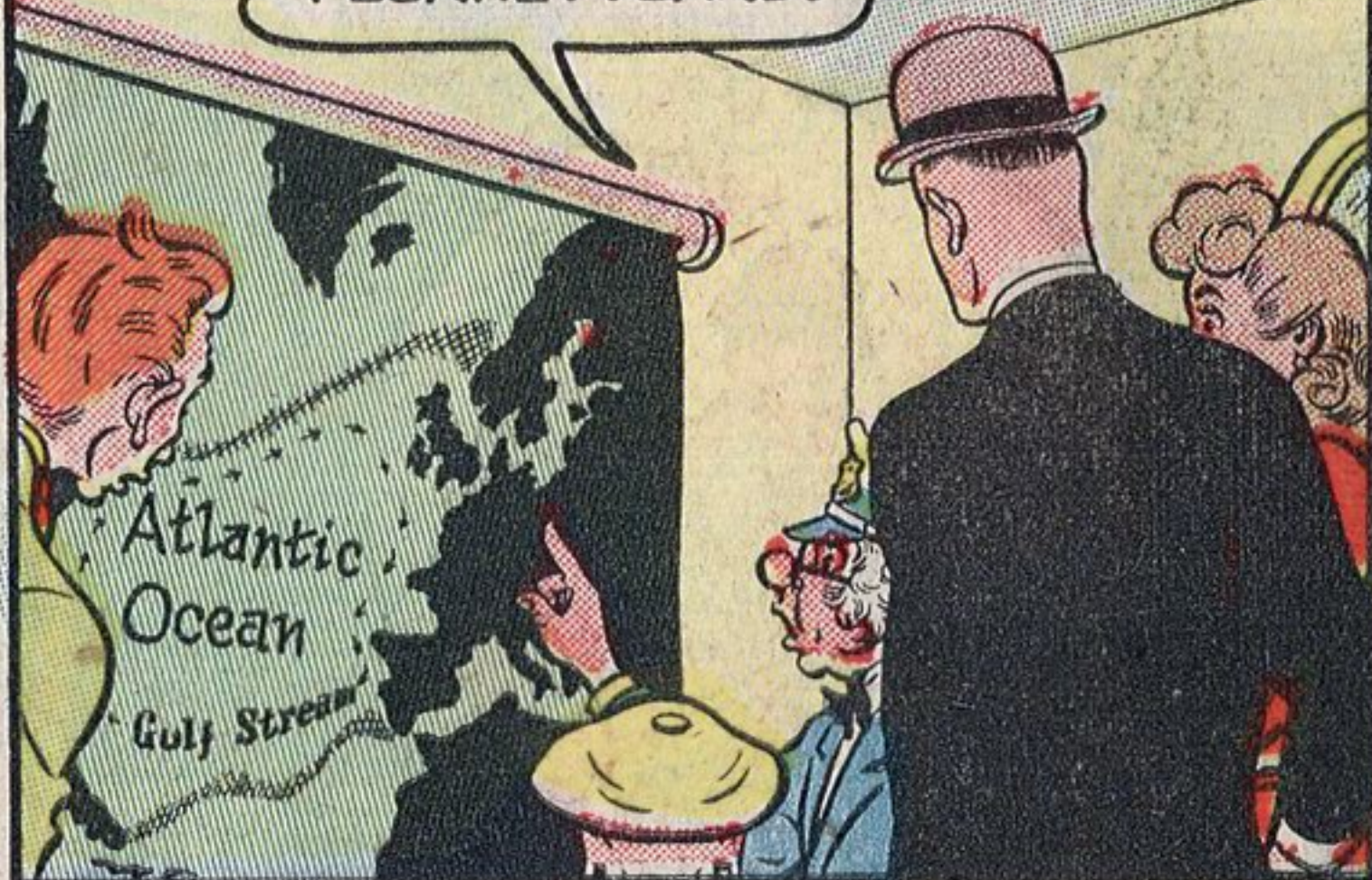




THIS MAP OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN SHOWS THE UNDERSEA TERRAIN! NOTICE THIS RANGE OF UNDERWATER MOUNTAINS EXTENDING FROM FLORIDA TO PORTUGAL!



AND UNDER THE NORTH ATLANTIC THERE IS A SIMILAR MOUNTAIN RANGE FROM NEW YORK TO FINLAND! THUS, WATER FROM OTHER SEAS WILL NOT DRAIN INTO PLUNKETT LAND!



ALL THAT REMAINS TO BE DONE IS TO DROP MY ATOMIC BOMB WHERE MY CALCULATIONS INDICATE THE EARTH'S CRUST TO BE THE THINNEST!

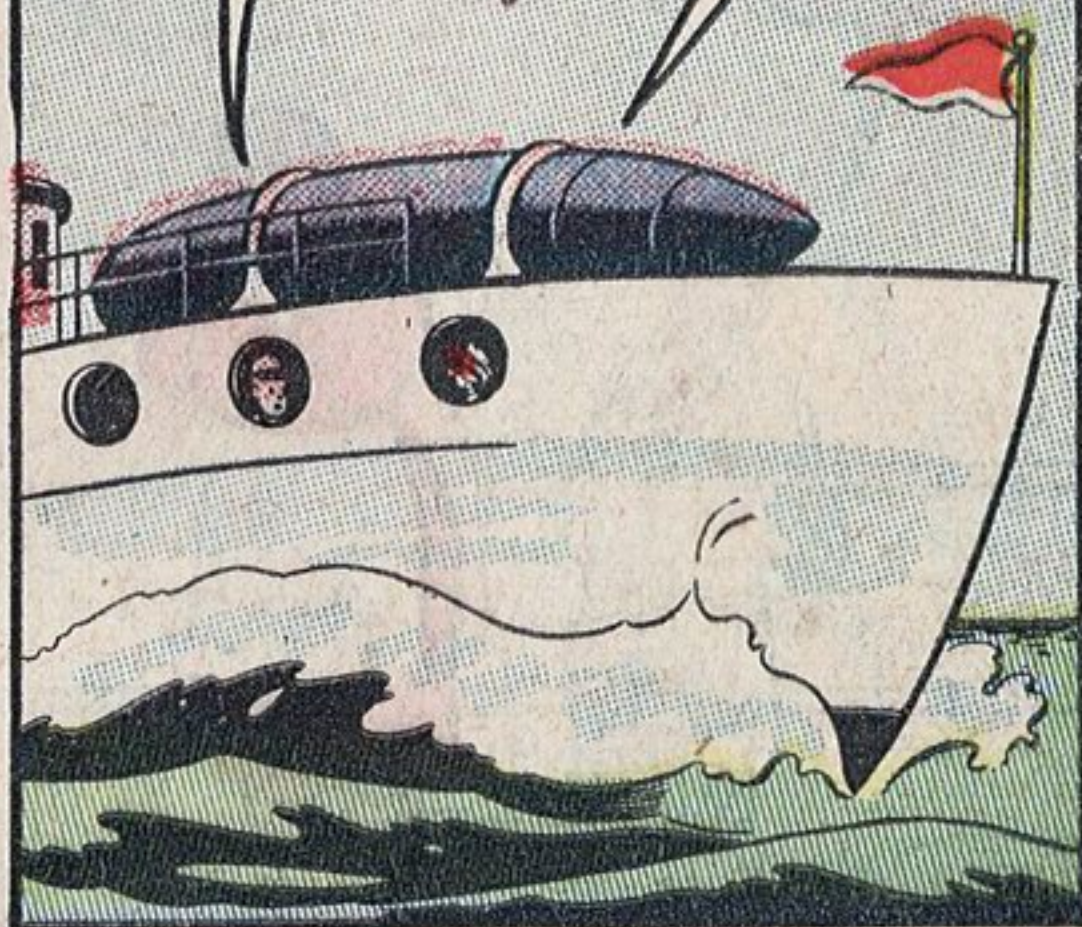
WHERE'S THAT, PROFESSOR?



THAT SPOT IS IN MID-ATLANTIC... WHERE THE OCEAN IS THE DEEPEST!



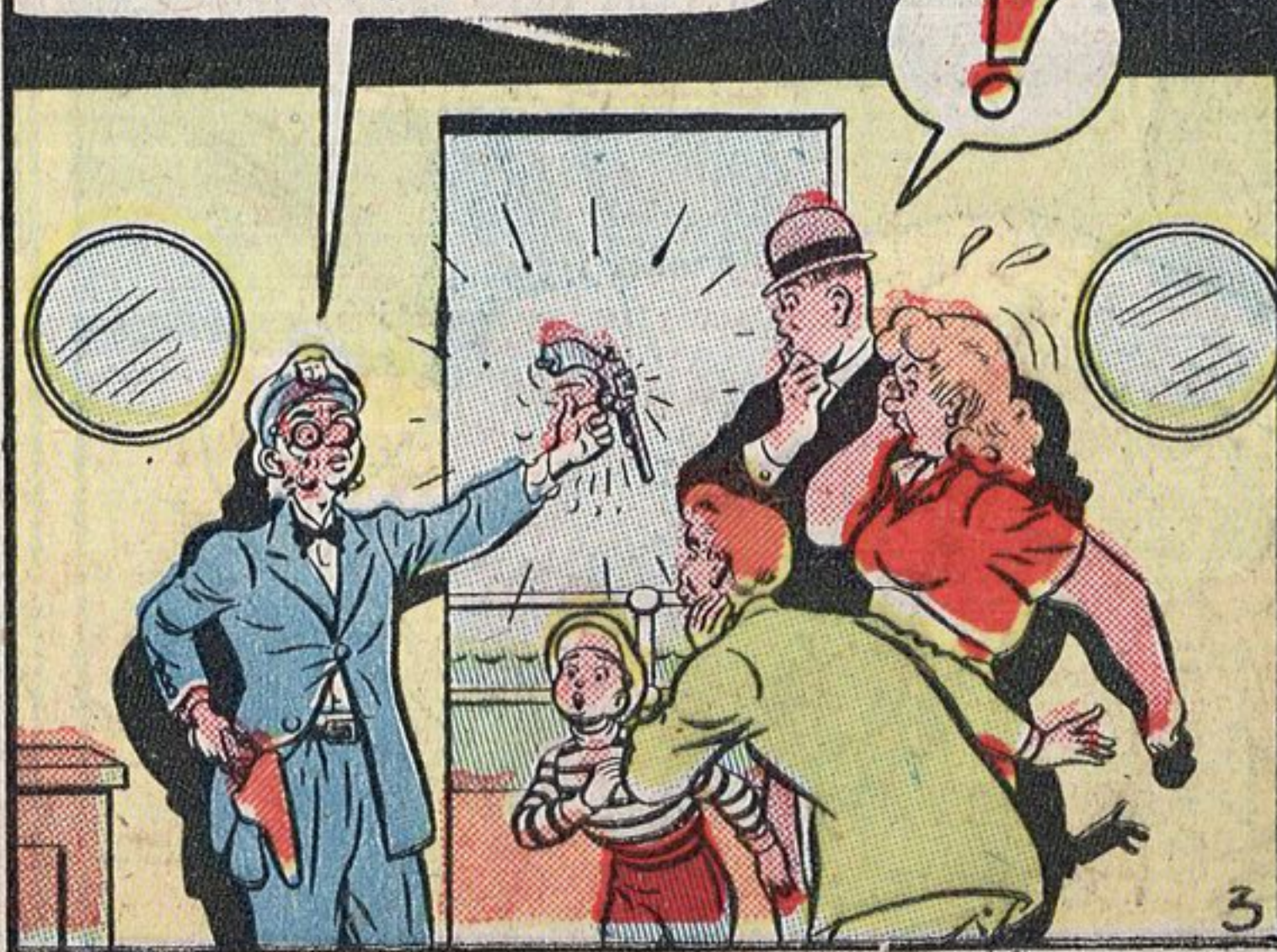
SO THAT'S WHERE EXACTLY! WE'RE GOING! THE CENTRAL ATLANTIC! THIS HISTORY-MAKING VOYAGE WILL MAKE US ALL FAMOUS!

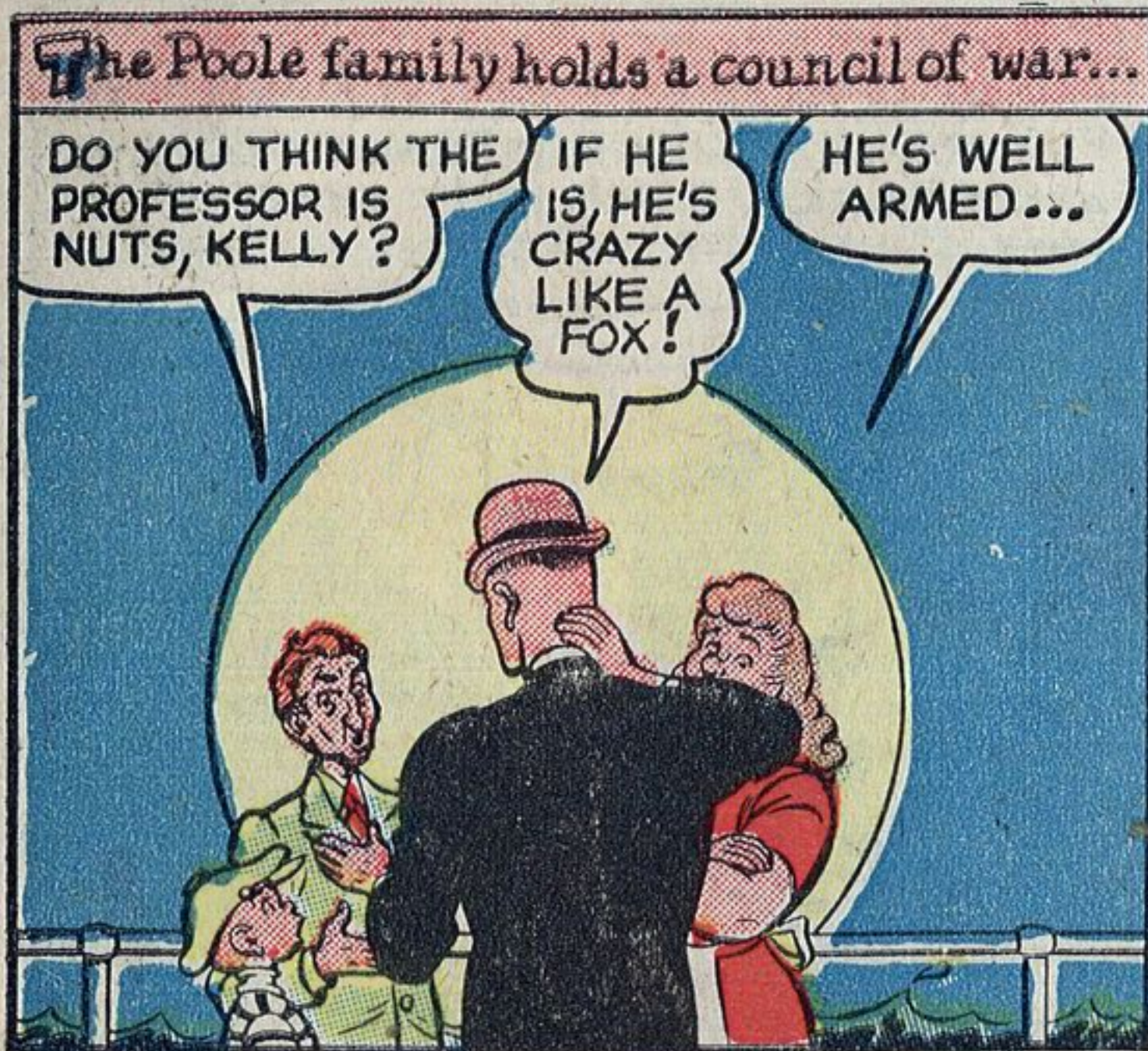


WHEN THE ATLANTIC IS DRAINED DRY YOU'LL BE THE FIRST ON HAND TO CLAIM A HOME-STEAD! YOU CAN ALSO REAP A FORTUNE RECLAIMING GOLD AND JEWELS FROM SUNKEN SHIPS ON THE OCEAN'S FLOOR!



LIKE COLUMBUS, I MAY HAVE TROUBLE WITH MY CREW WHEN DOUBTS AND FEARS ASSAIL THEM! FORTUNATELY, I AM WELL ARMED, MY FRIENDS!





DO YOU THINK THE PROFESSOR IS NUTS, KELLY?

IF HE IS, HE'S CRAZY LIKE A FOX!

HE'S WELL ARMED...



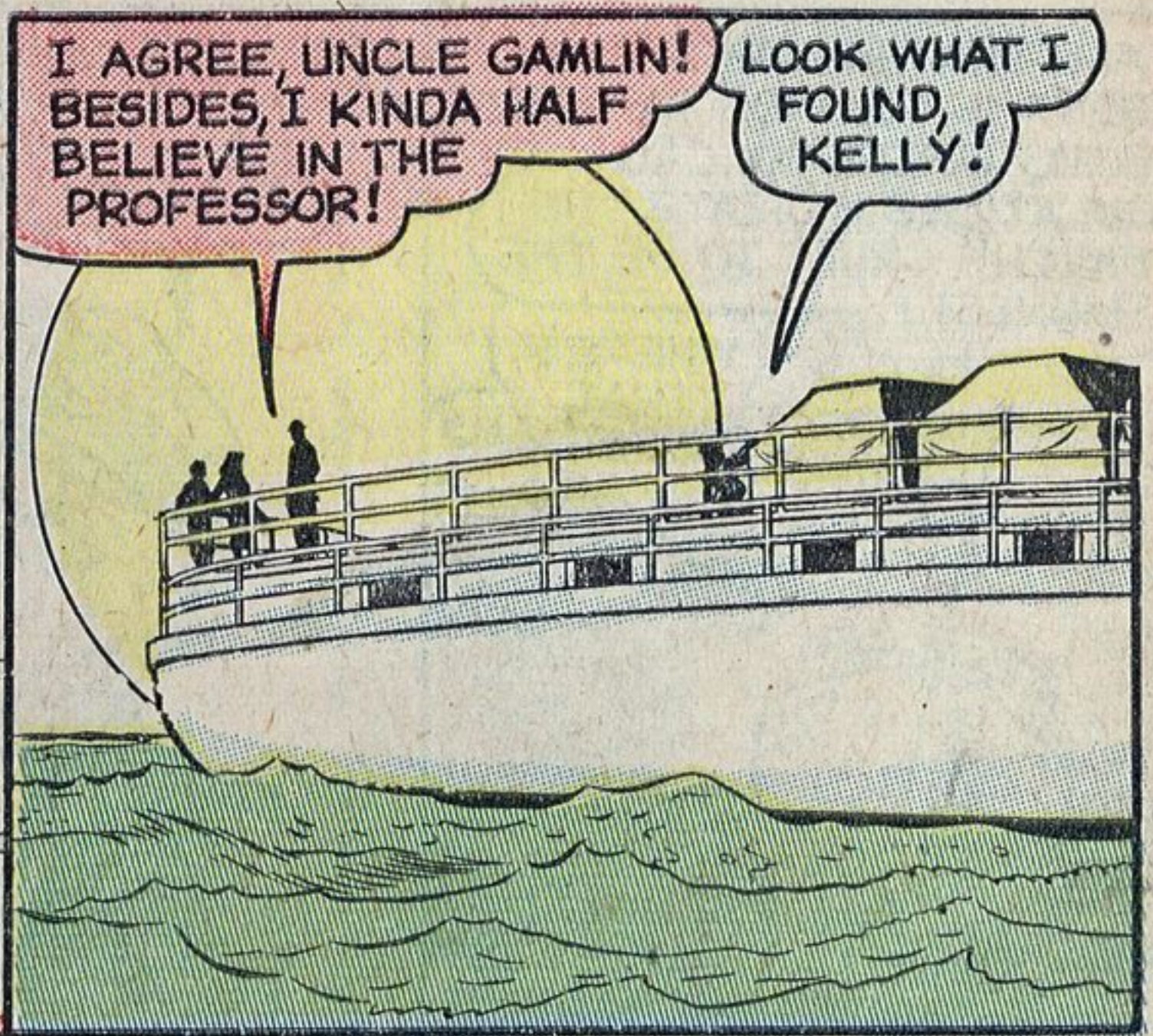
... BUT EVEN IF YOU DID OVERPOWER HIM, WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO OPERATE THE SHIP'S RADIO OR GUIDE THE VESSEL BACK TO SHORE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, AUNT FANNY! I CAN SEE NOW WHY HE HIRED US INSTEAD OF EXPERIENCED SEAMEN!



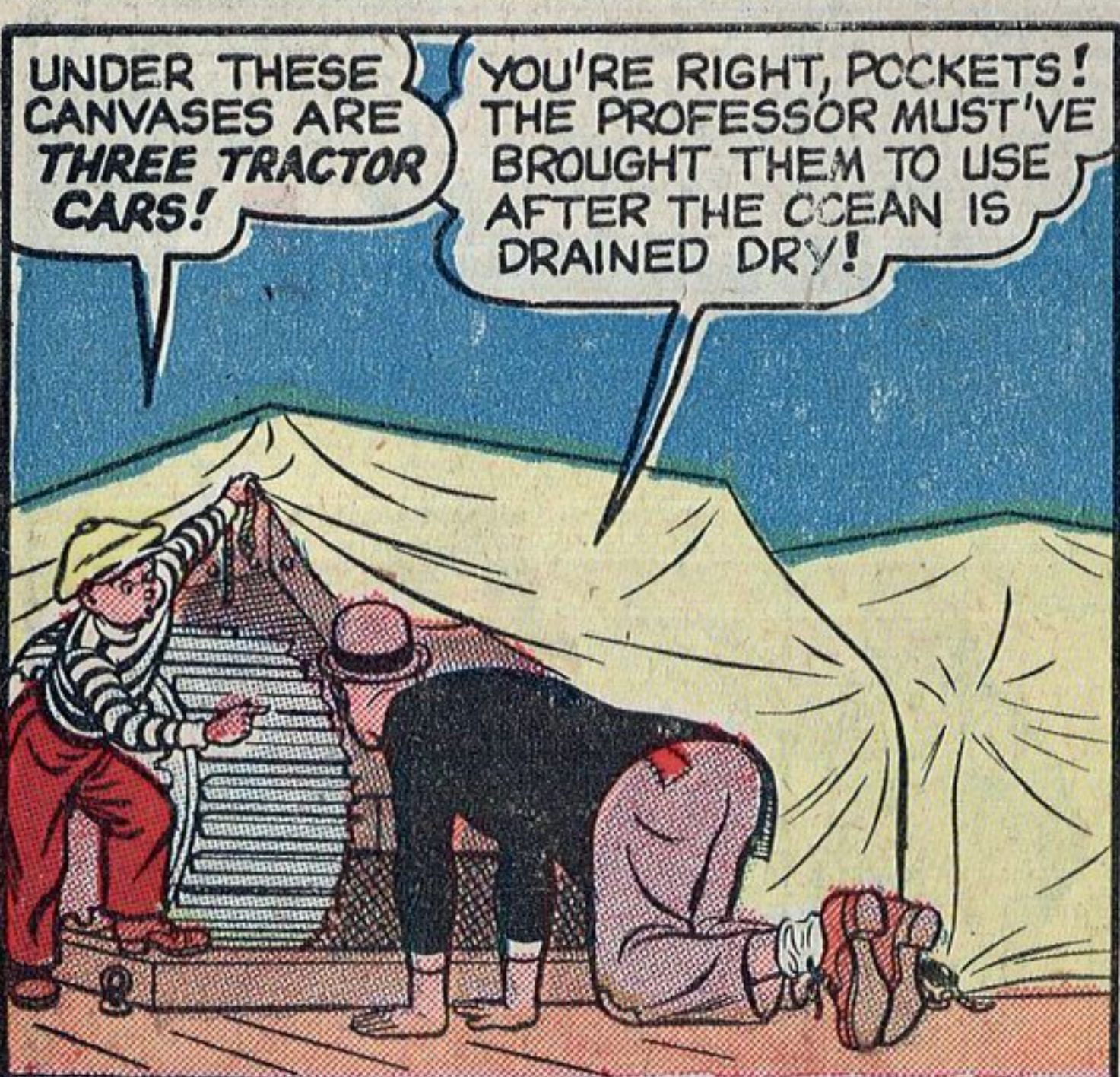
WE'D BETTER PLAY ALONG WITH THE PROFESSOR UNTIL WE'RE MORE CERTAIN HE'S HOPELESSLY BATTY!

...OR TAKING THE BOMB TO A FOREIGN SHORE!



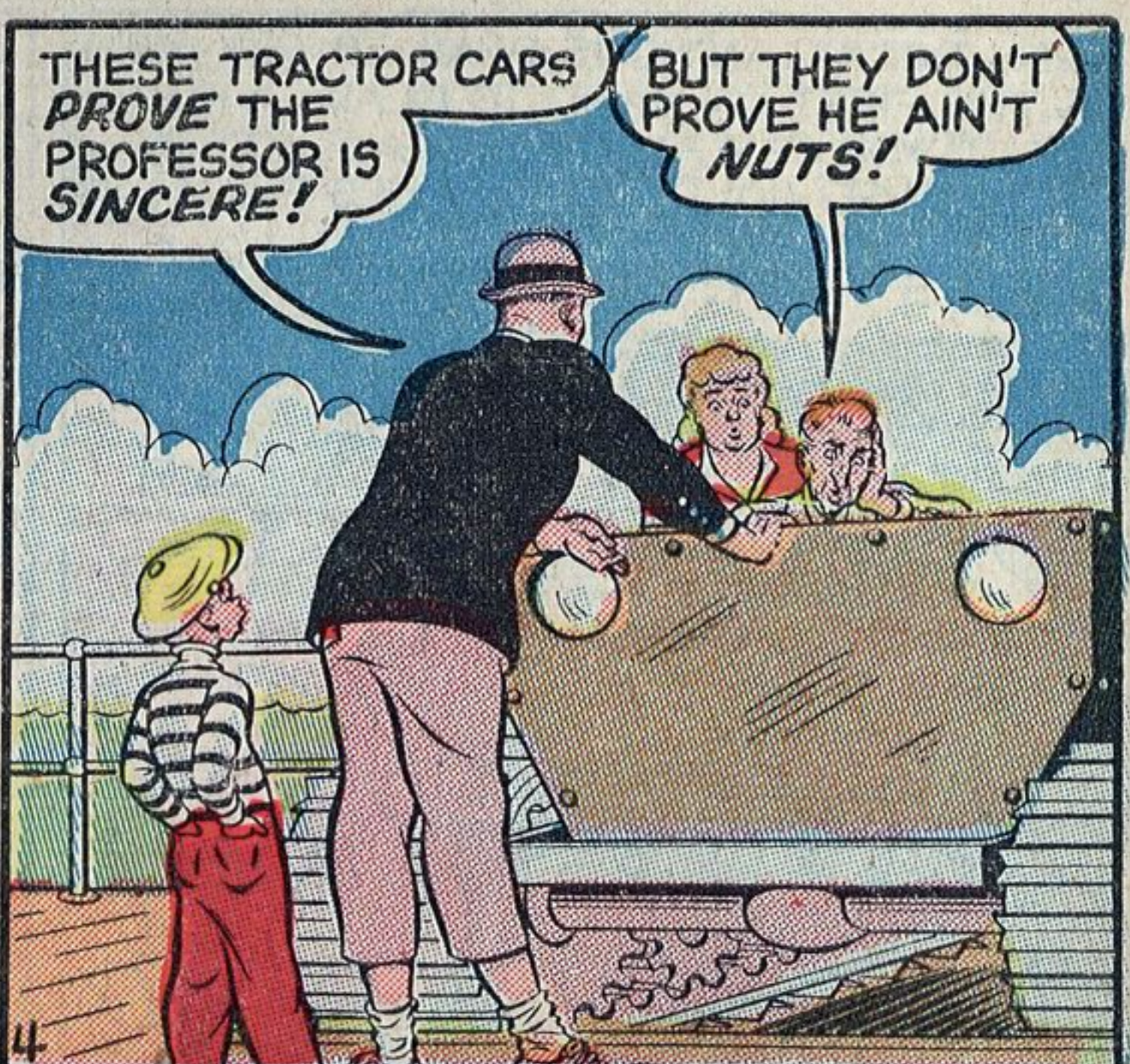
I AGREE, UNCLE GAMLIN! BESIDES, I KINDA HALF BELIEVE IN THE PROFESSOR!

LOOK WHAT I FOUND, KELLY!



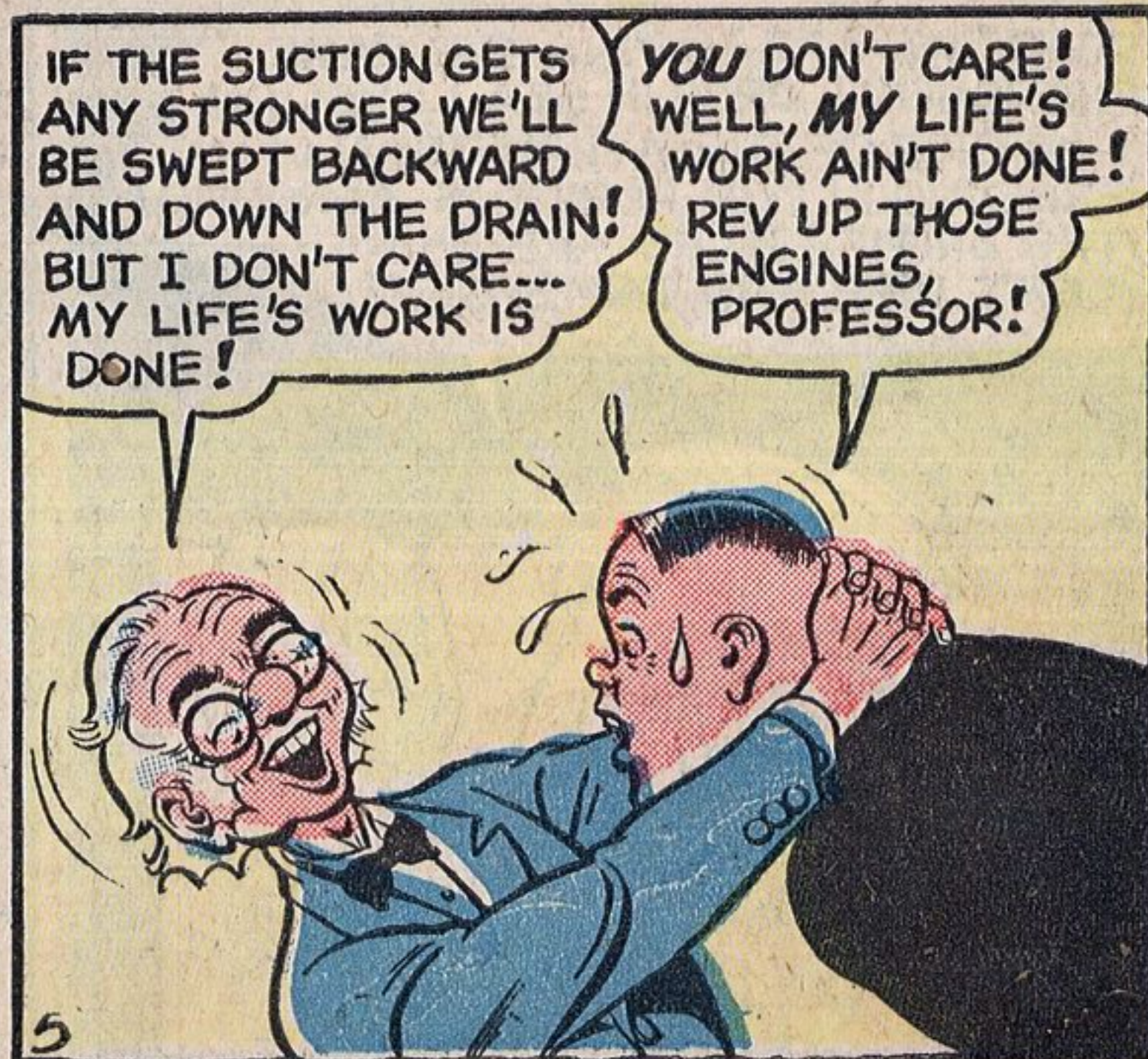
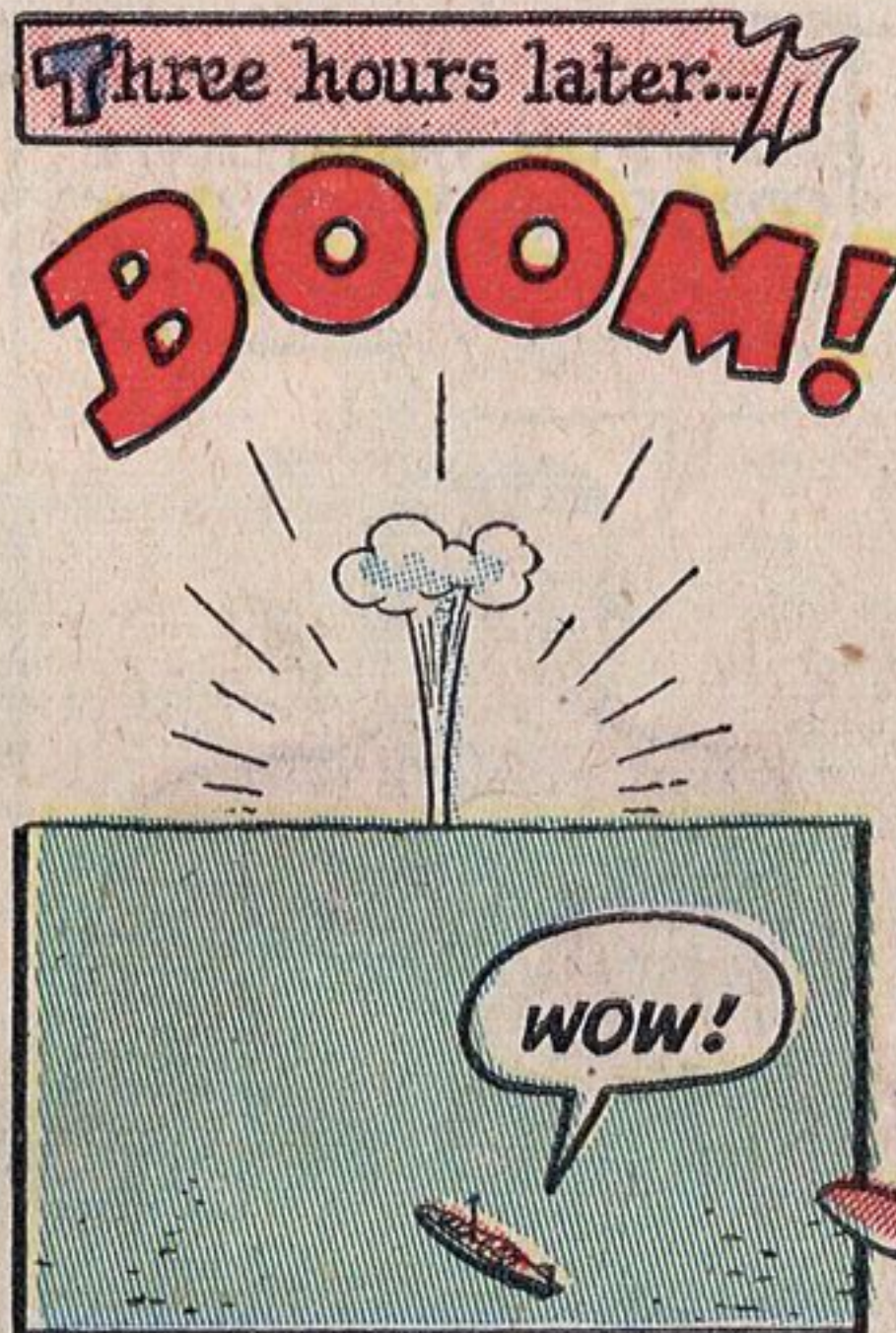
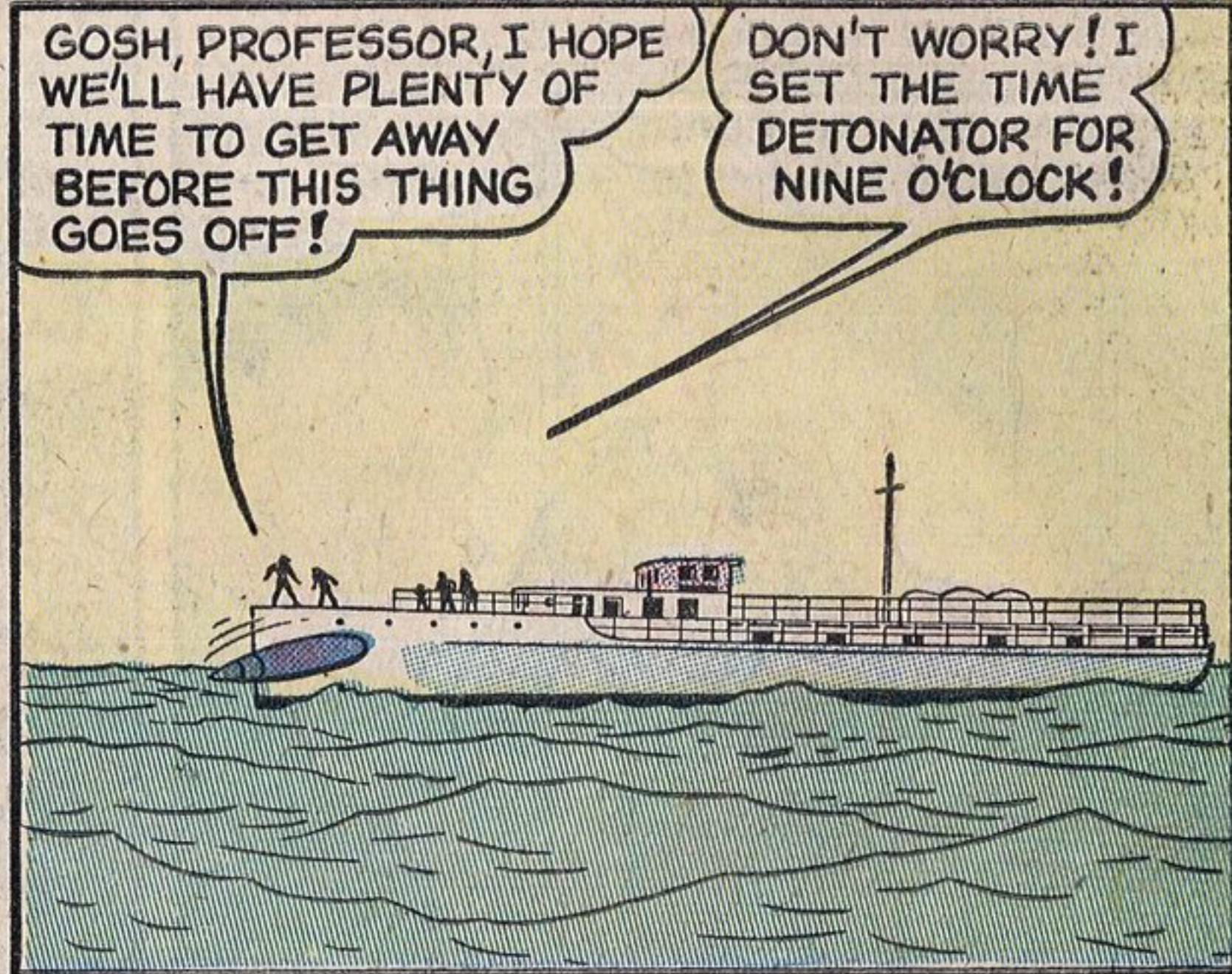
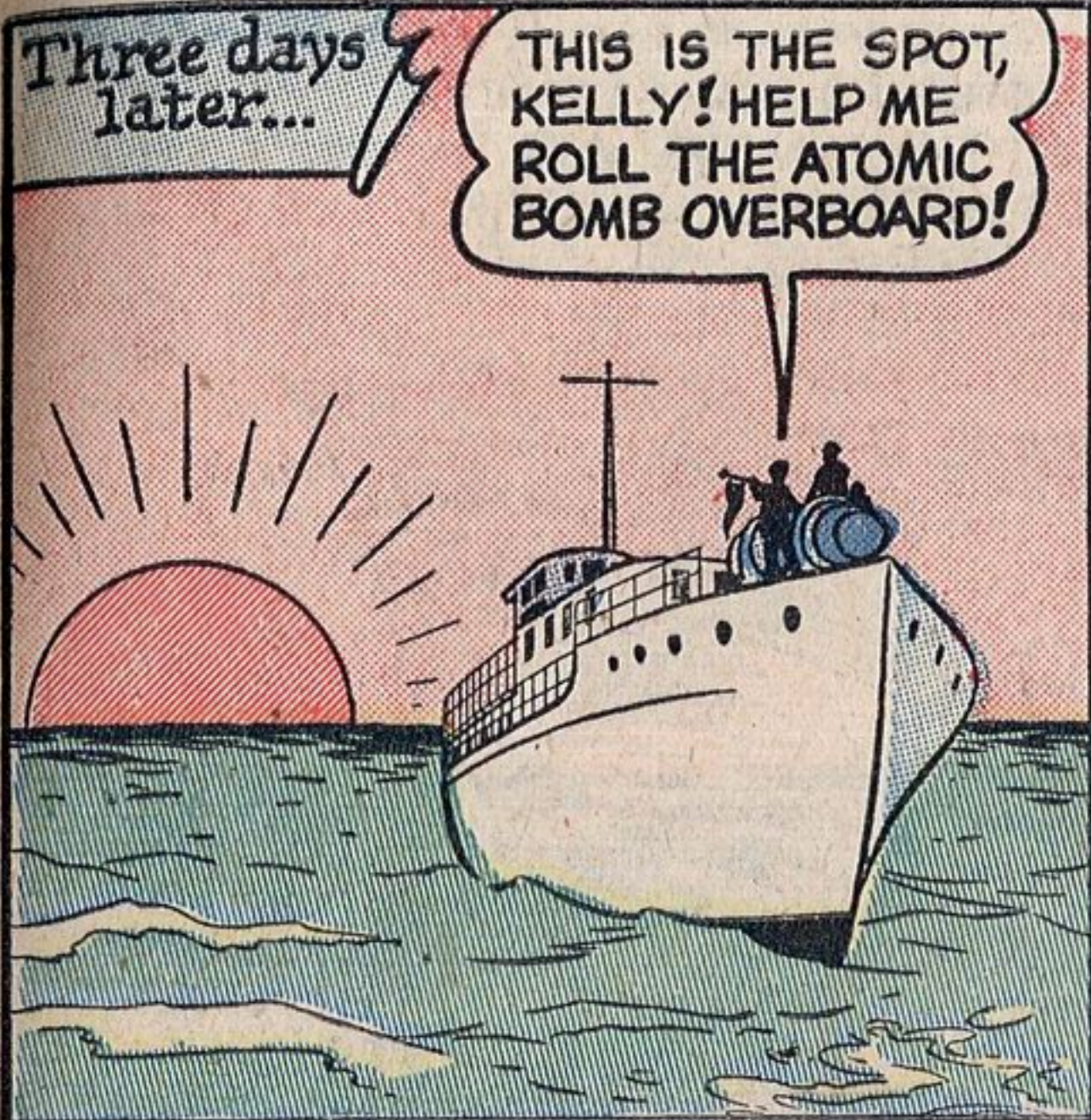
UNDER THESE CANVASES ARE **THREE TRACTOR CARS!**

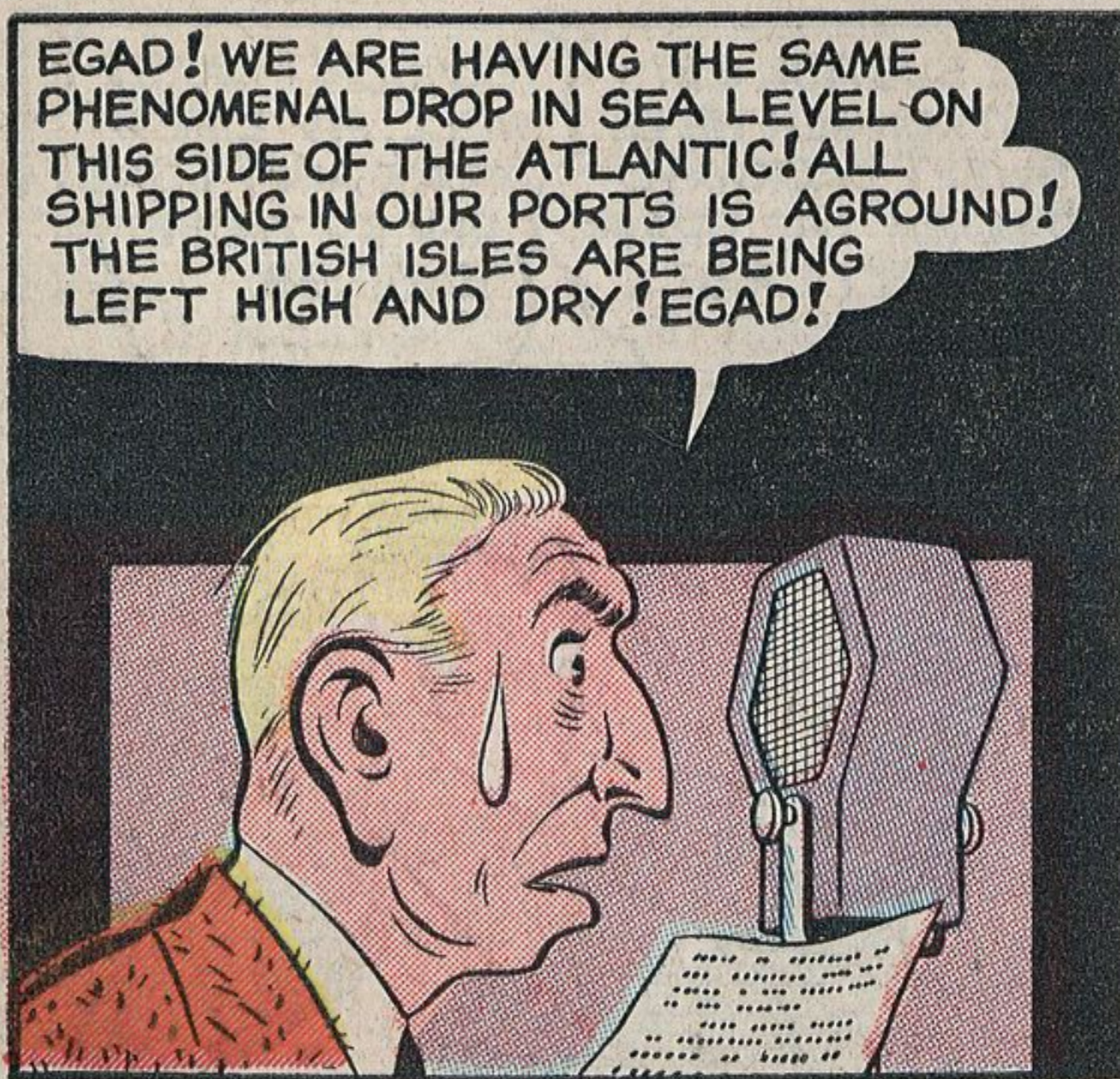
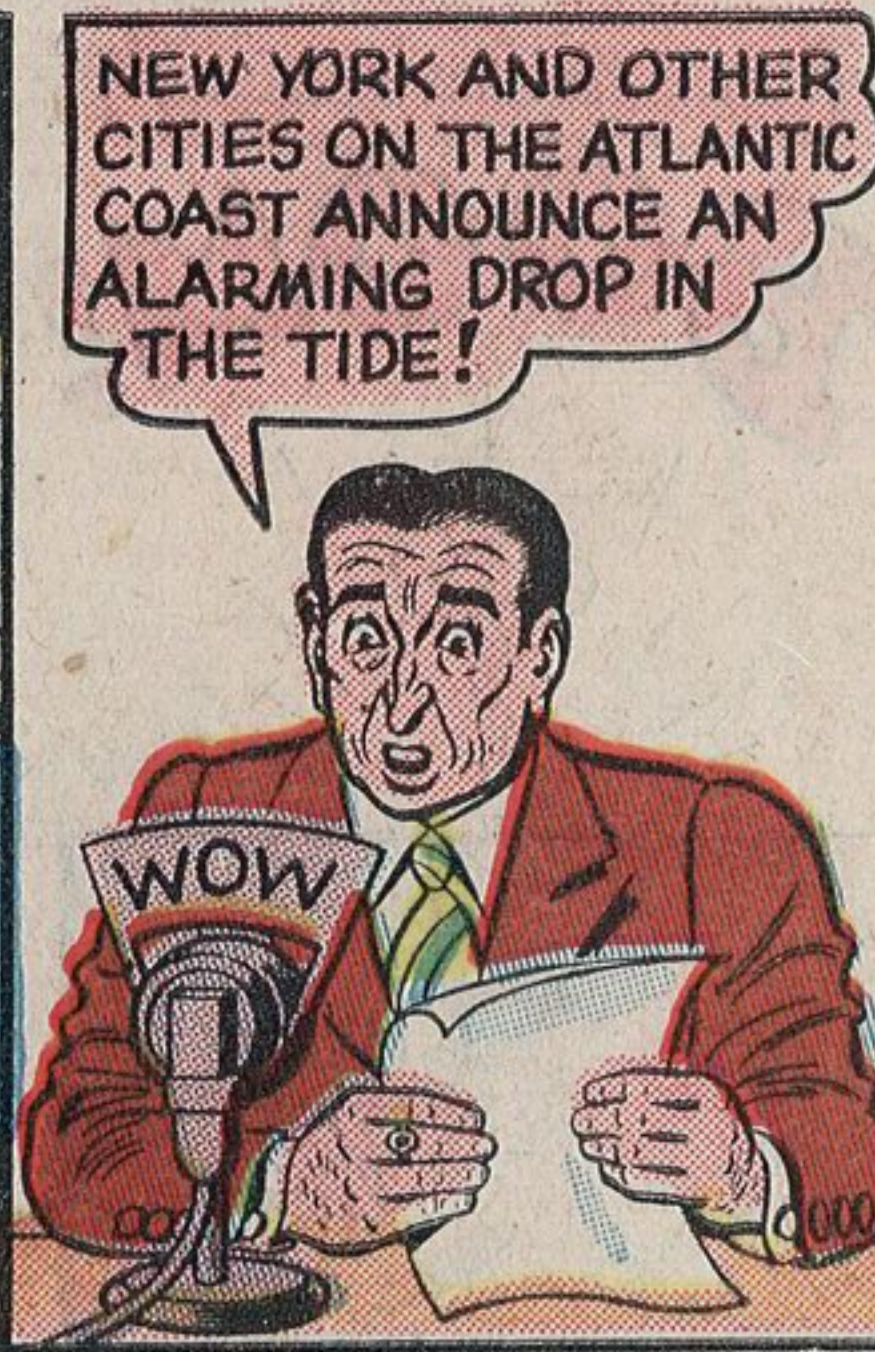
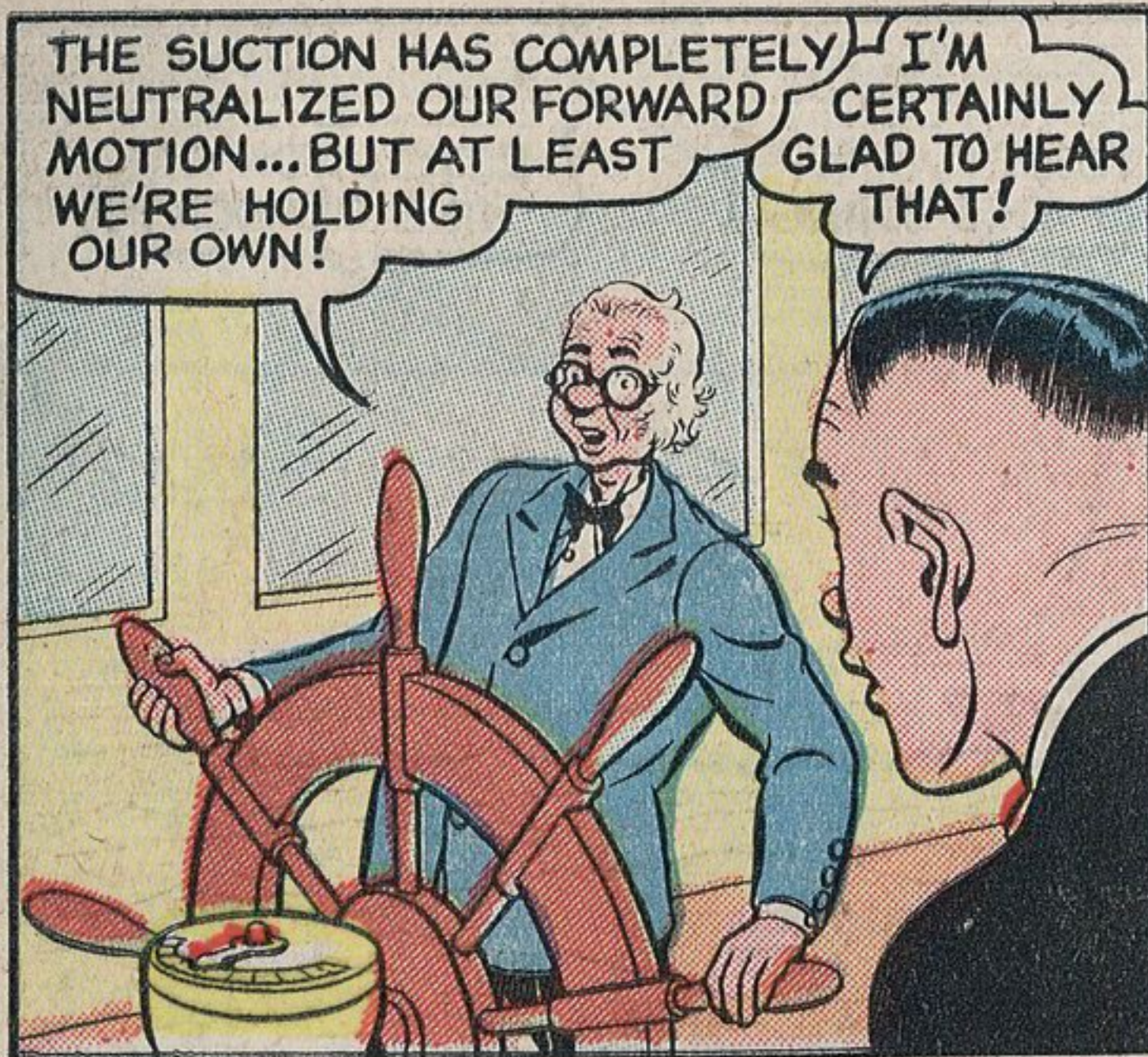
YOU'RE RIGHT, POCKETS! THE PROFESSOR MUST'VE BROUGHT THEM TO USE AFTER THE OCEAN IS DRAINED DRY!

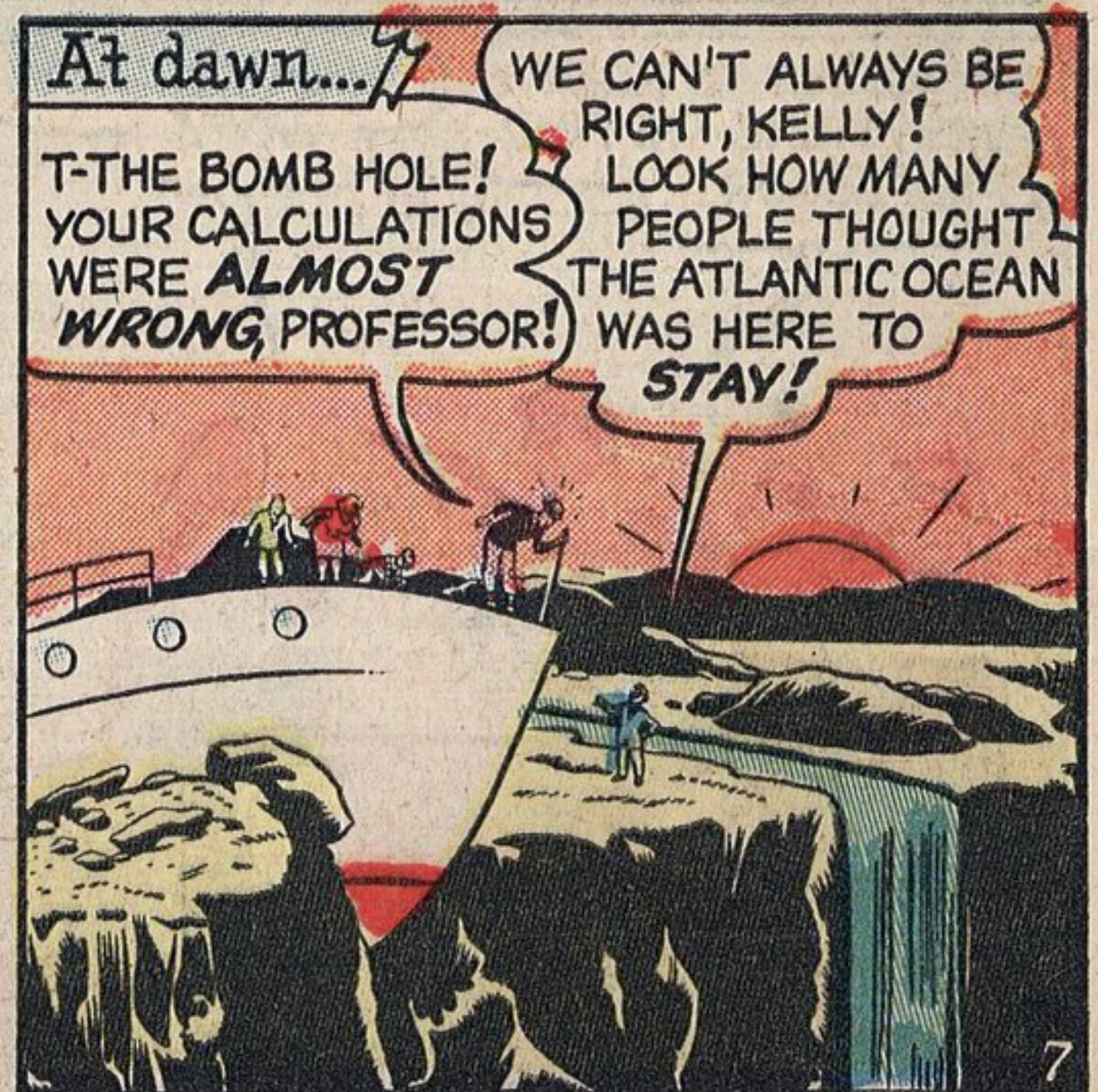
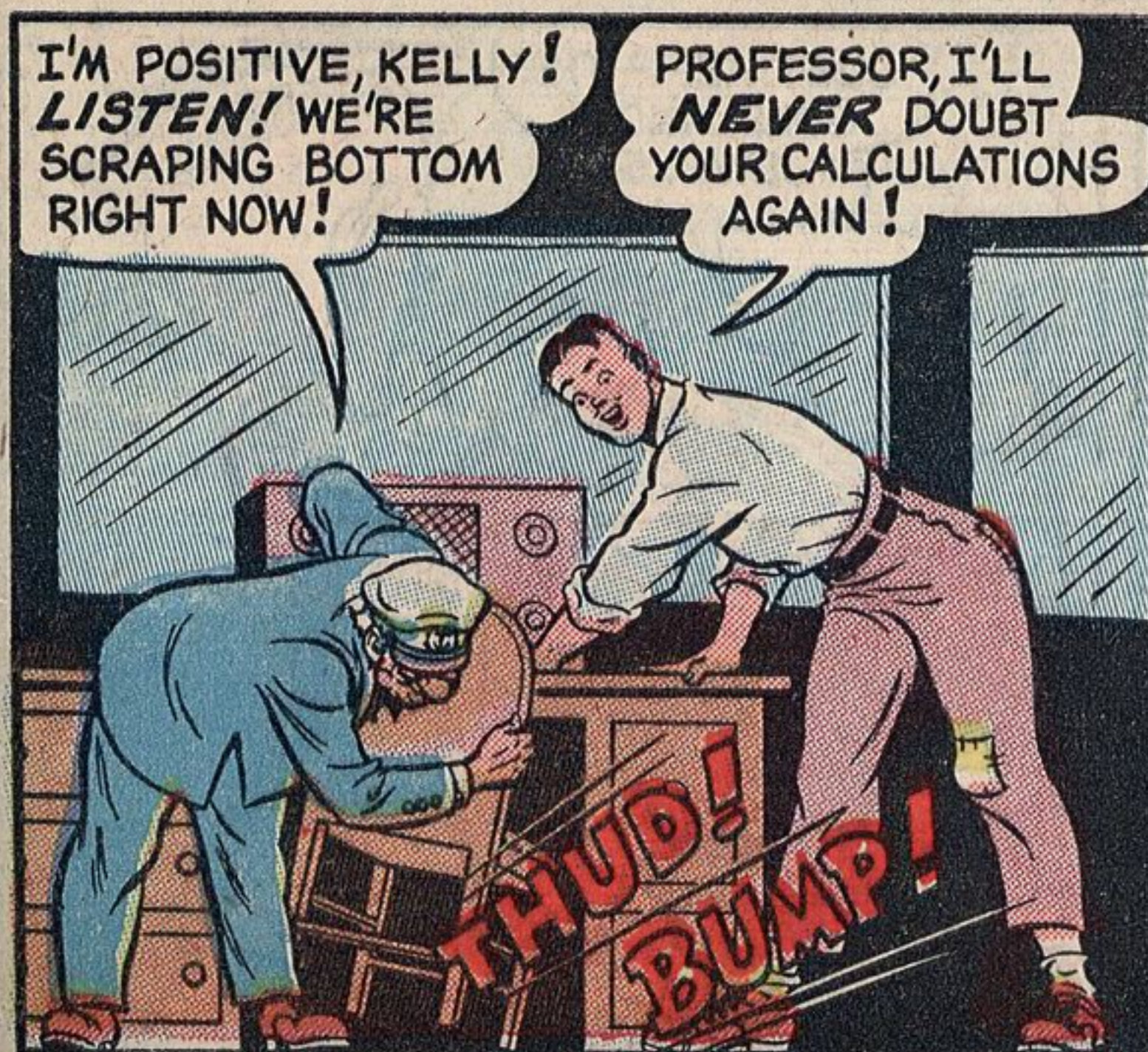
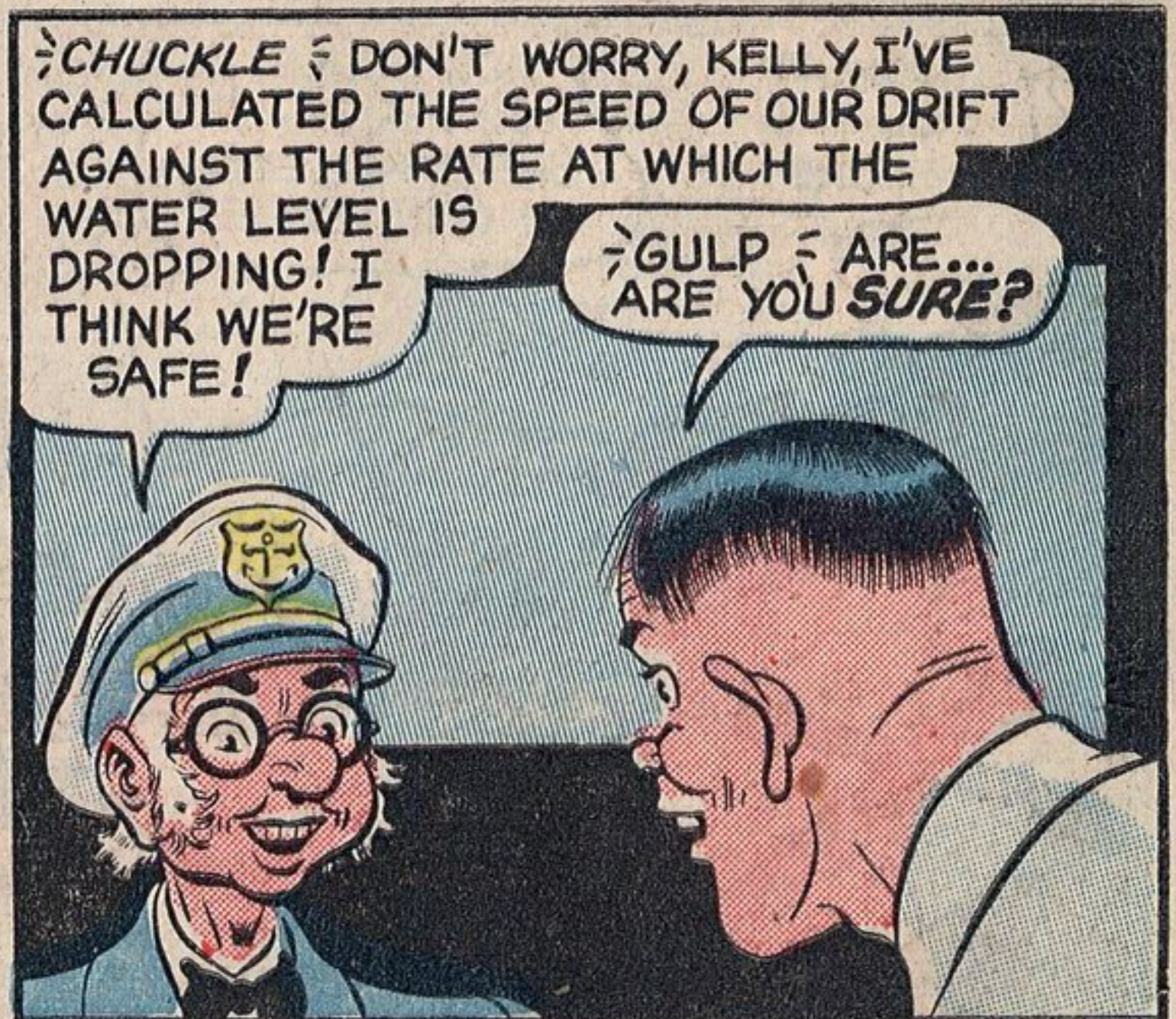
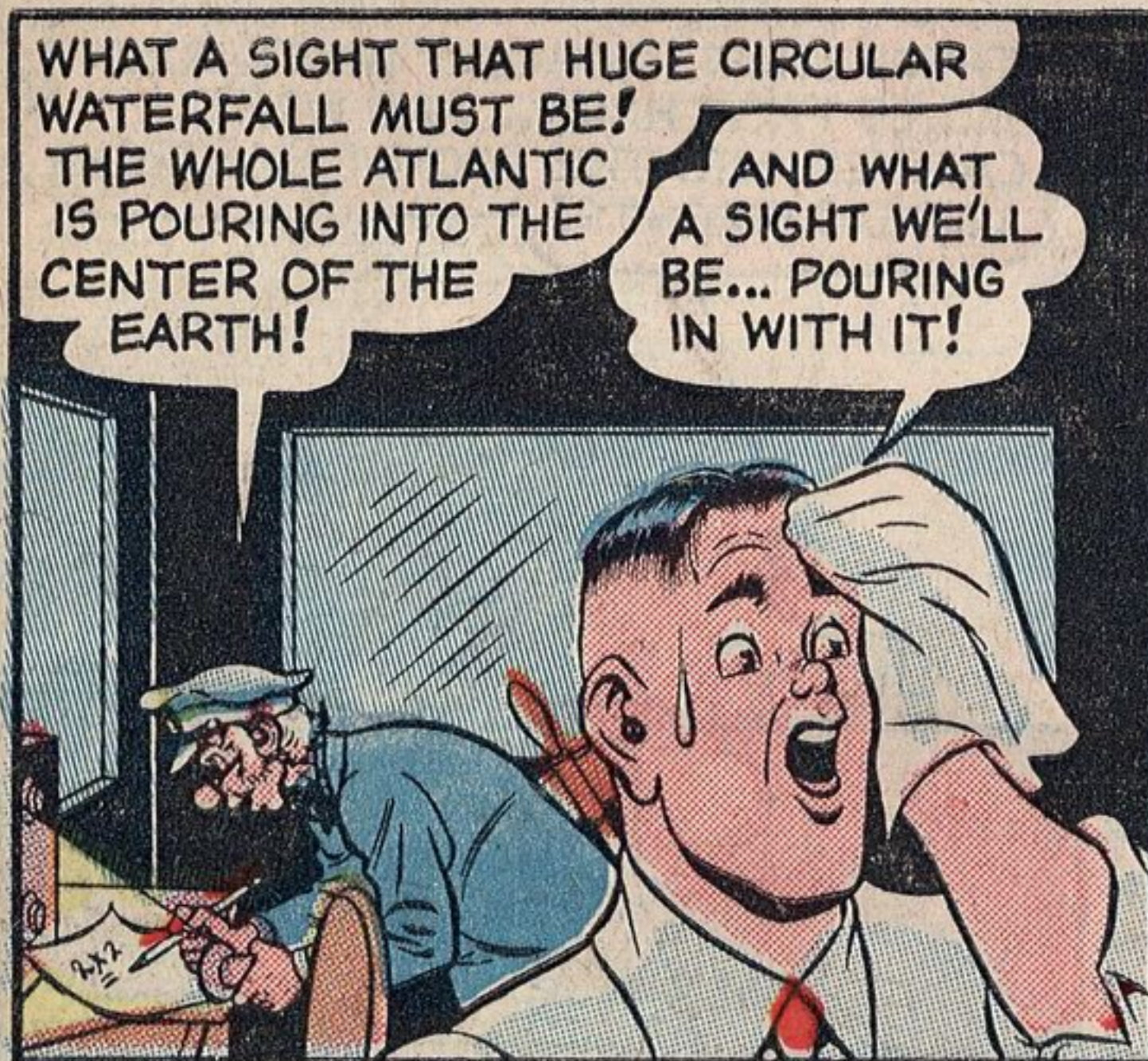
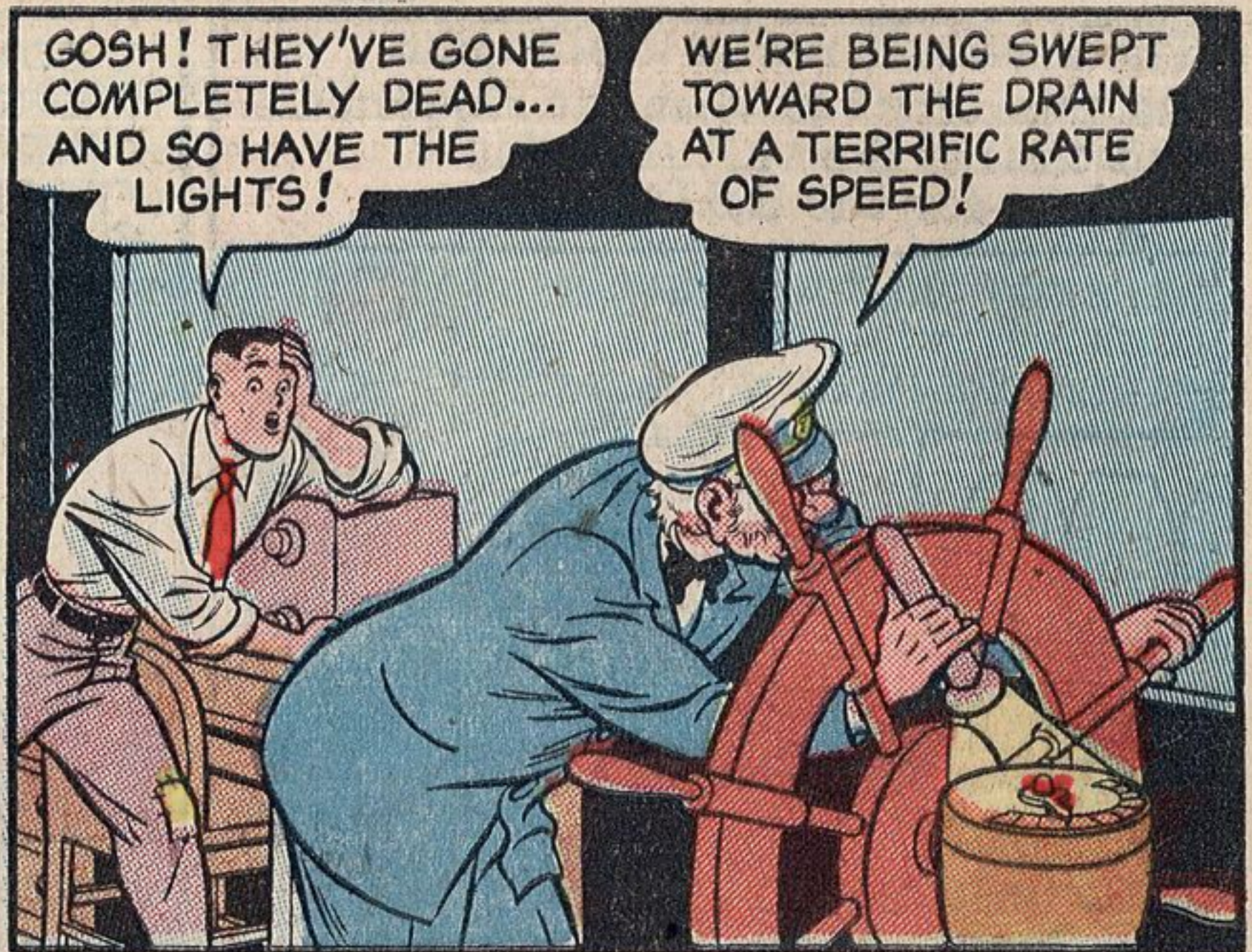


THESE TRACTOR CARS **PROVE** THE PROFESSOR IS **SINCERE!**

BUT THEY DON'T **PROVE** HE AIN'T **NUTS!**



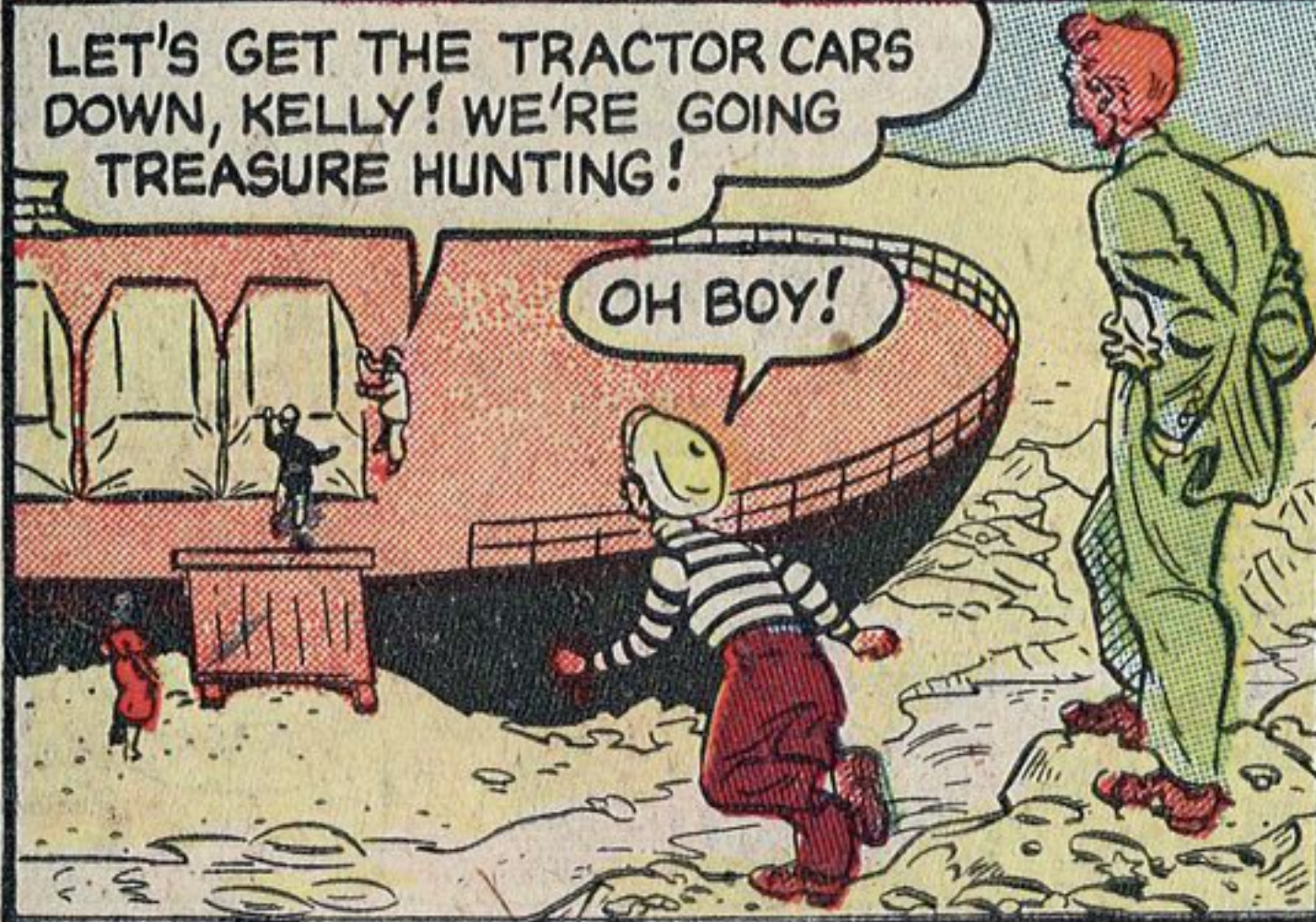




The Professor radios Washington the true story of what has happened and claims the vast Atlantic regions for the U.S.! Then...

LET'S GET THE TRACTOR CARS DOWN, KELLY! WE'RE GOING TREASURE HUNTING!

OH BOY!



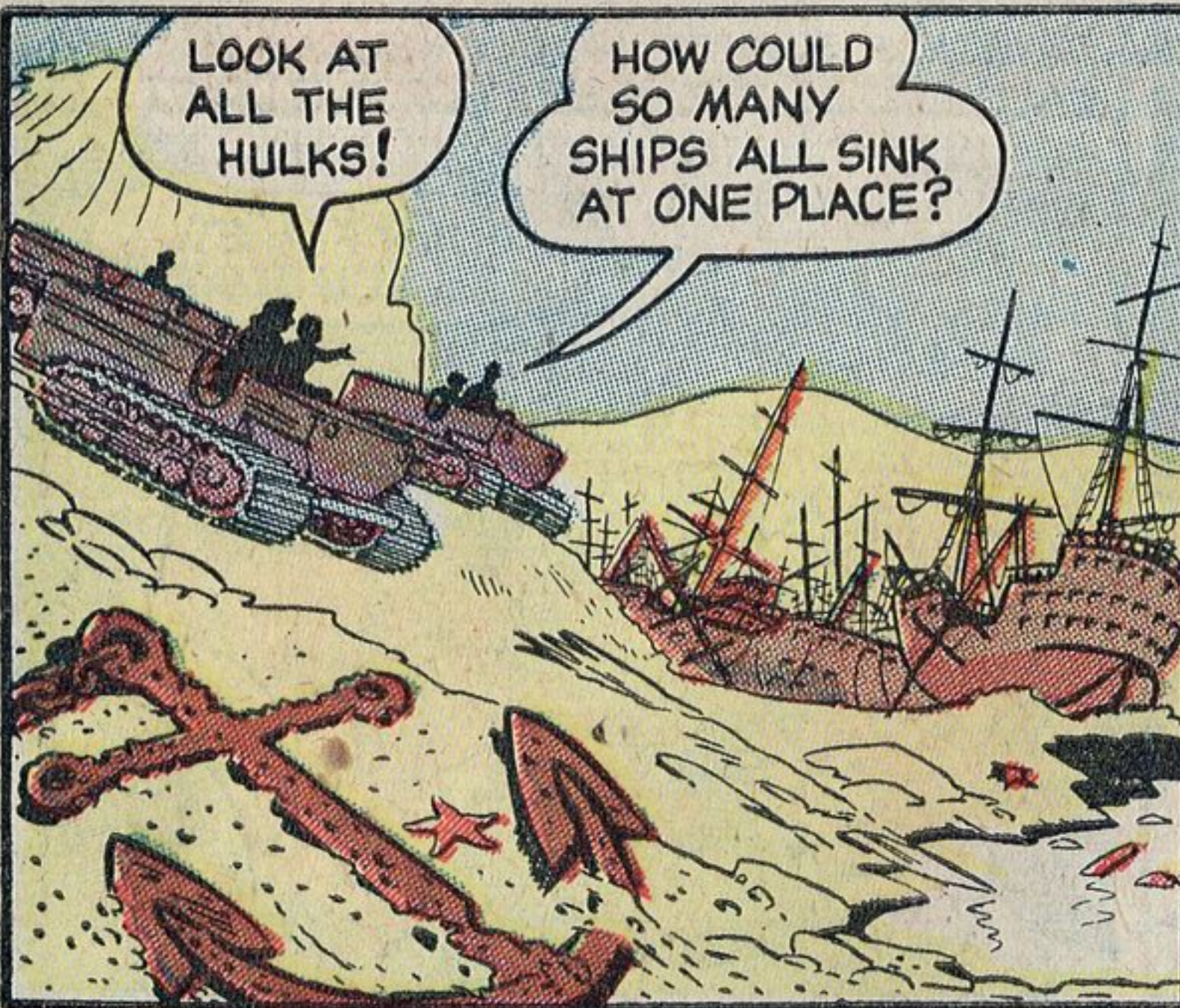
I SCOUTED THE AREA THIS MORNING, PROFESSOR! THERE'S A VALLEY A FEW MILES EAST OF HERE, FILLED WITH OLD SUNKEN SHIPS!

TO THE EAST IT IS, THEN! LET'S GO!

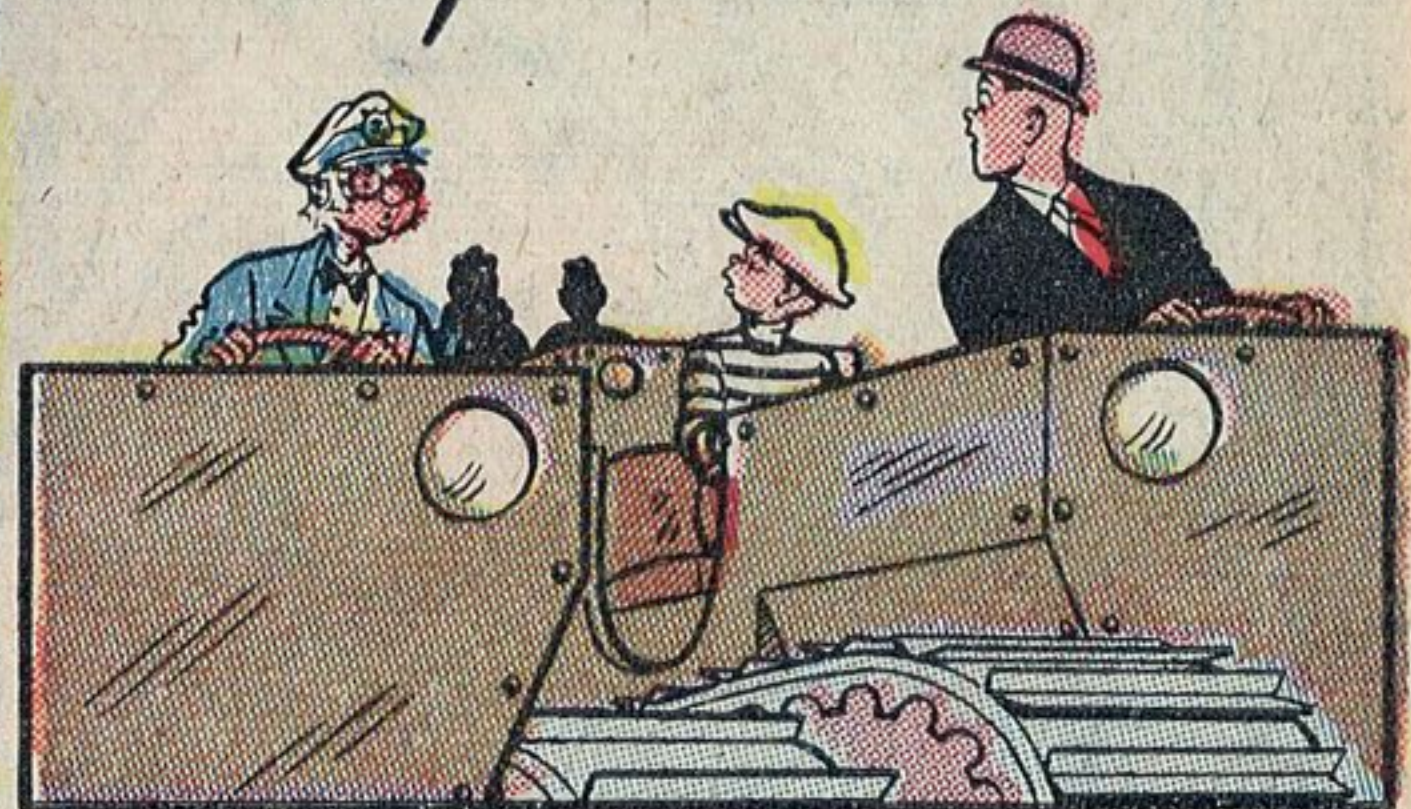


LOOK AT ALL THE HULKS!

HOW COULD SO MANY SHIPS ALL SINK AT ONE PLACE?



THESE SHIPS PROBABLY WENT DOWN MILES FROM HERE... AND WERE CARRIED INTO THIS POCKET BY STRONG UNDERCURRENTS!



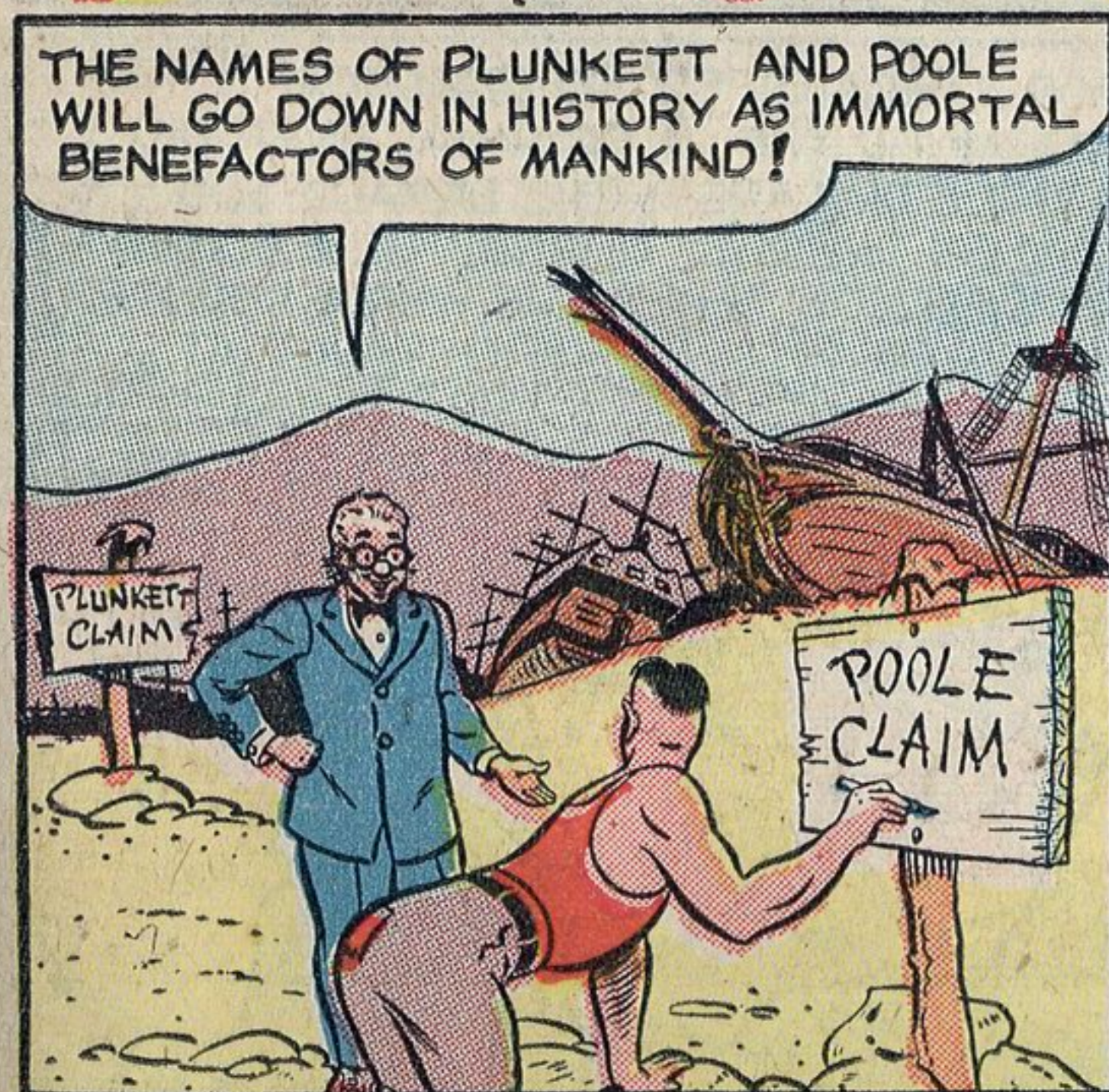
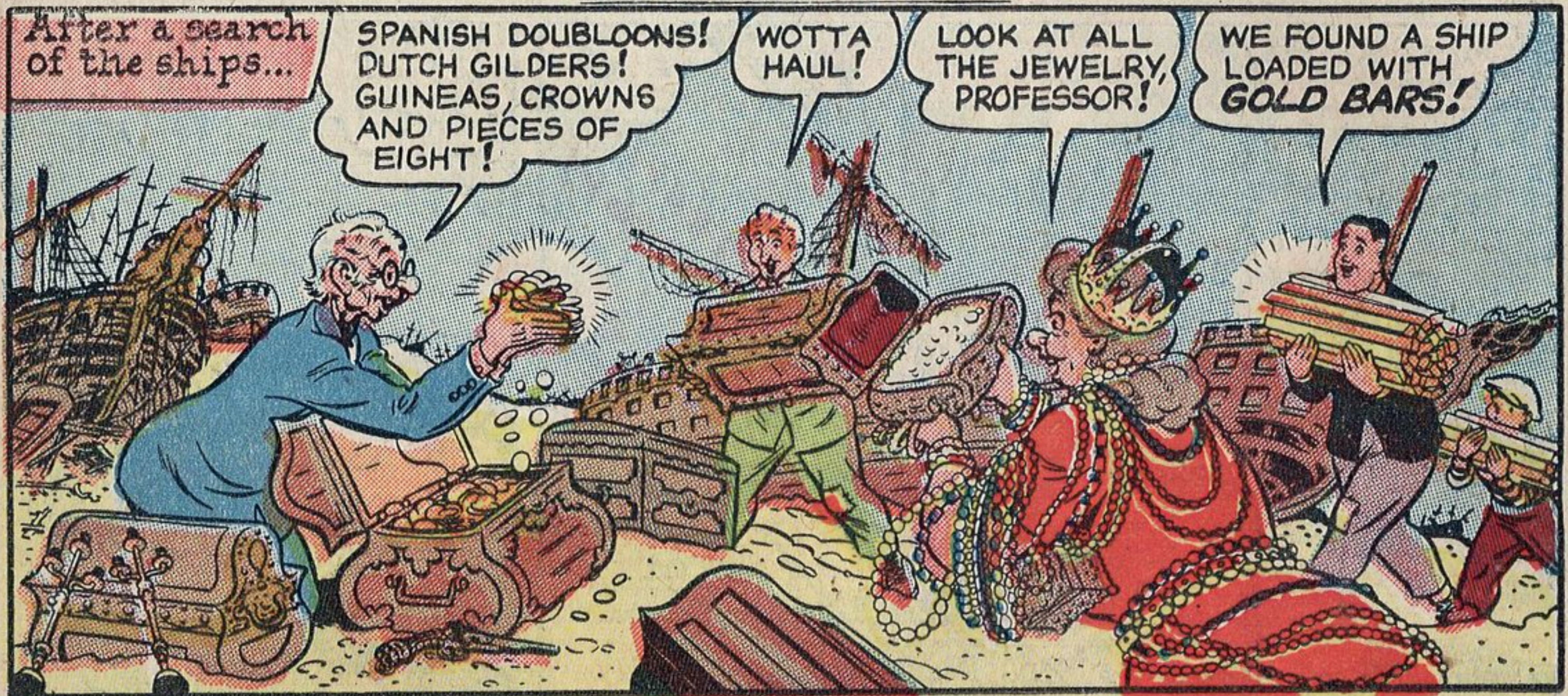
DO WE GET TO KEEP EVERYTHING WE FIND, PROFESSOR?

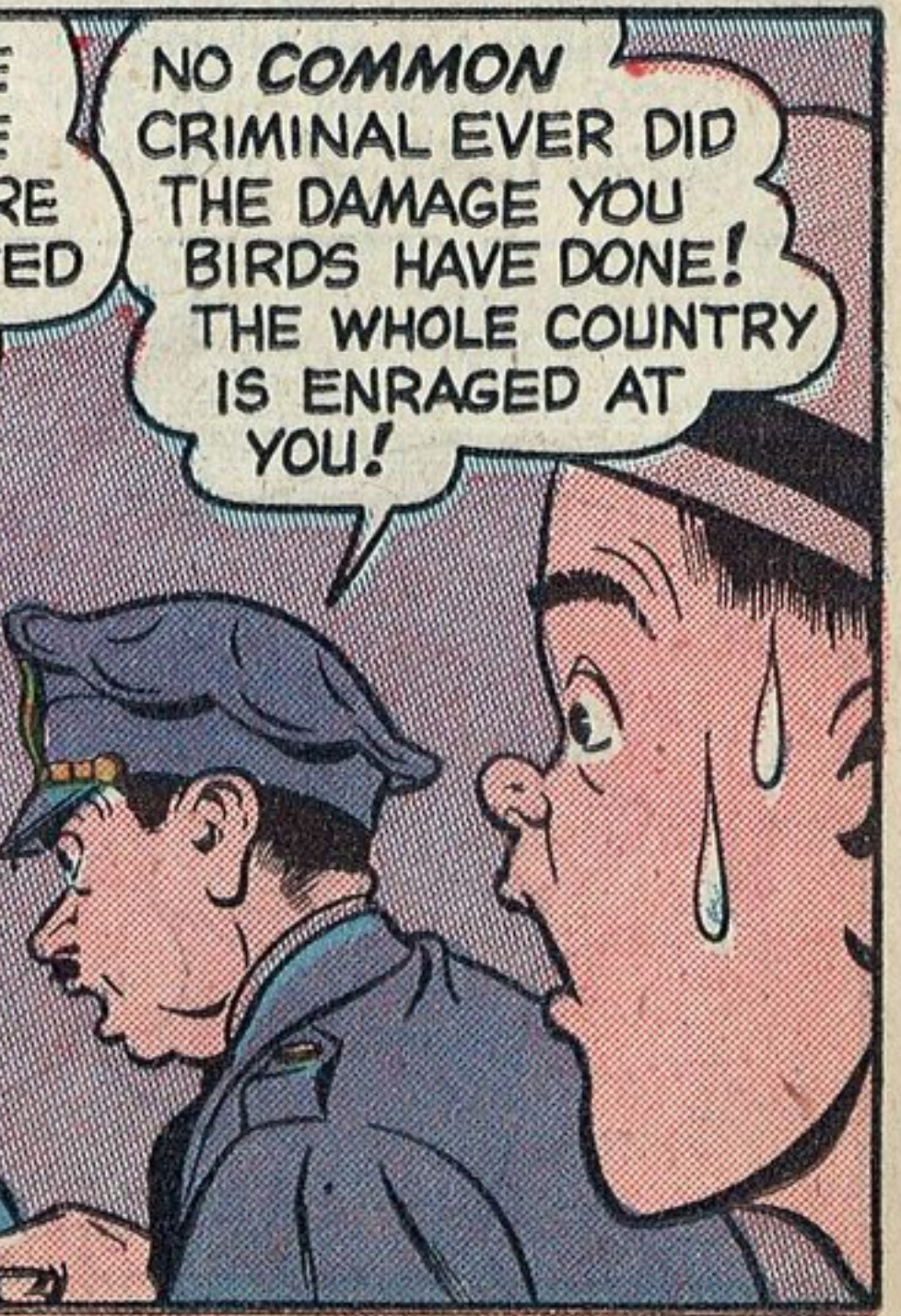
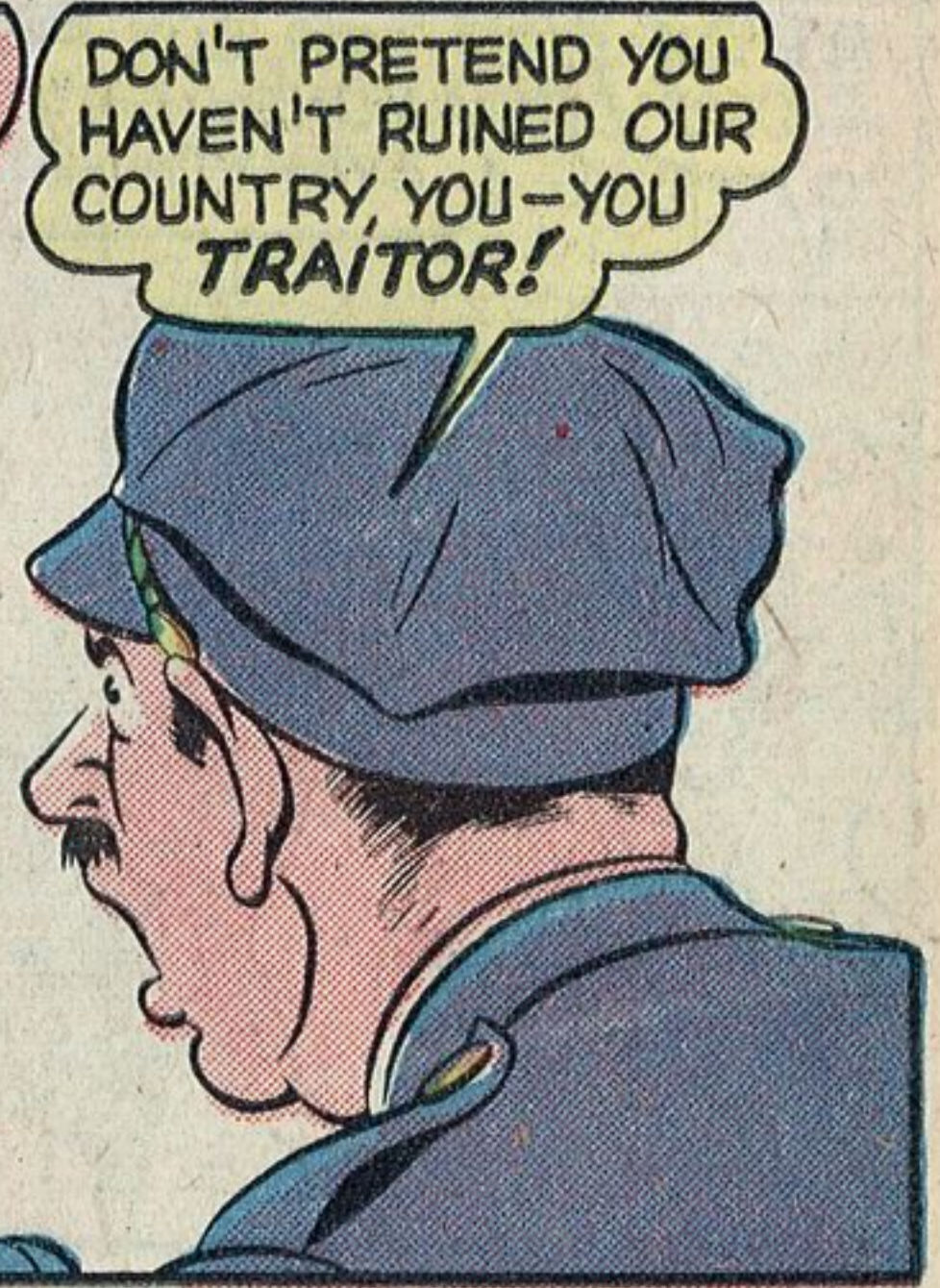
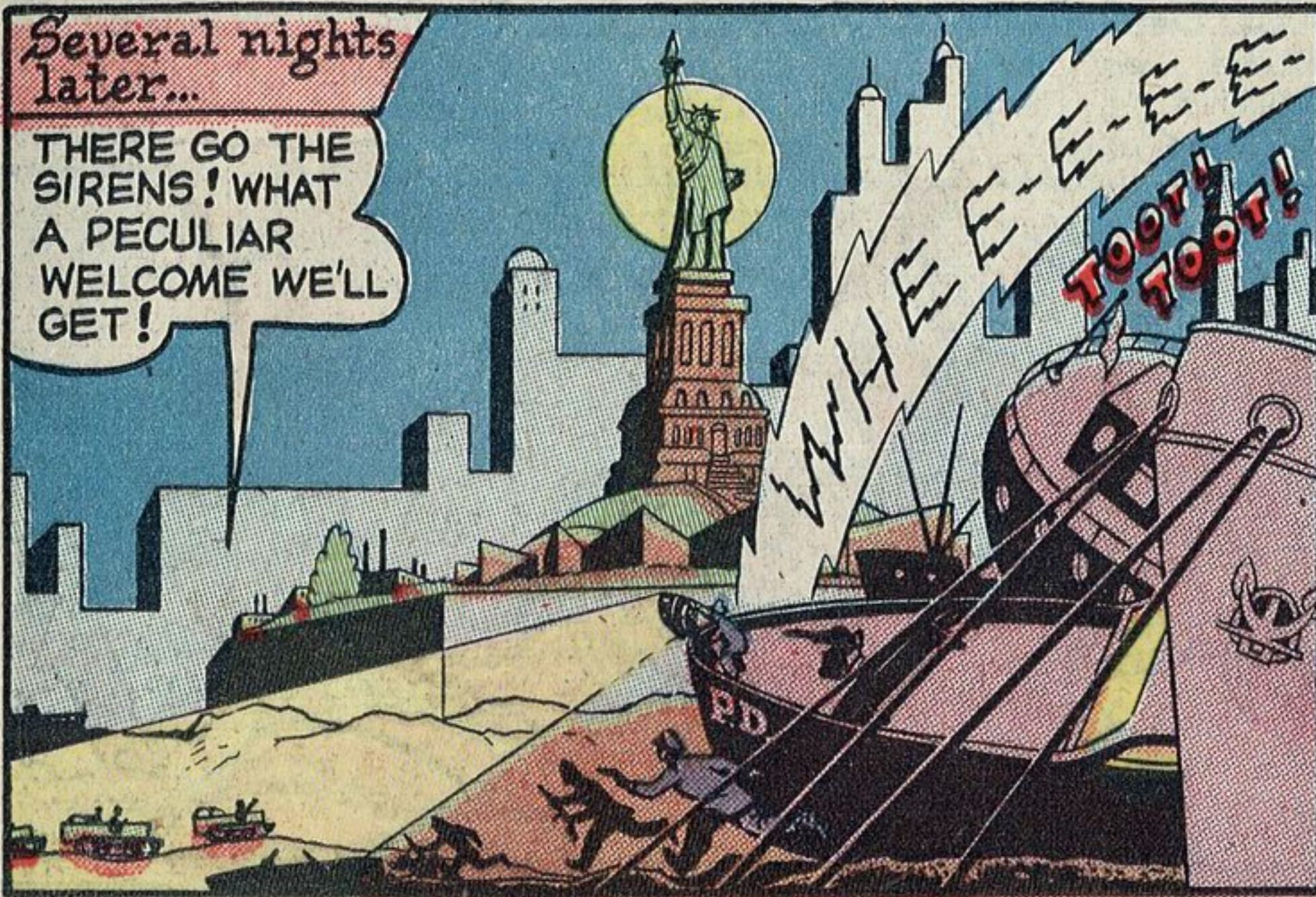
ABSOLUTELY NOT!

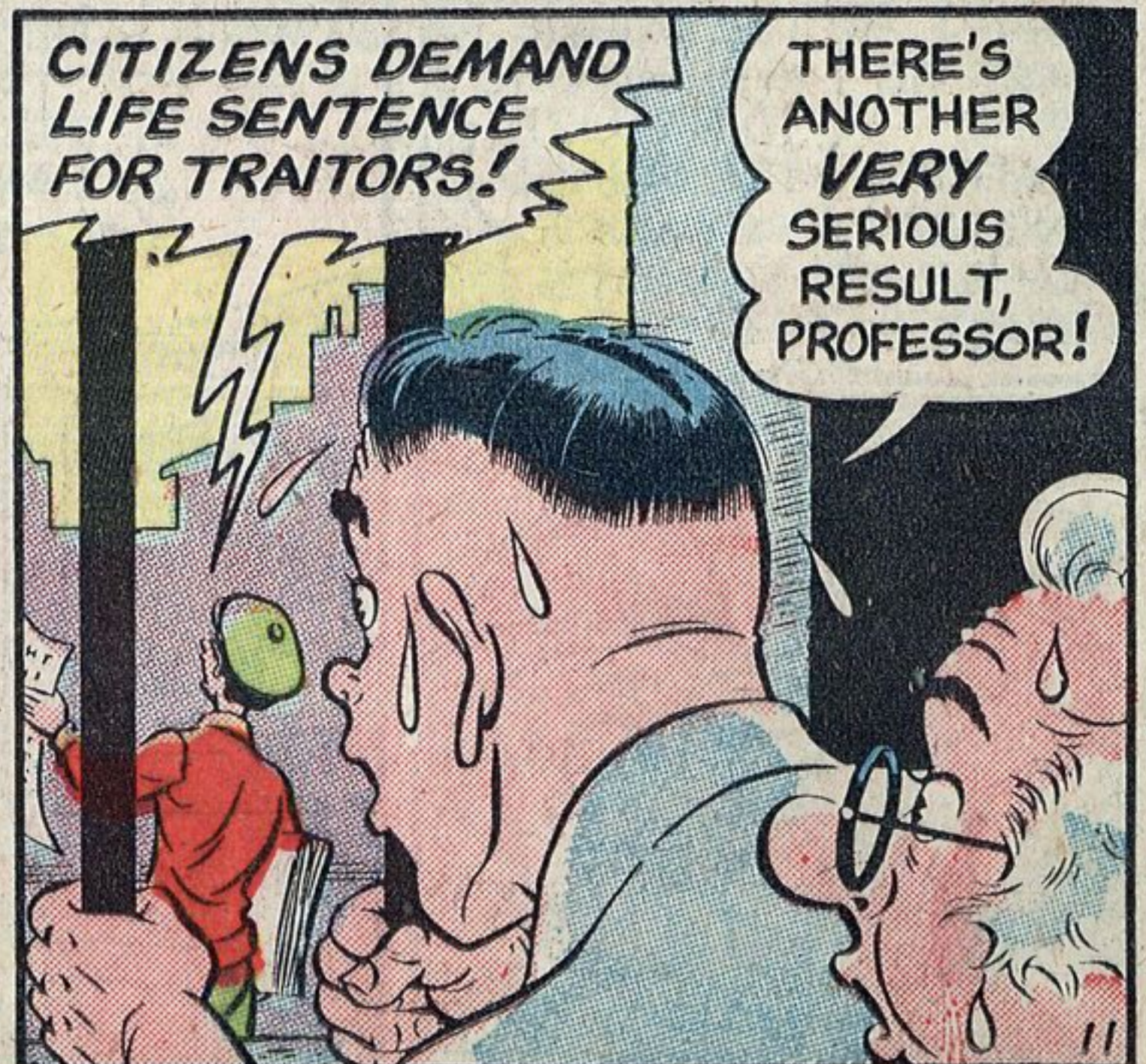
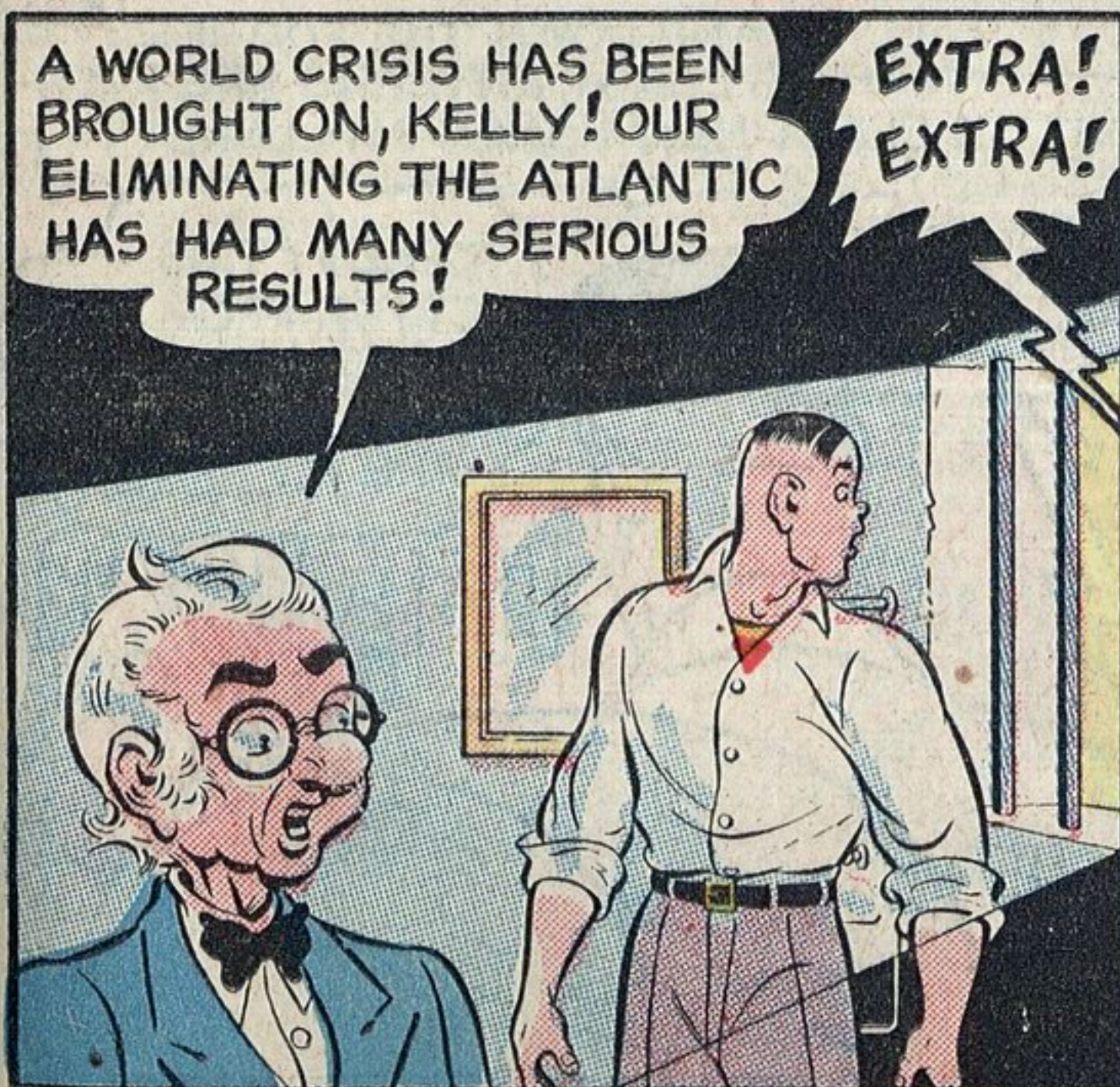
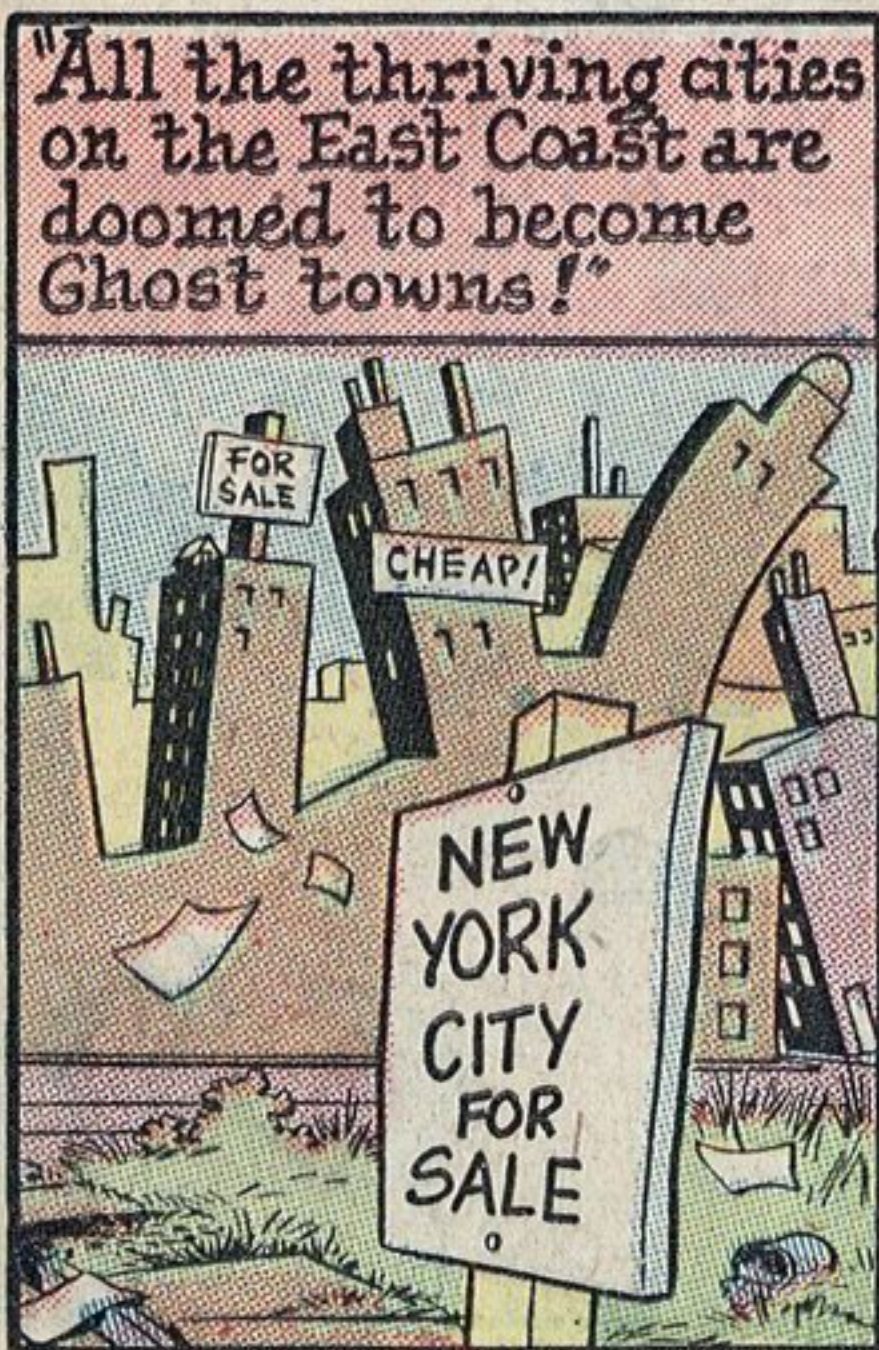
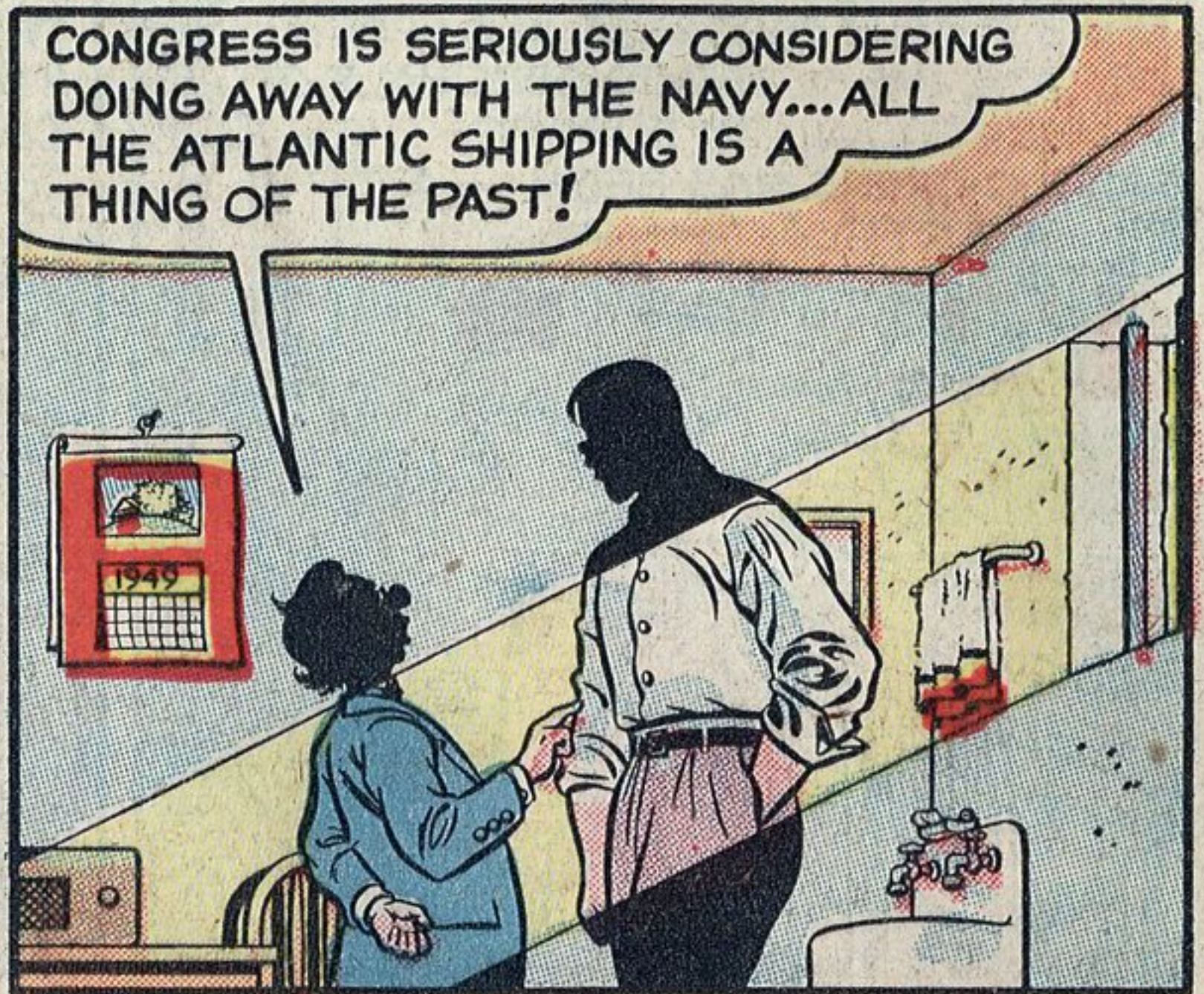
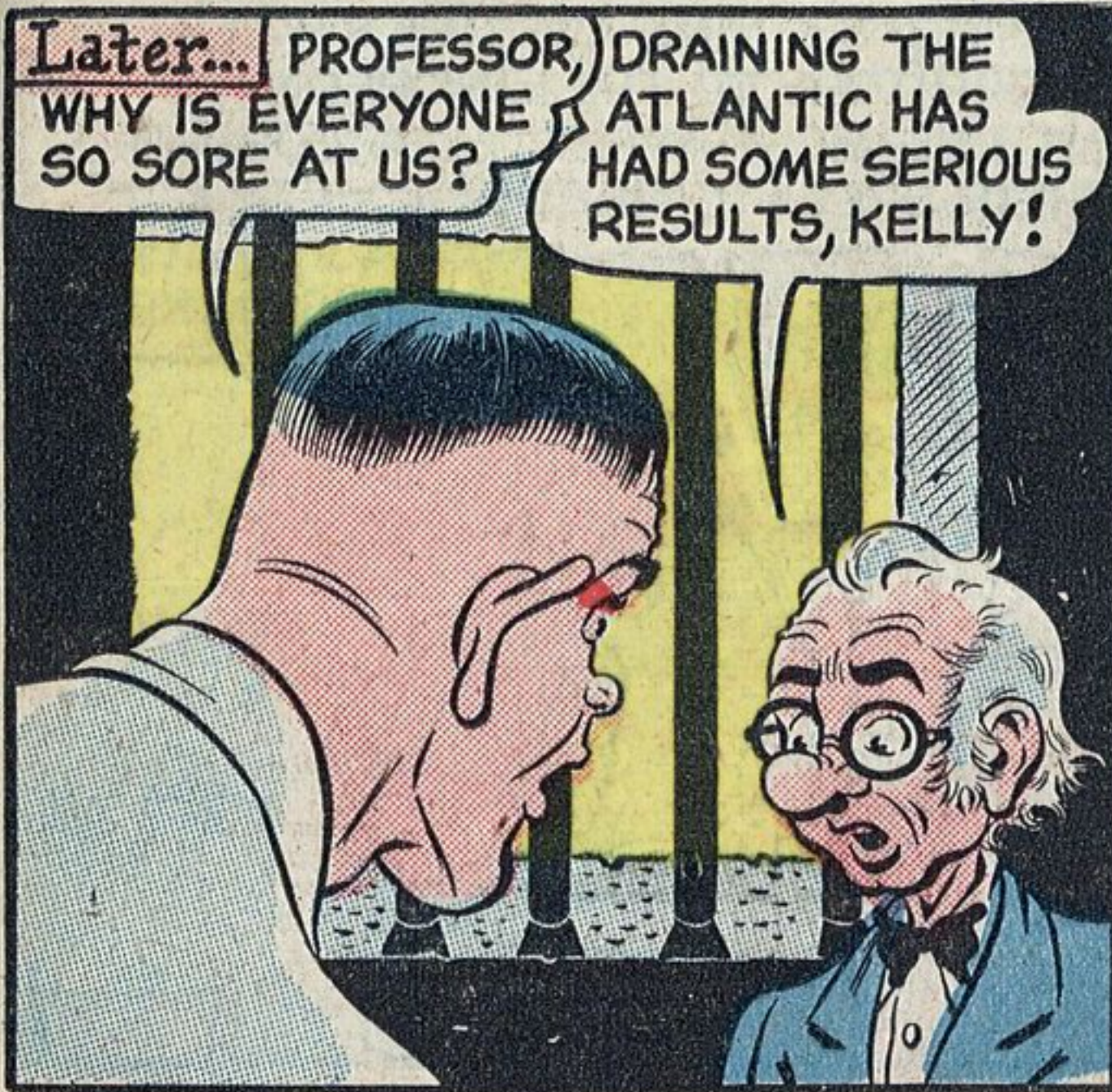


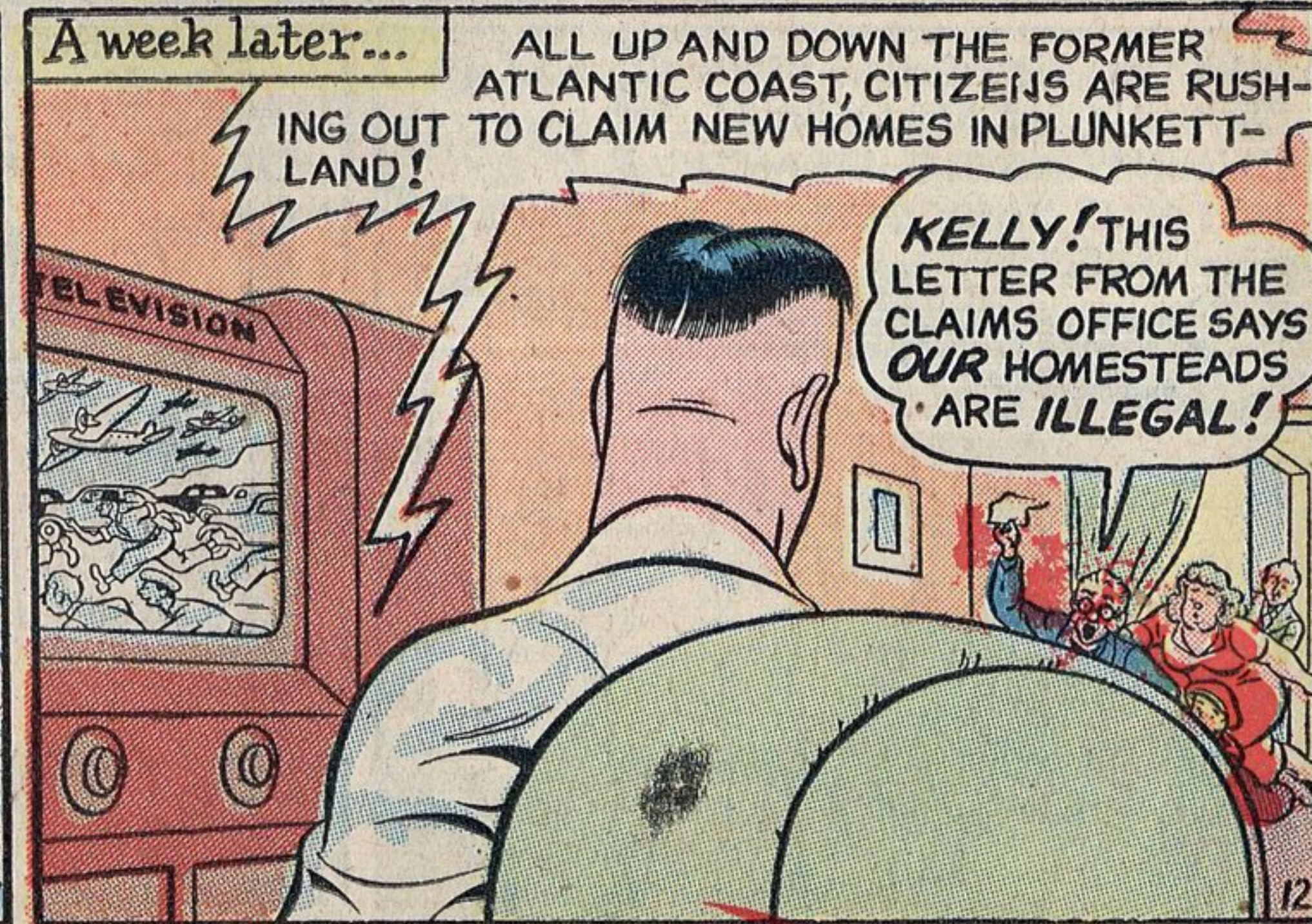
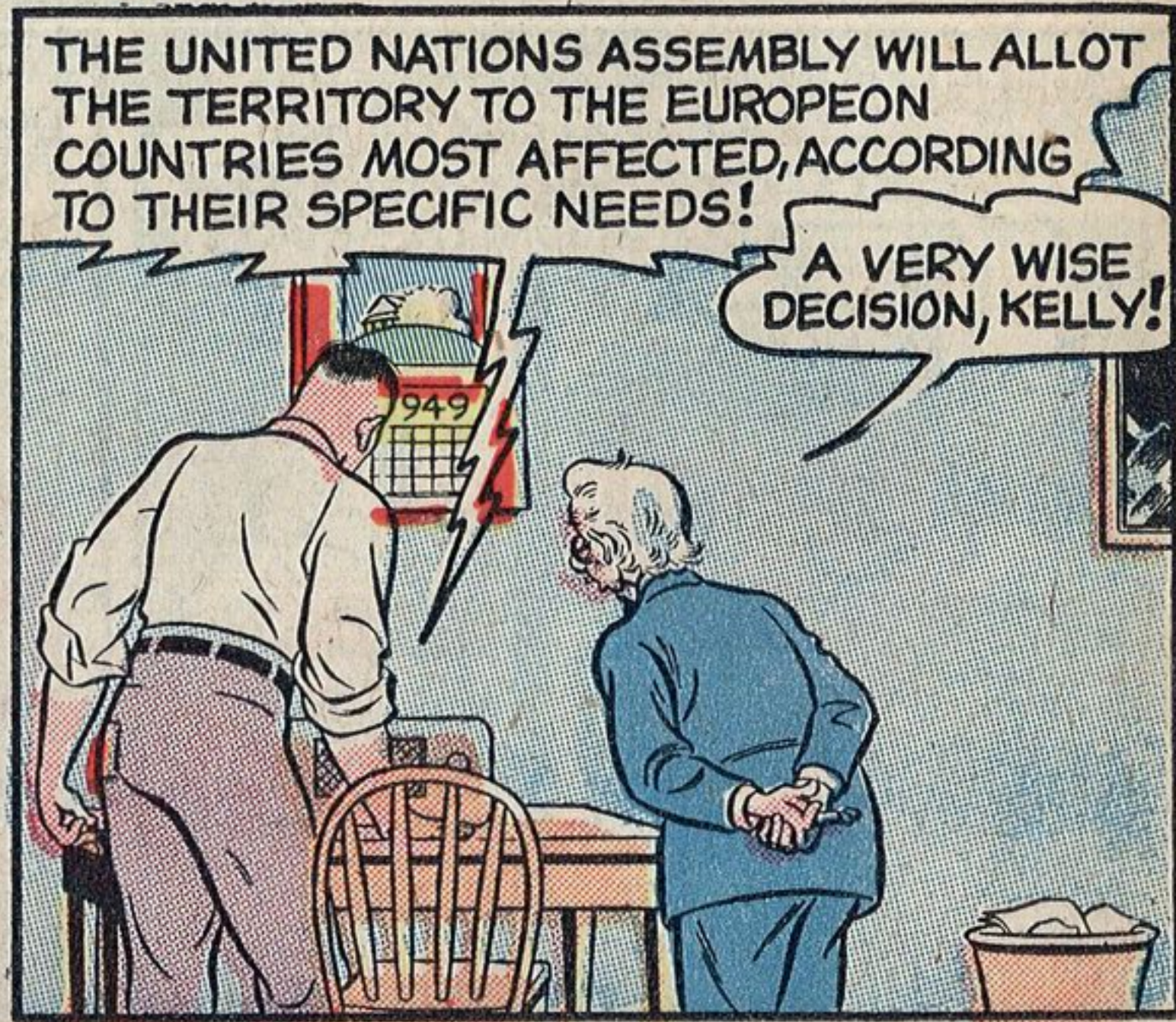
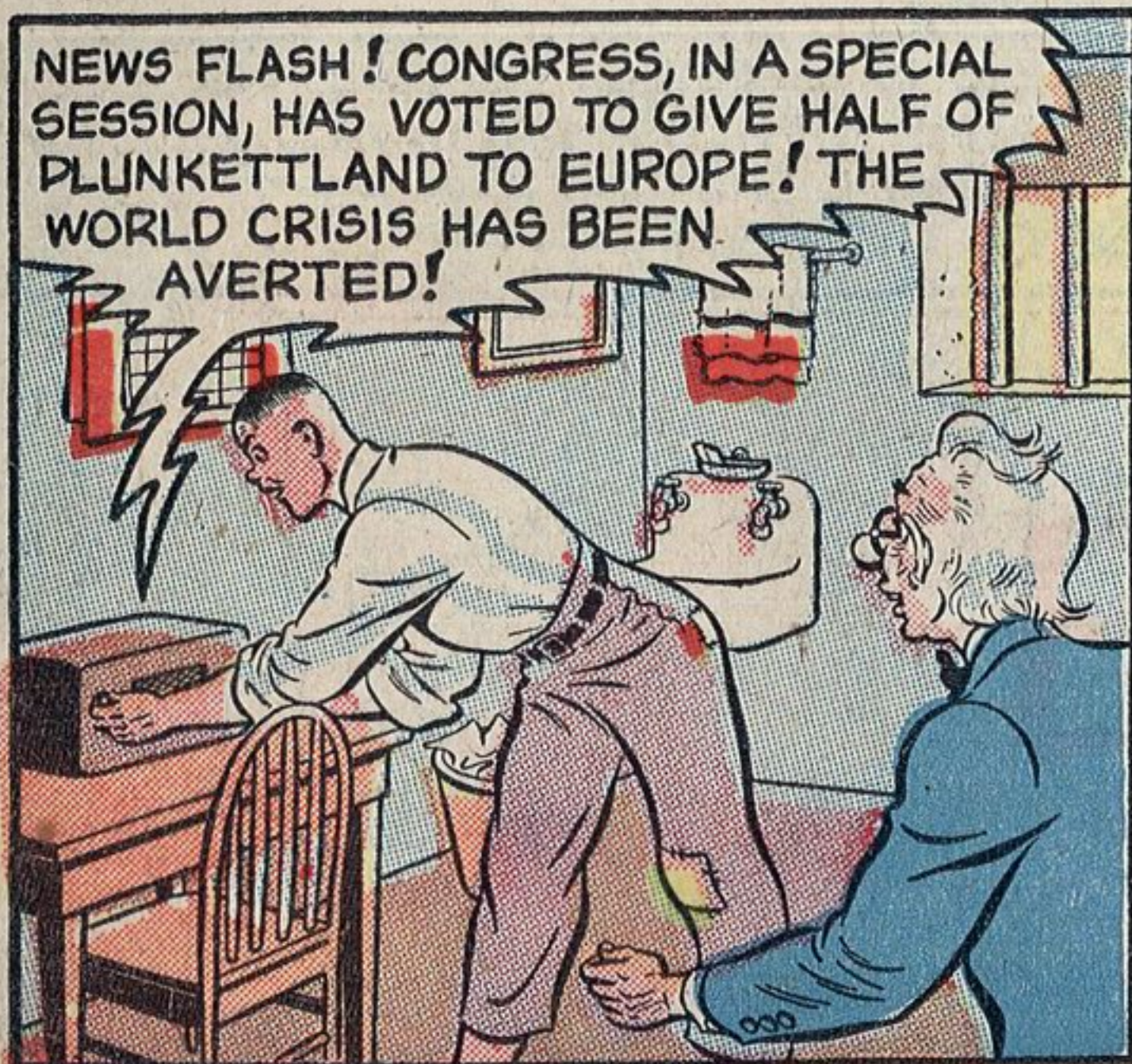
JUST KEEP THE GOLD AND JEWELS!

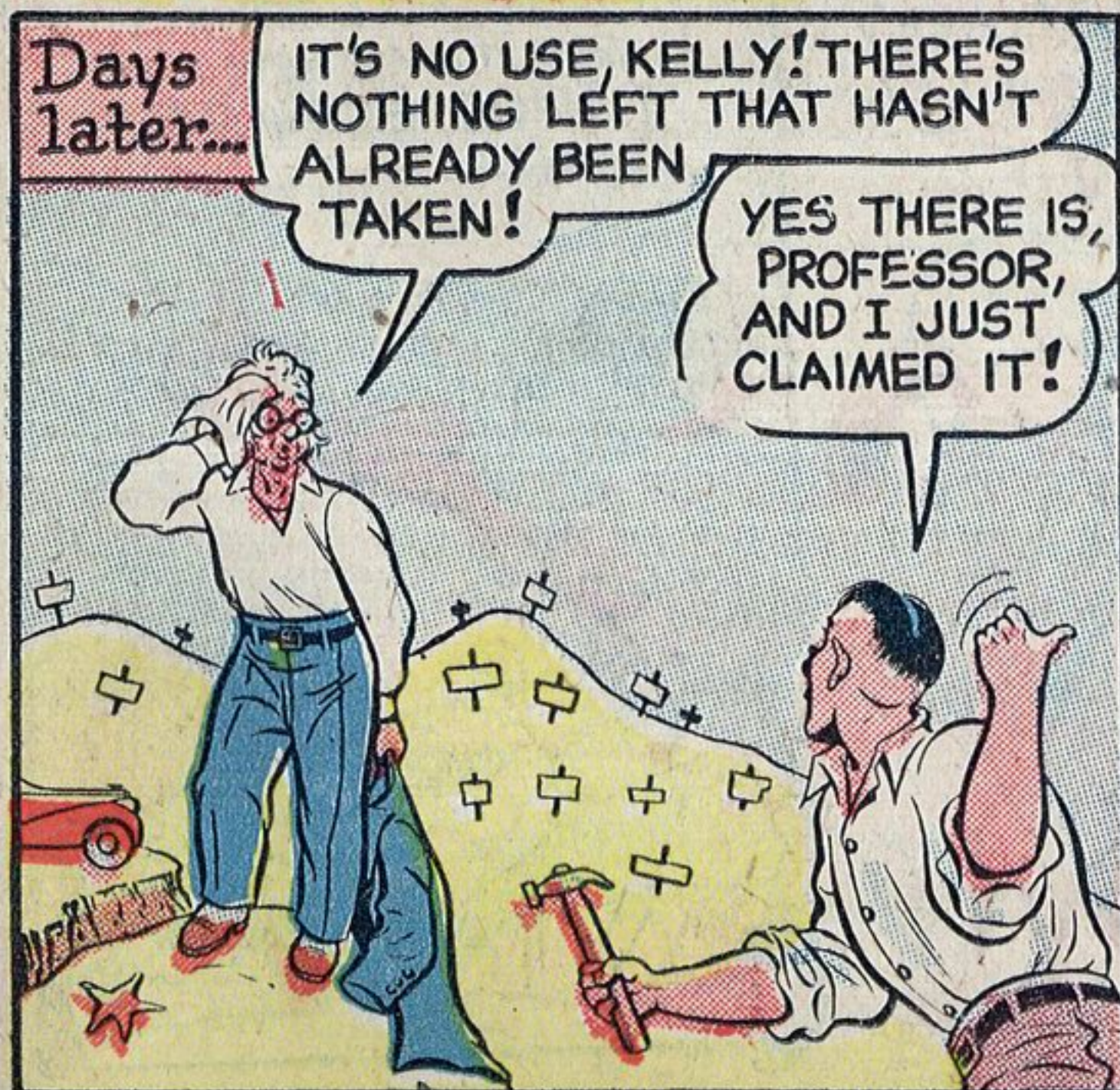
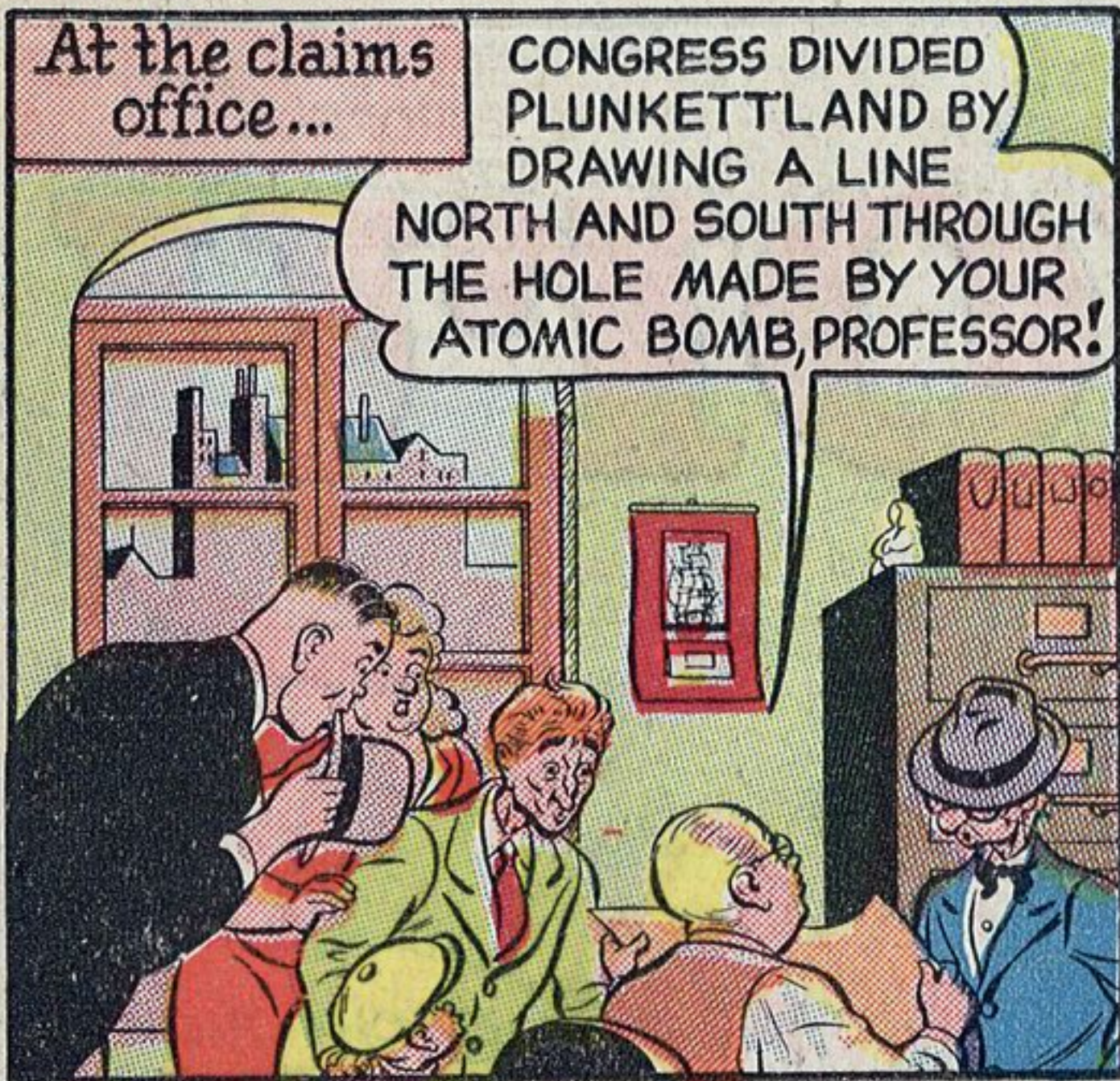




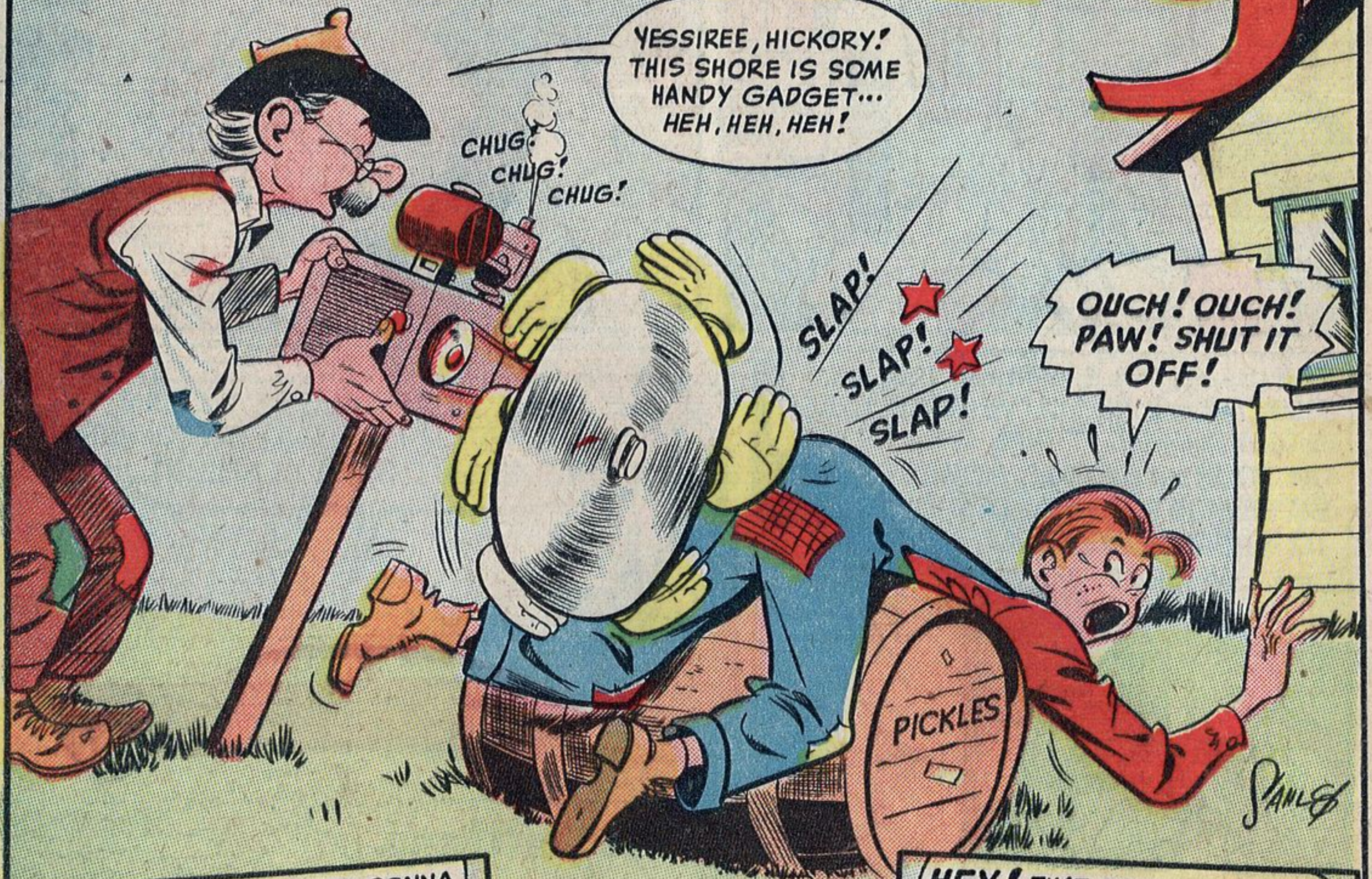








Hickory

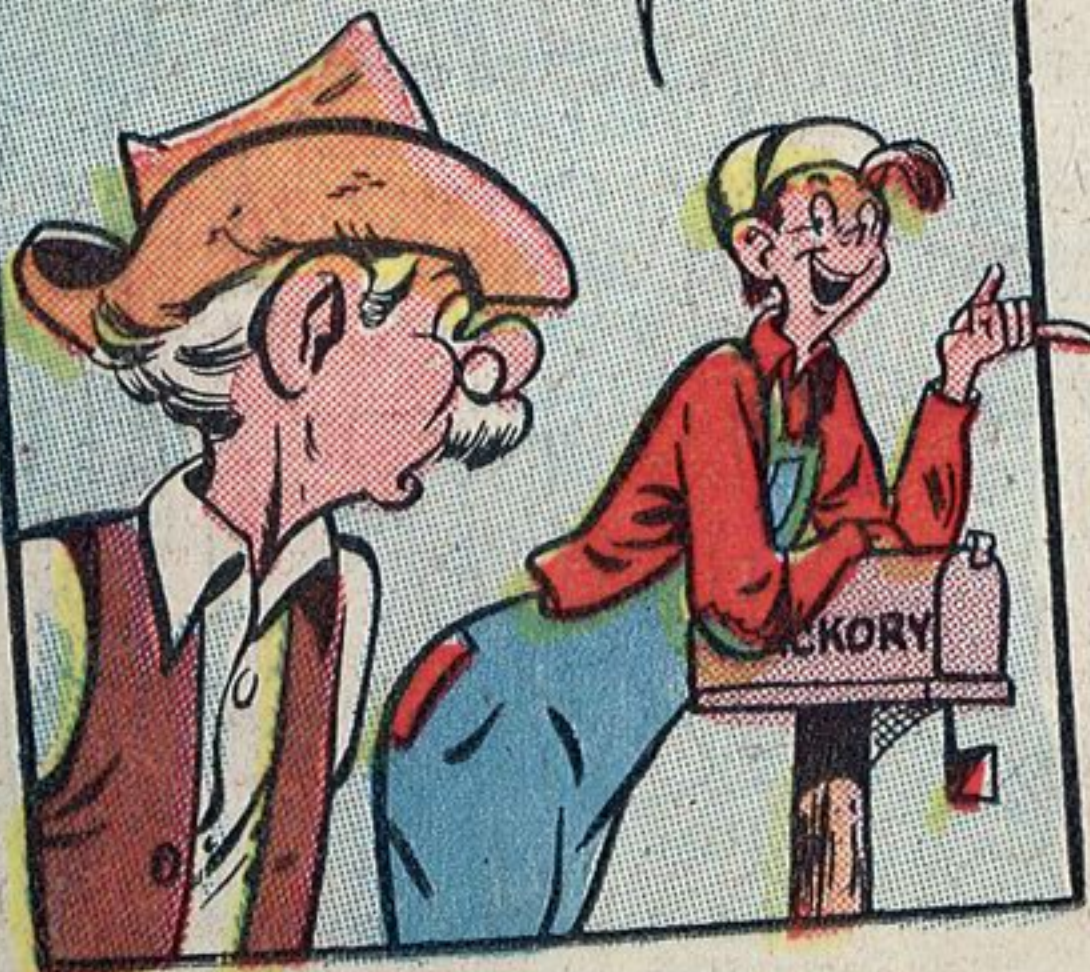


HICKORY, WHEN
ARE Y'GONNA
START DOIN'
SOME O' THE
JOBS AROUND
HYAR?

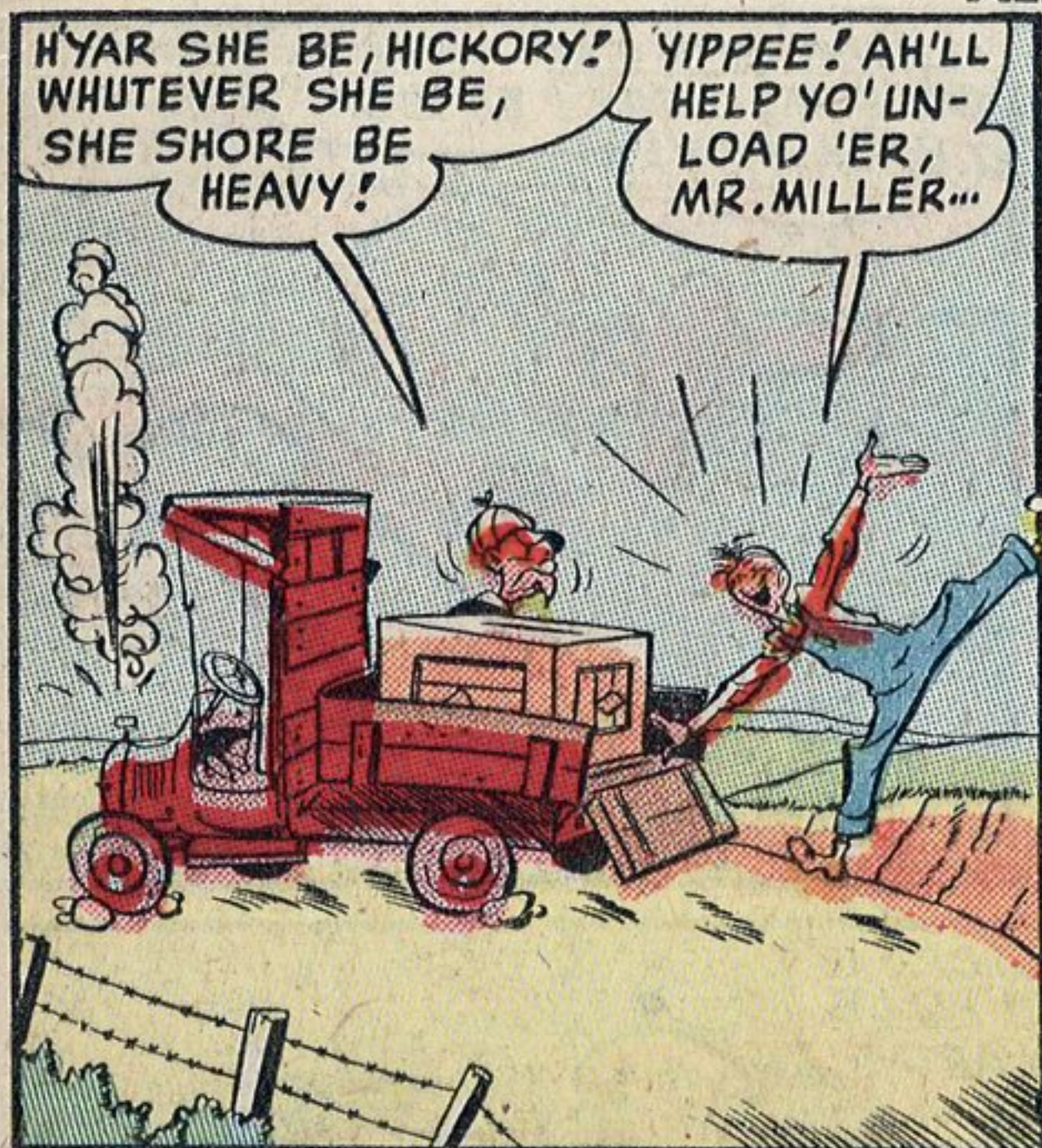
PAW, AH'M GONNA
DO **ALL** THOSE
JOBS JES' AS
SOON AS AH GIT
MY NEW "2001
JIFFY DO-
ANYTHING"
ENGINE!

IT'S DOWN T' THE
DEPOT AN MR.
MILLER WENT AFTER
IT IN HIS TRUCK!

HEY! THAT SOUNDS LIKE
HIS TRUCK A-COMIN' UP OUR
HILL NOW! AN' THE WAY HE'S
PULLIN', AH'LL BET HE'S
GOT IT... MY NEW
1001 ENGINE!



ALL HUMOR COMICS



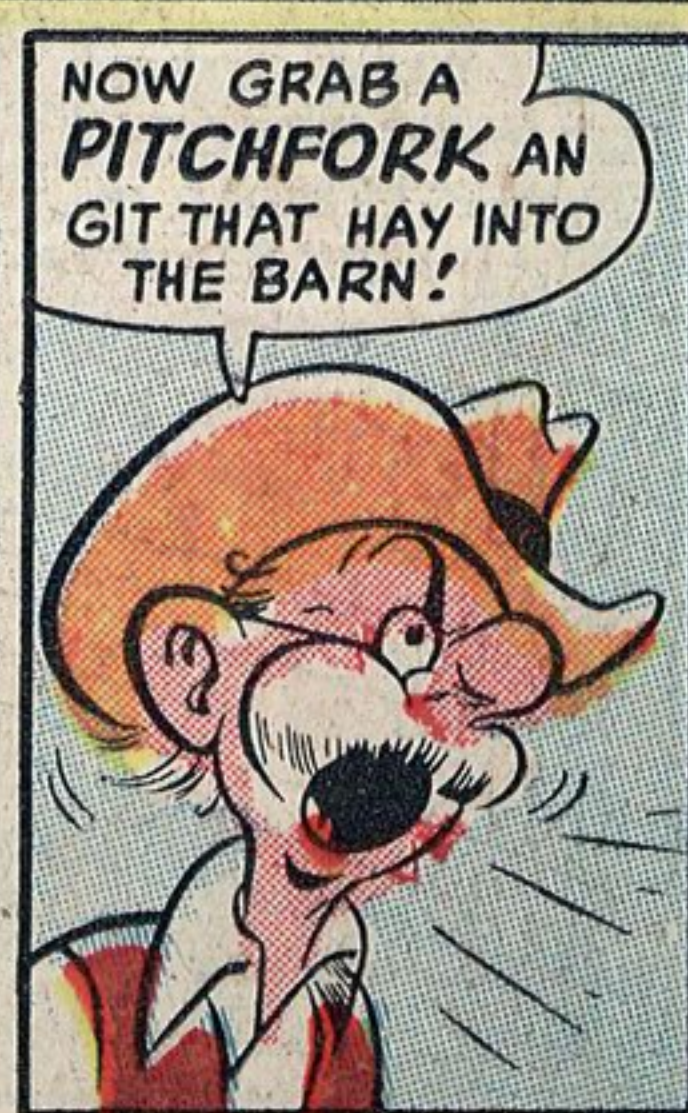
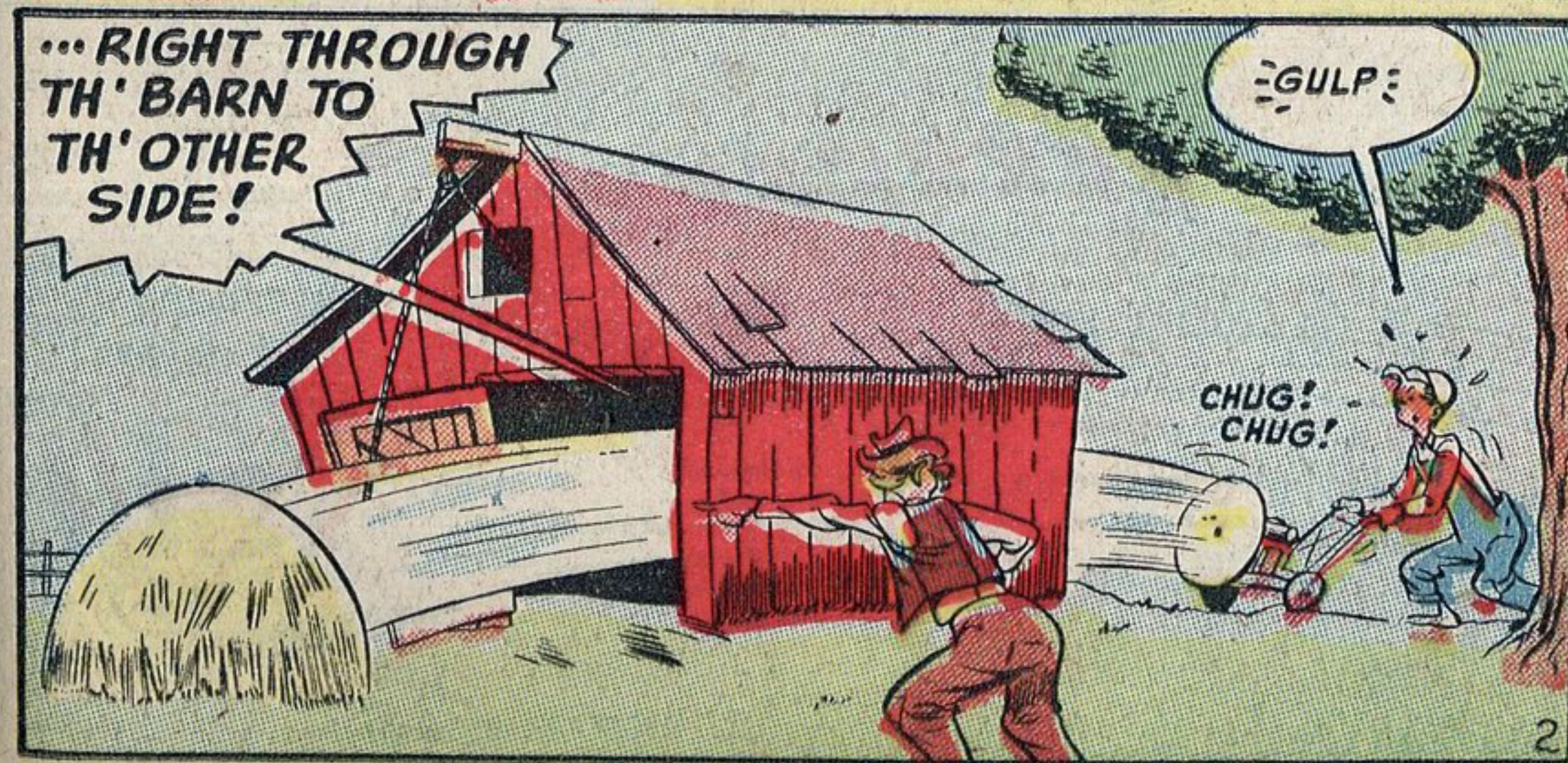
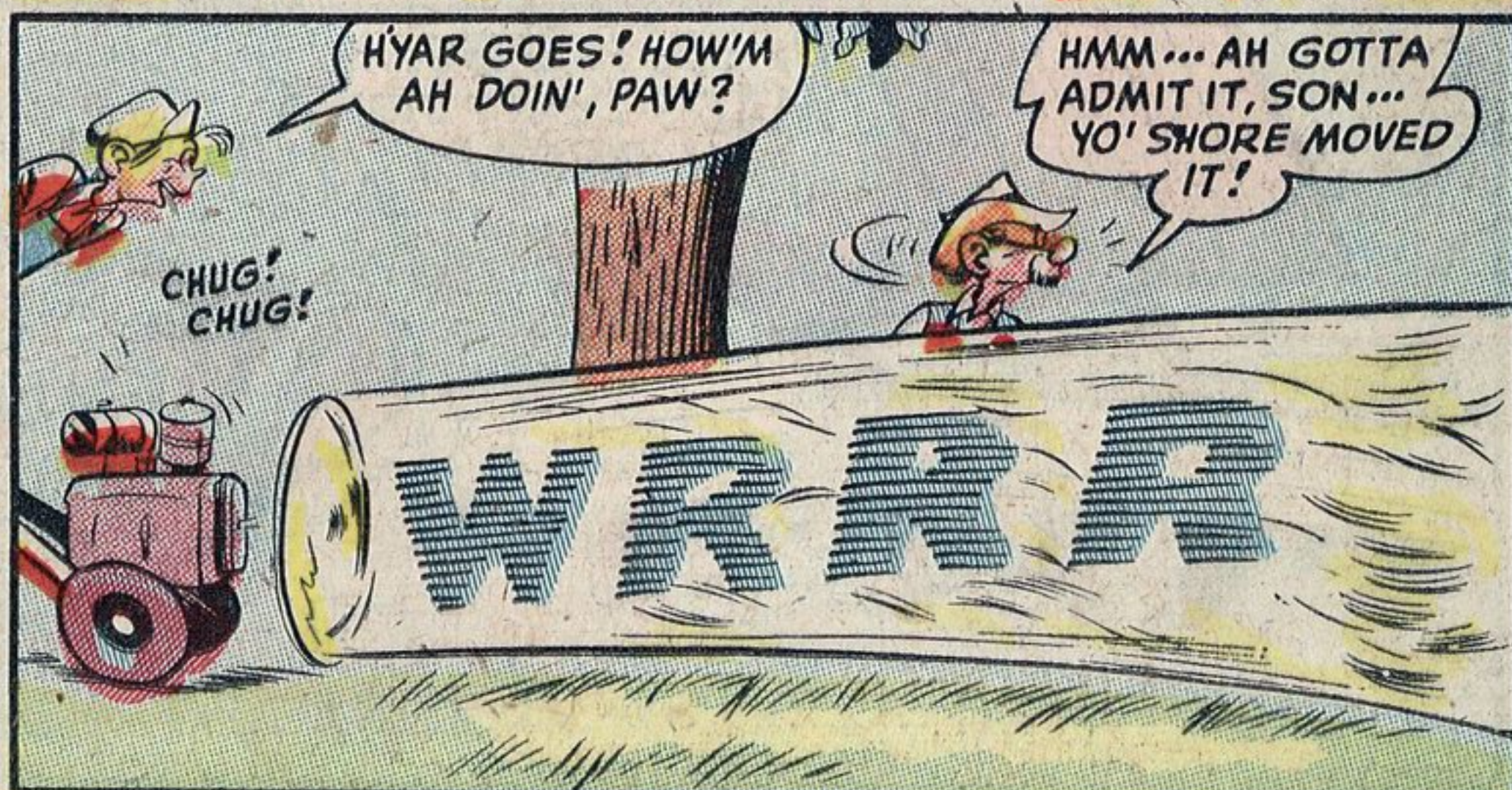
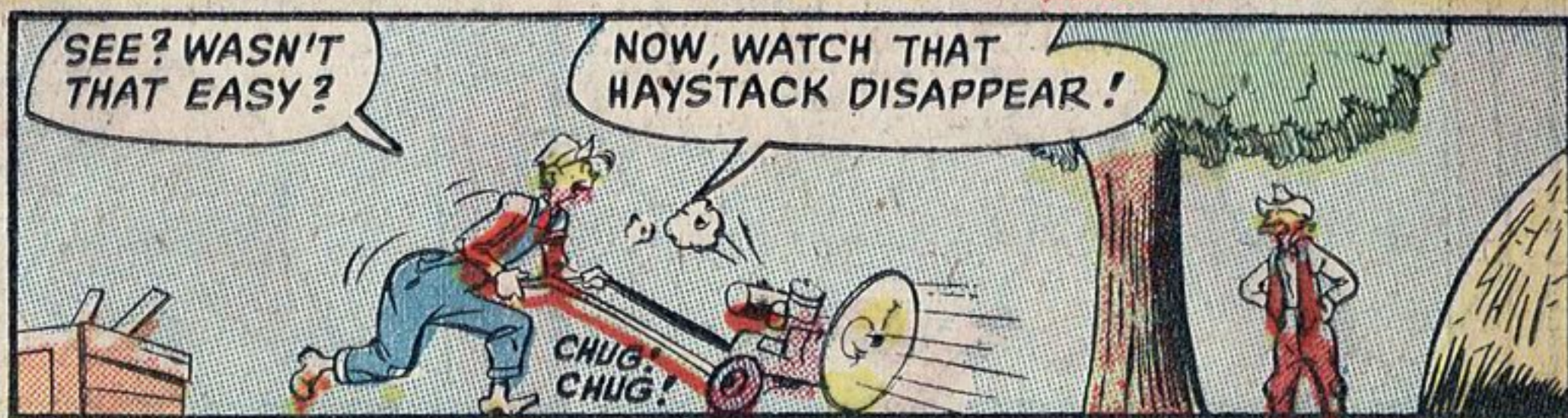
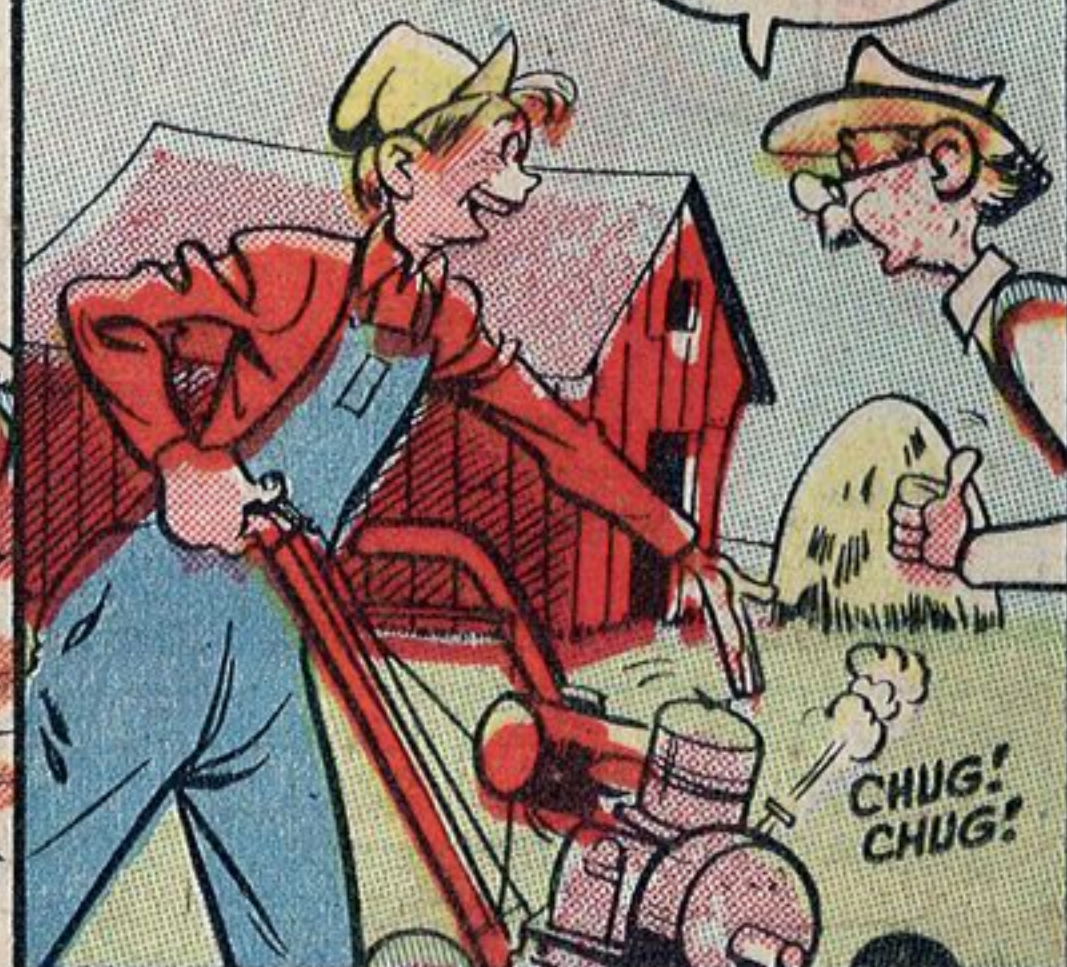
A few minutes later...

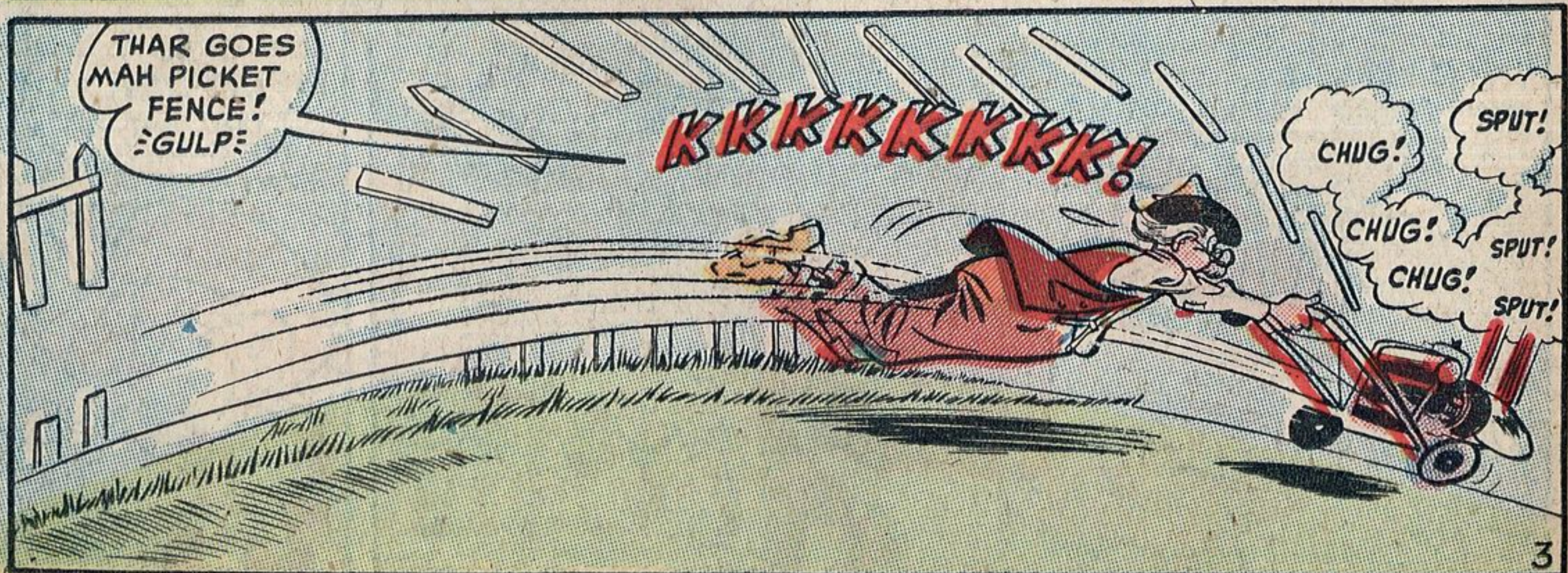
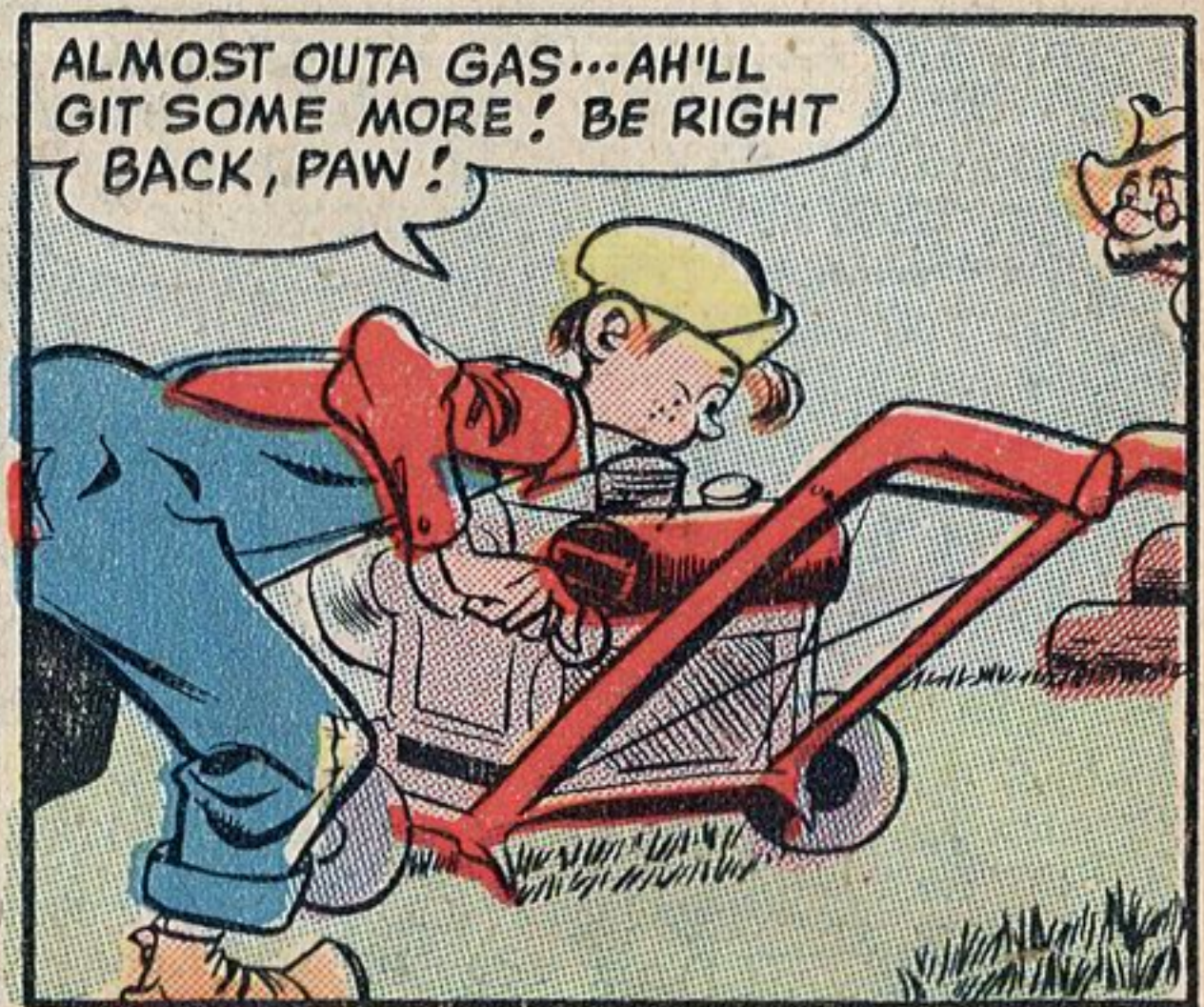
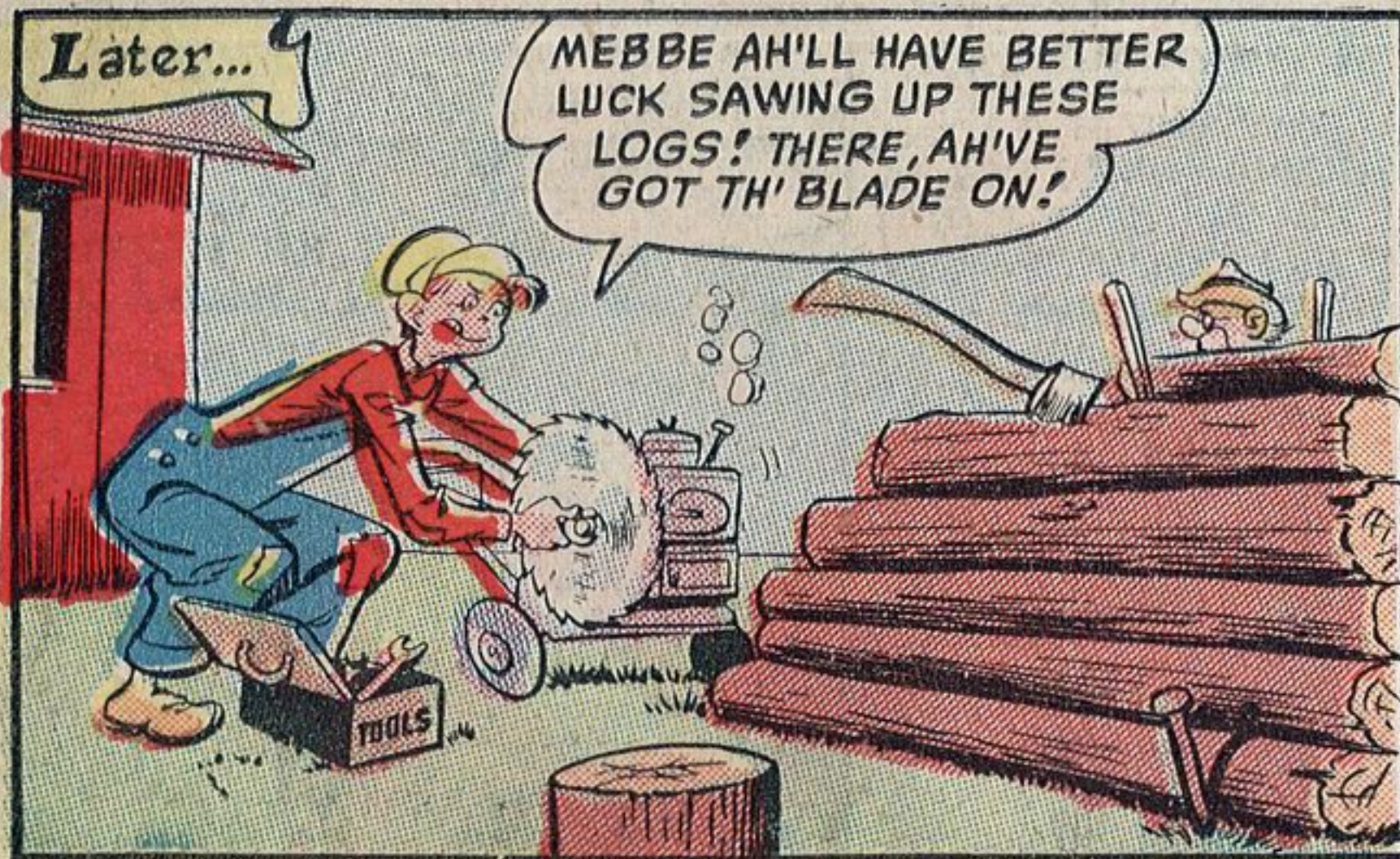
BOY! AIN'T IT A BEAUTY, PAW? THIS LIL' OL' "JIFFY 1001" WILL SOON CHANGE THINGS AROUND H'YAR!

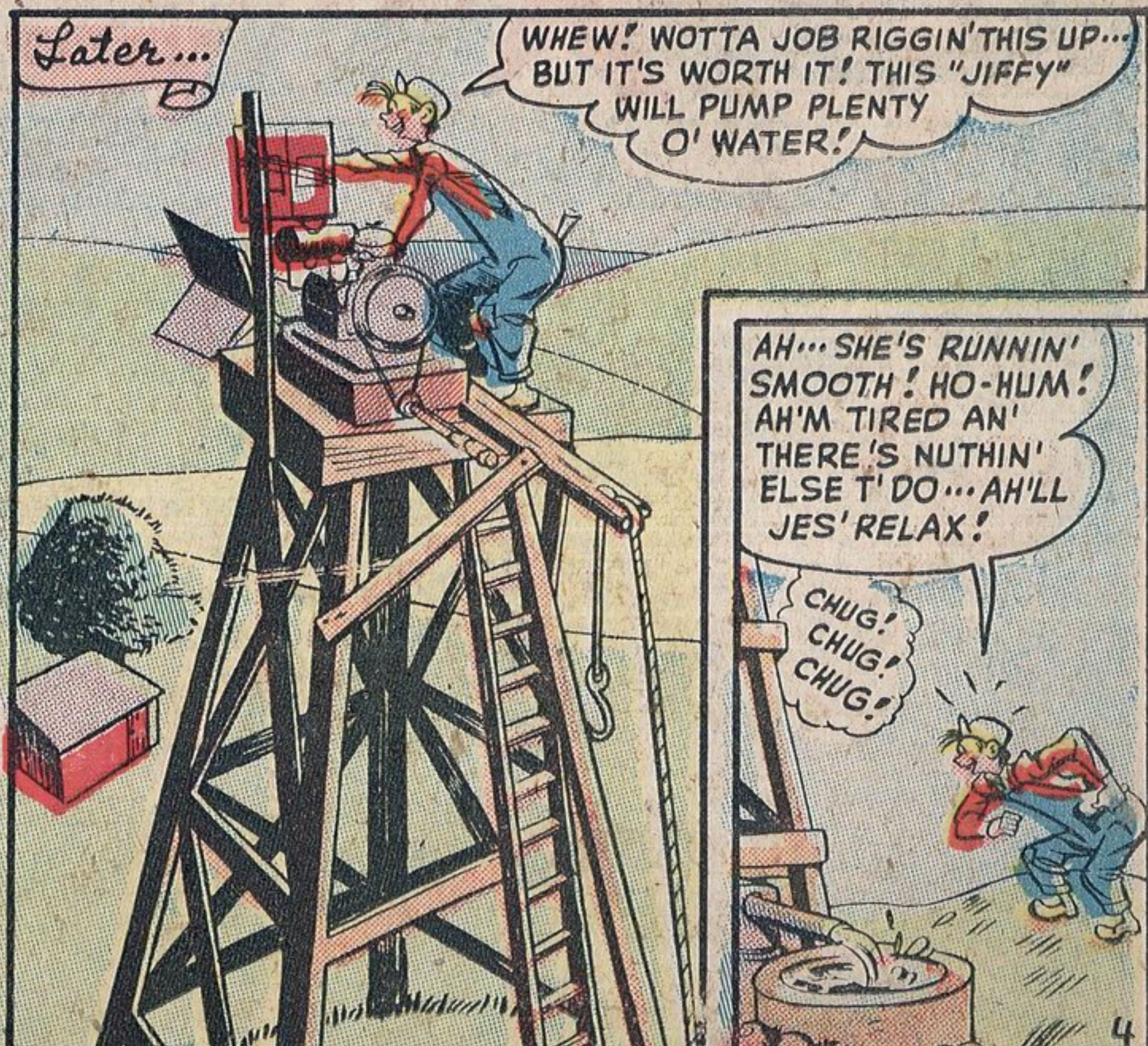
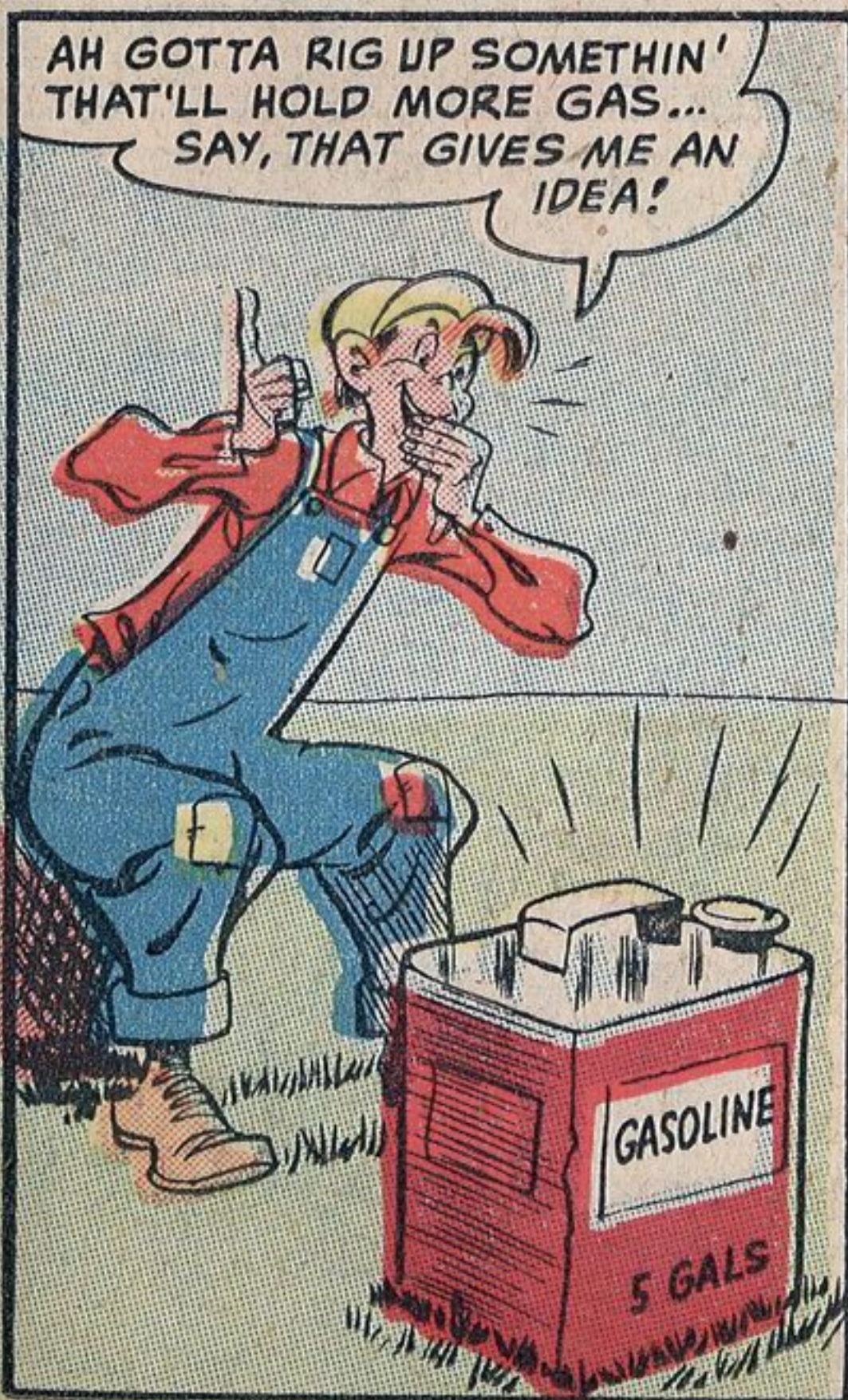
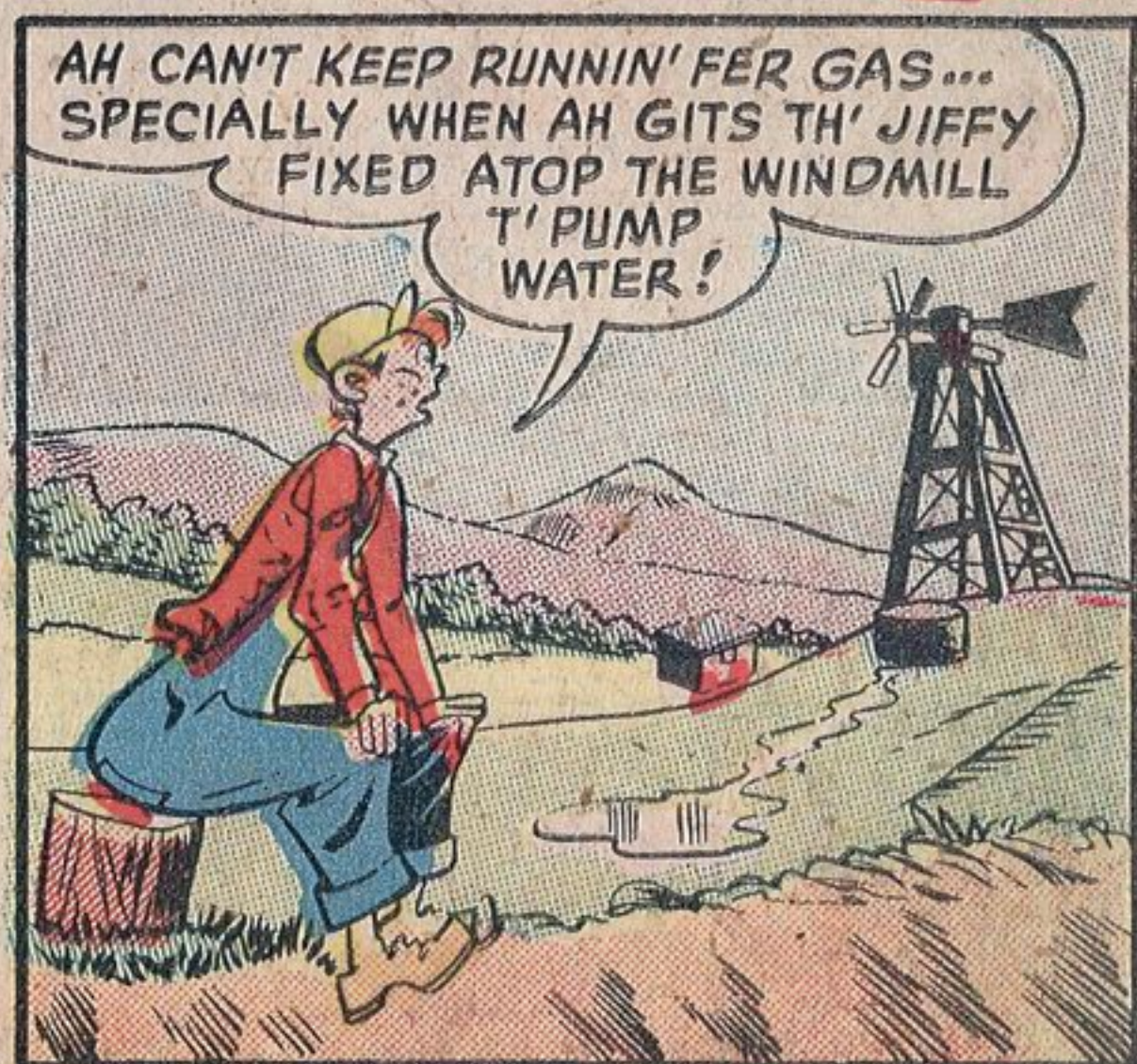
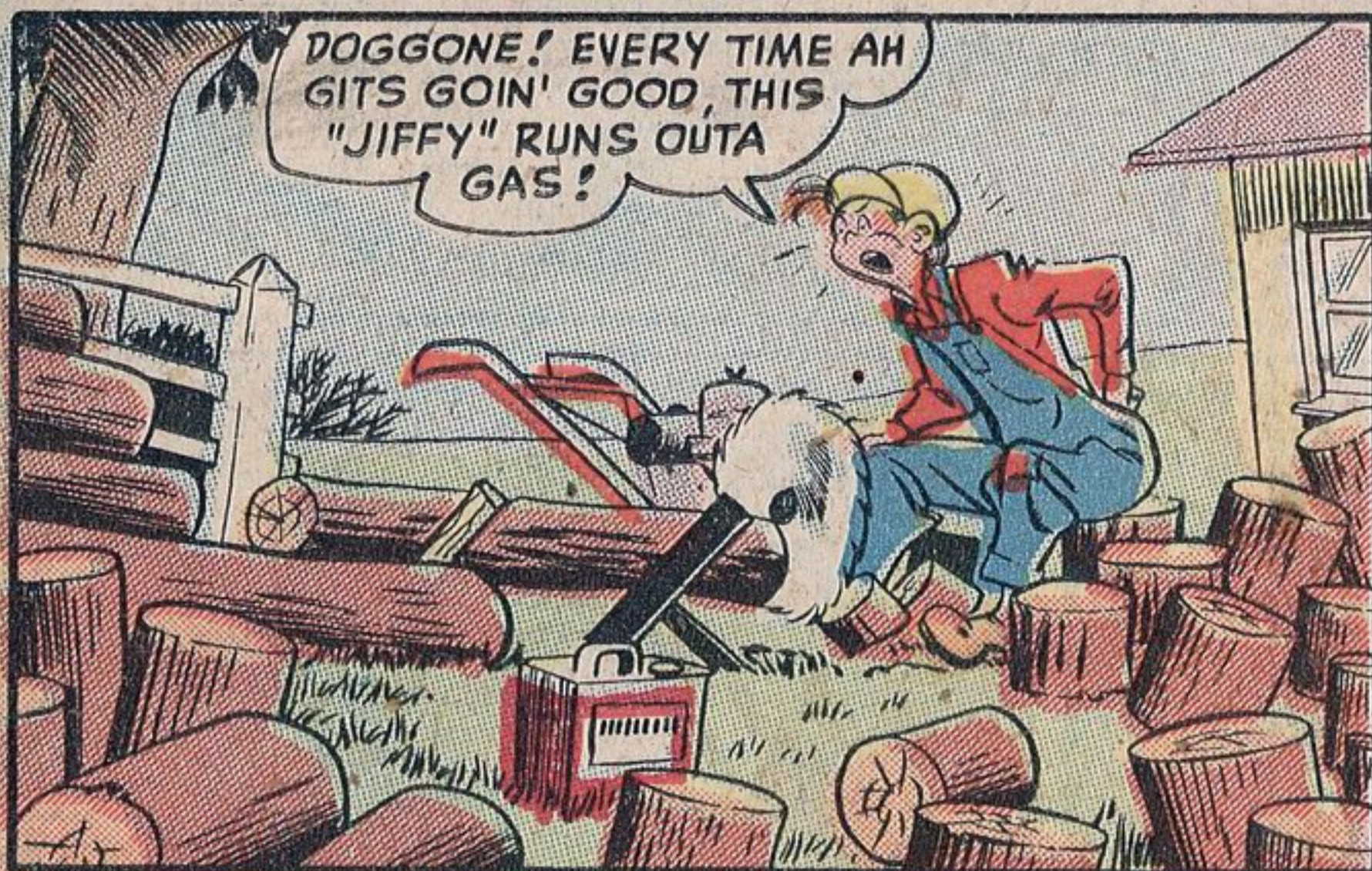
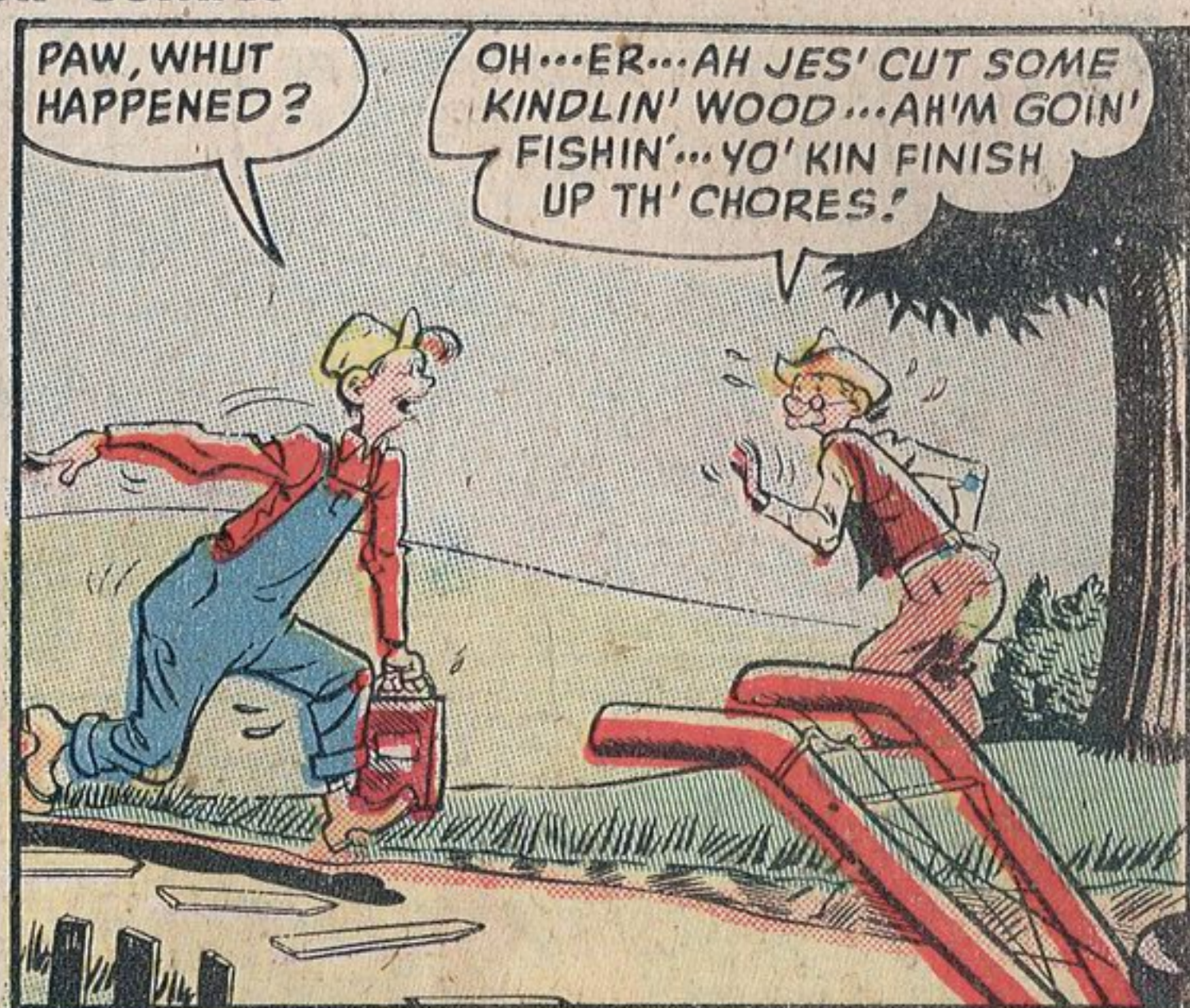
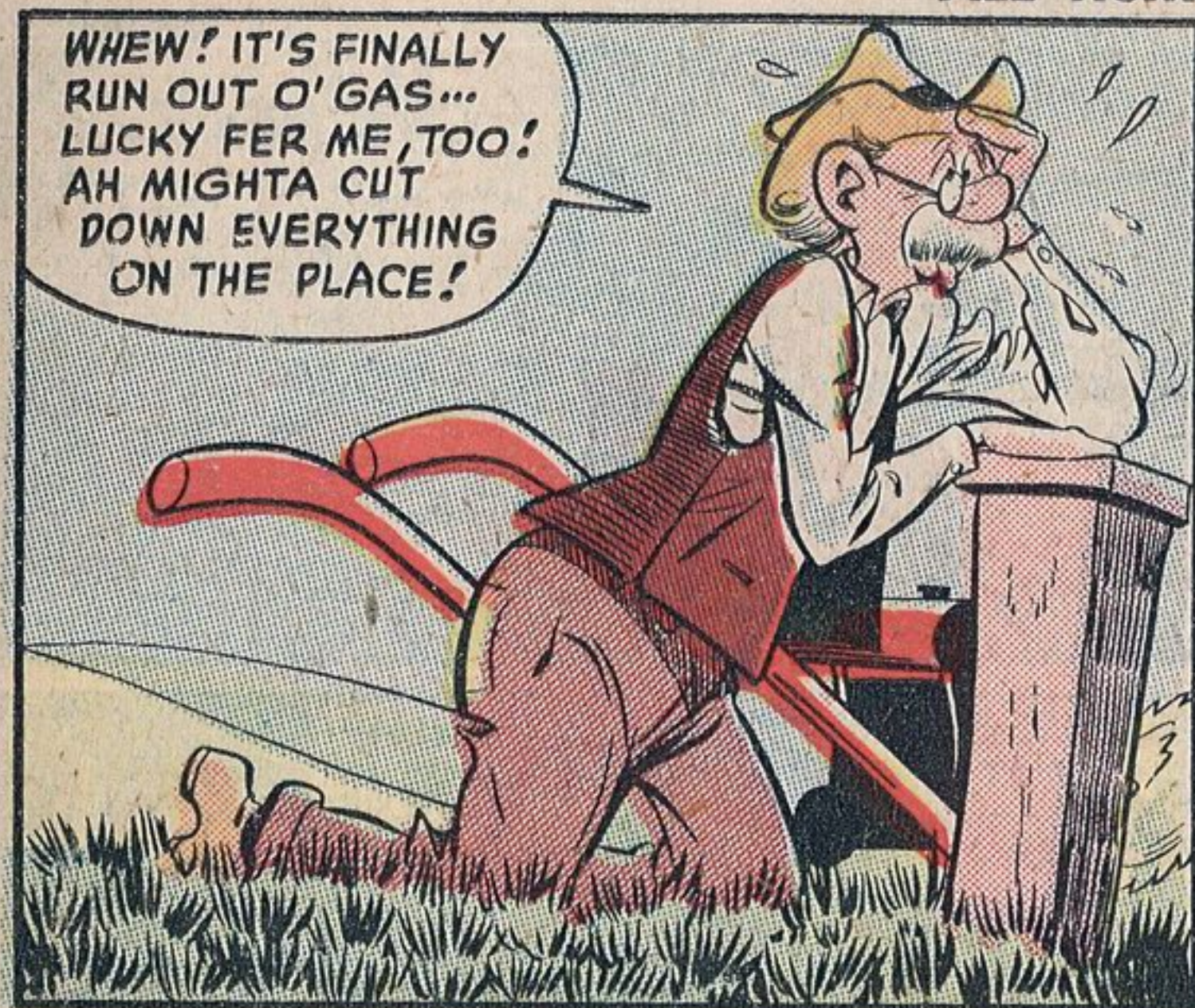


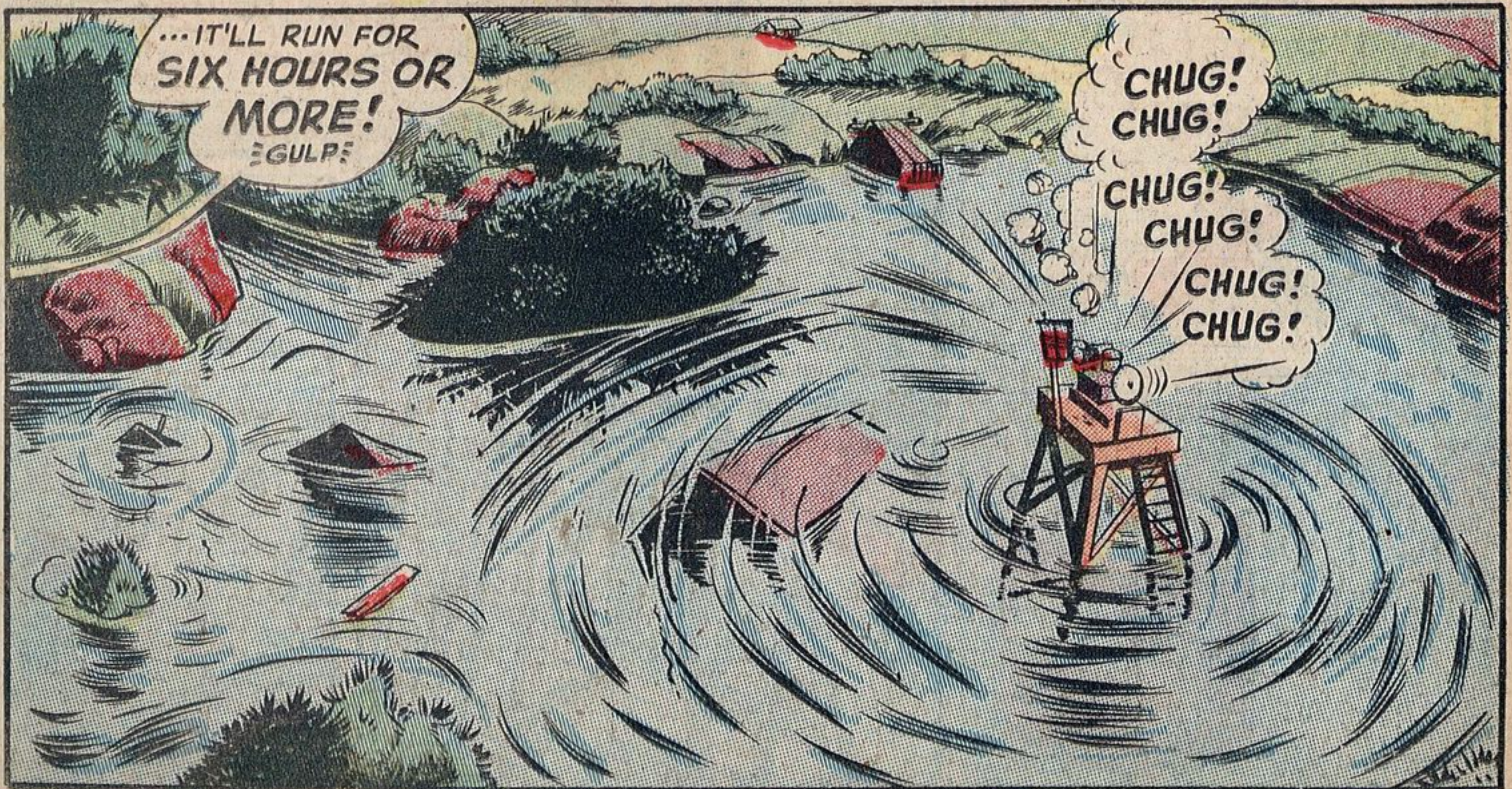
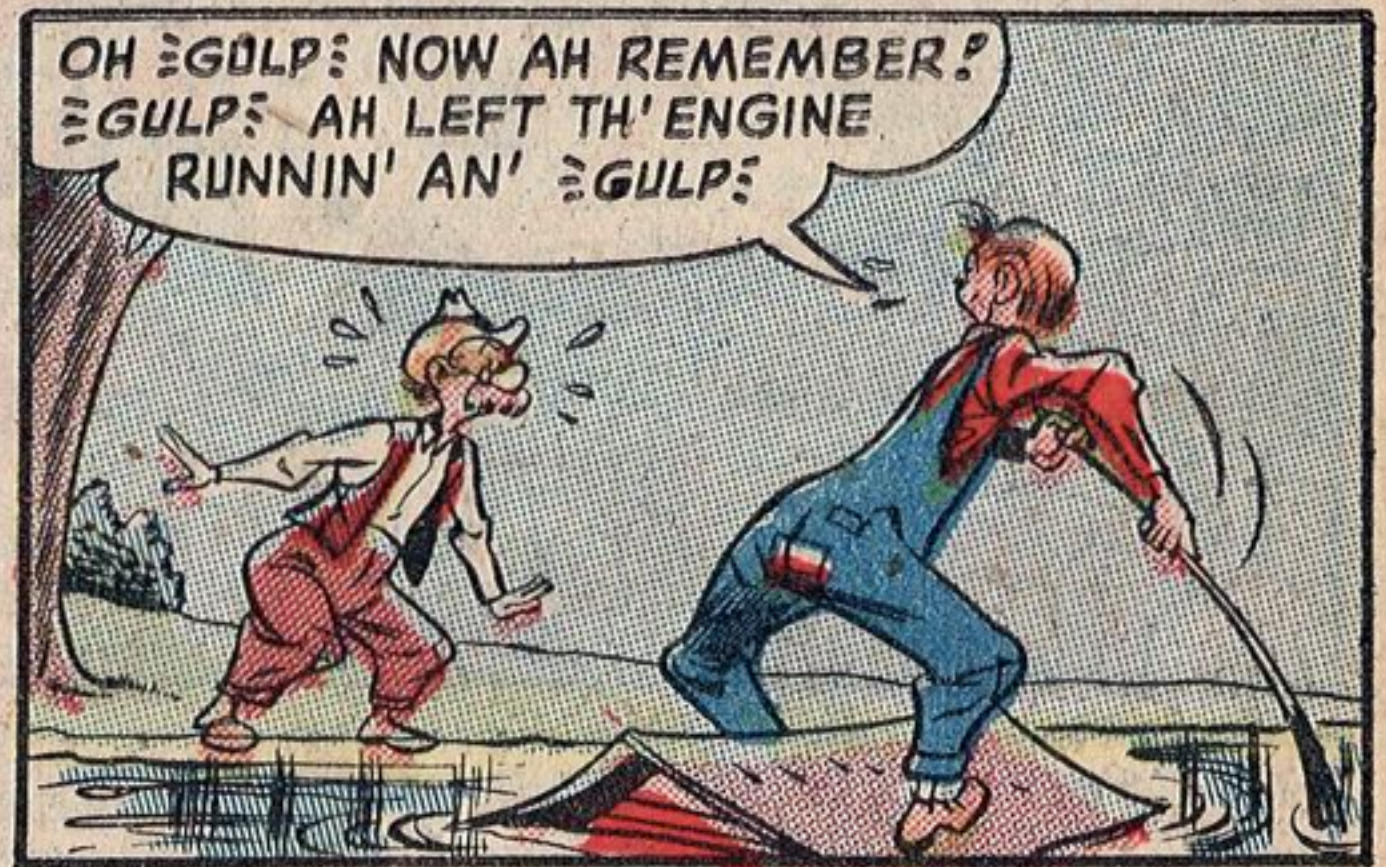
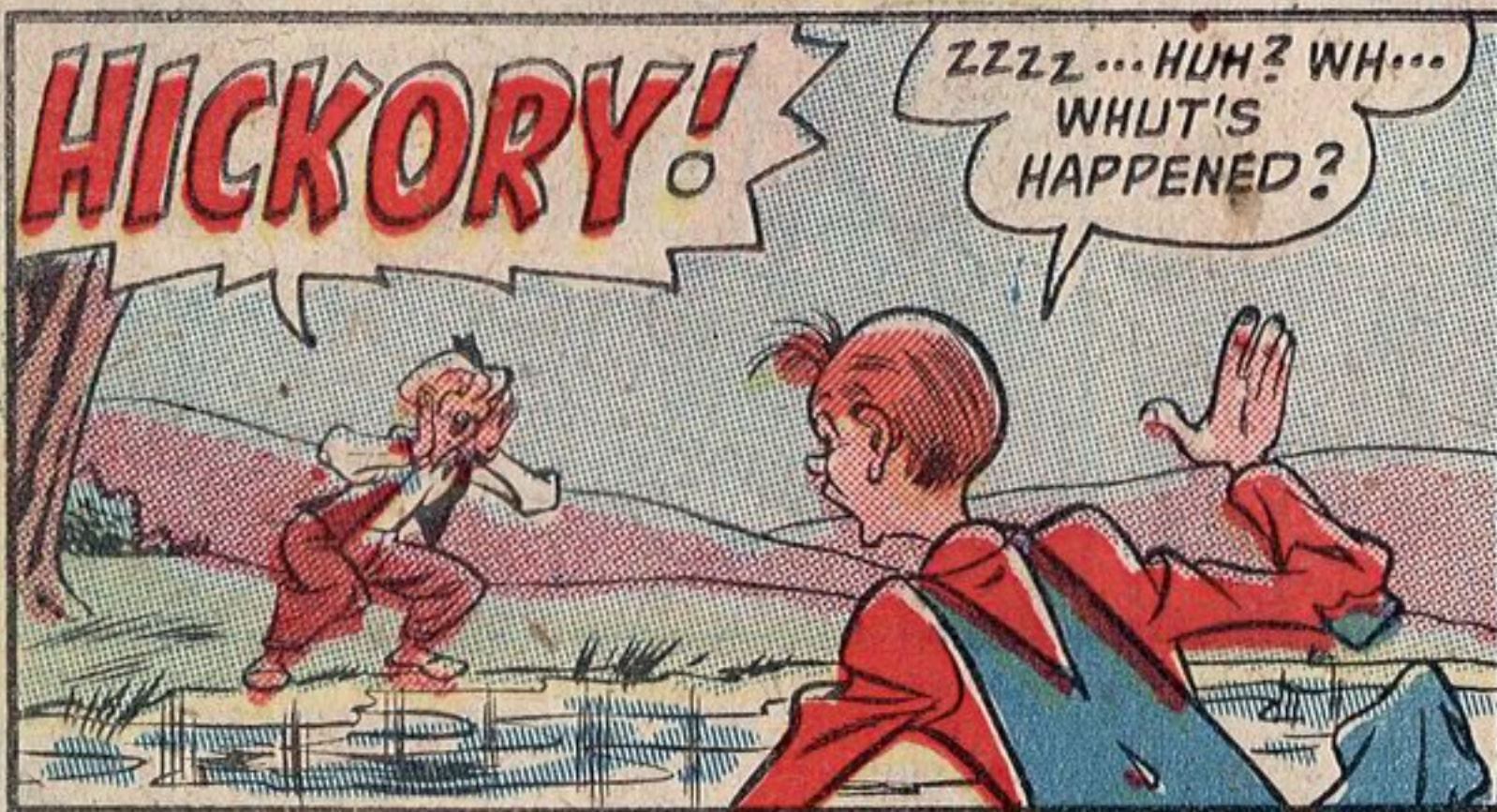
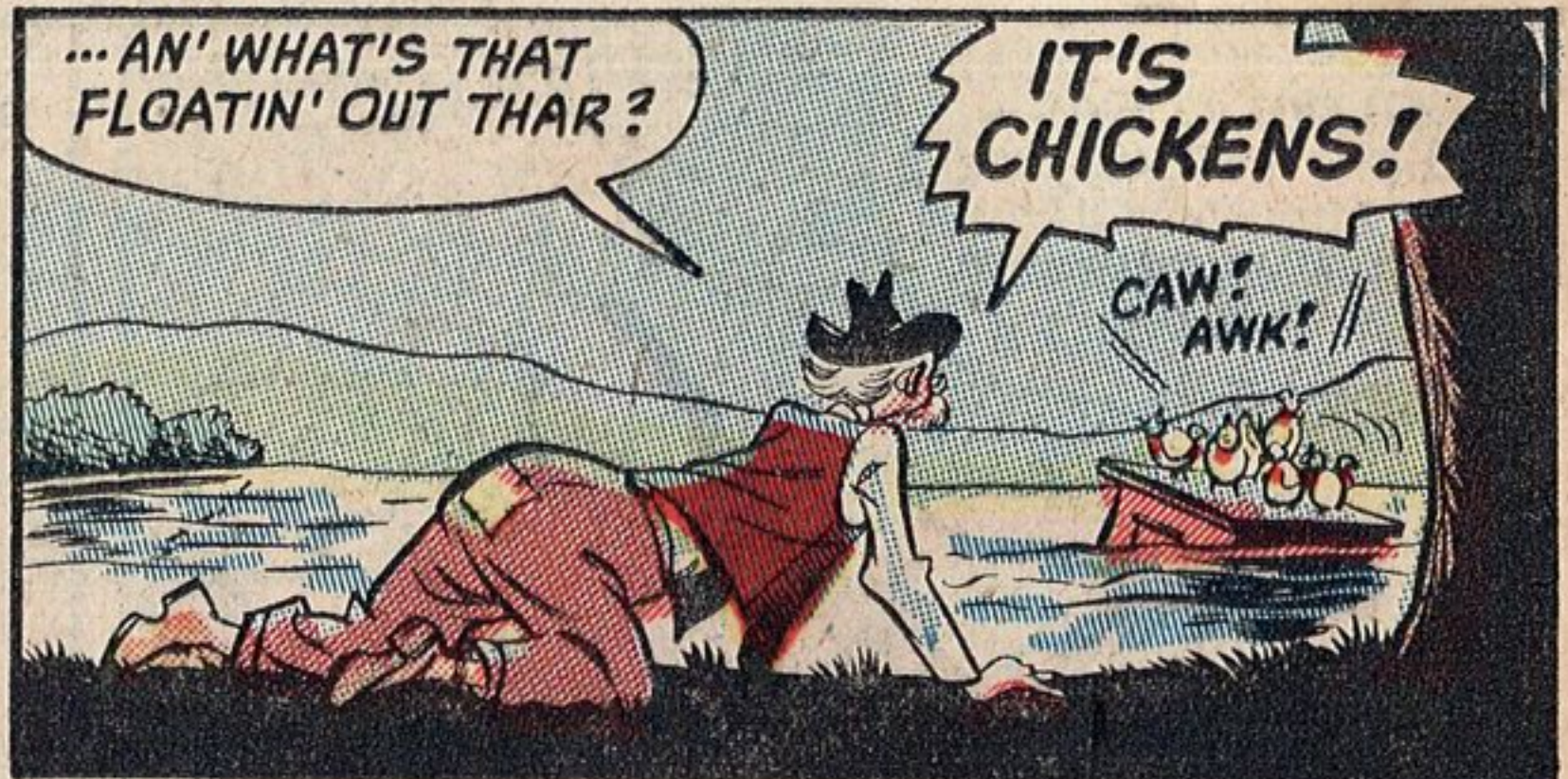
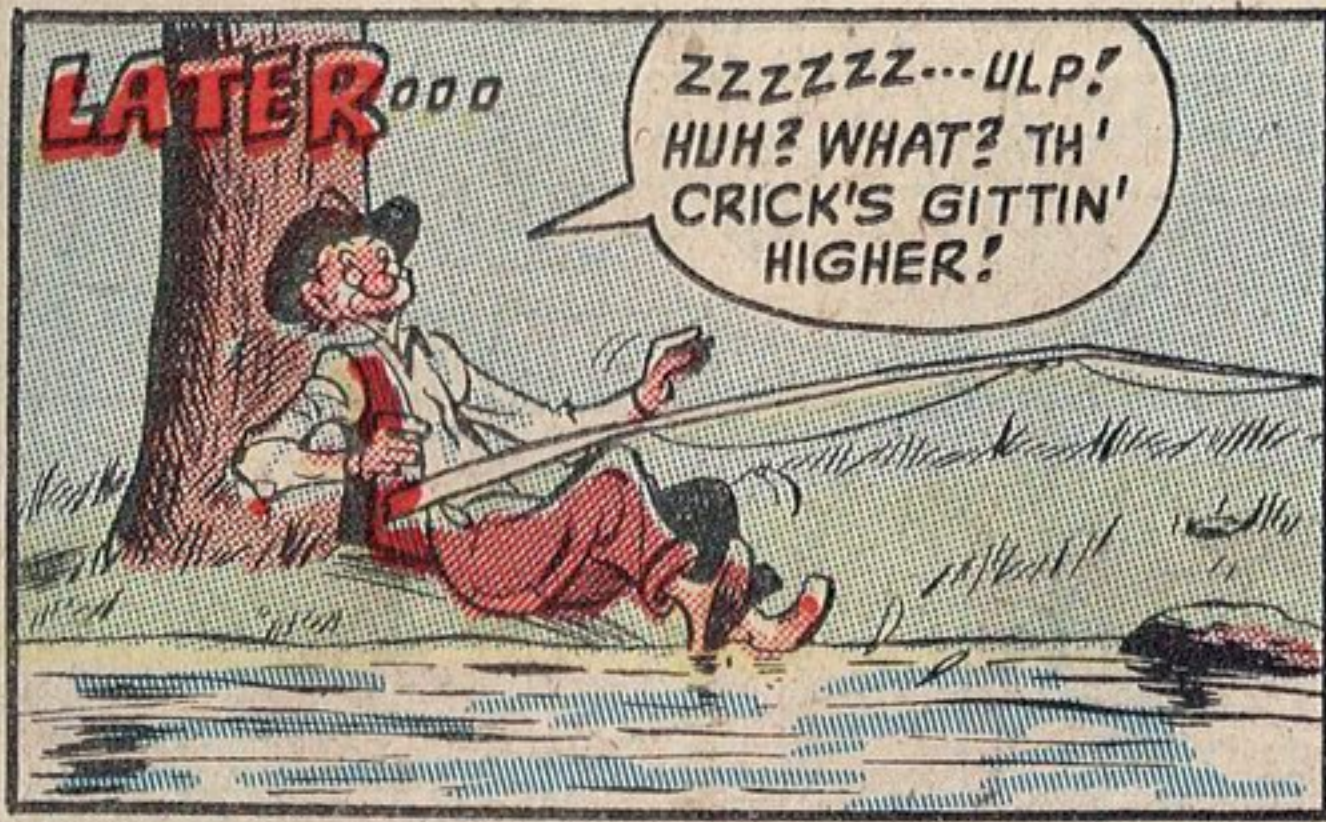
ME AN' MY "JIFFY" ARE READY FOR ANY JOB! WHAR SHOULD WE START?

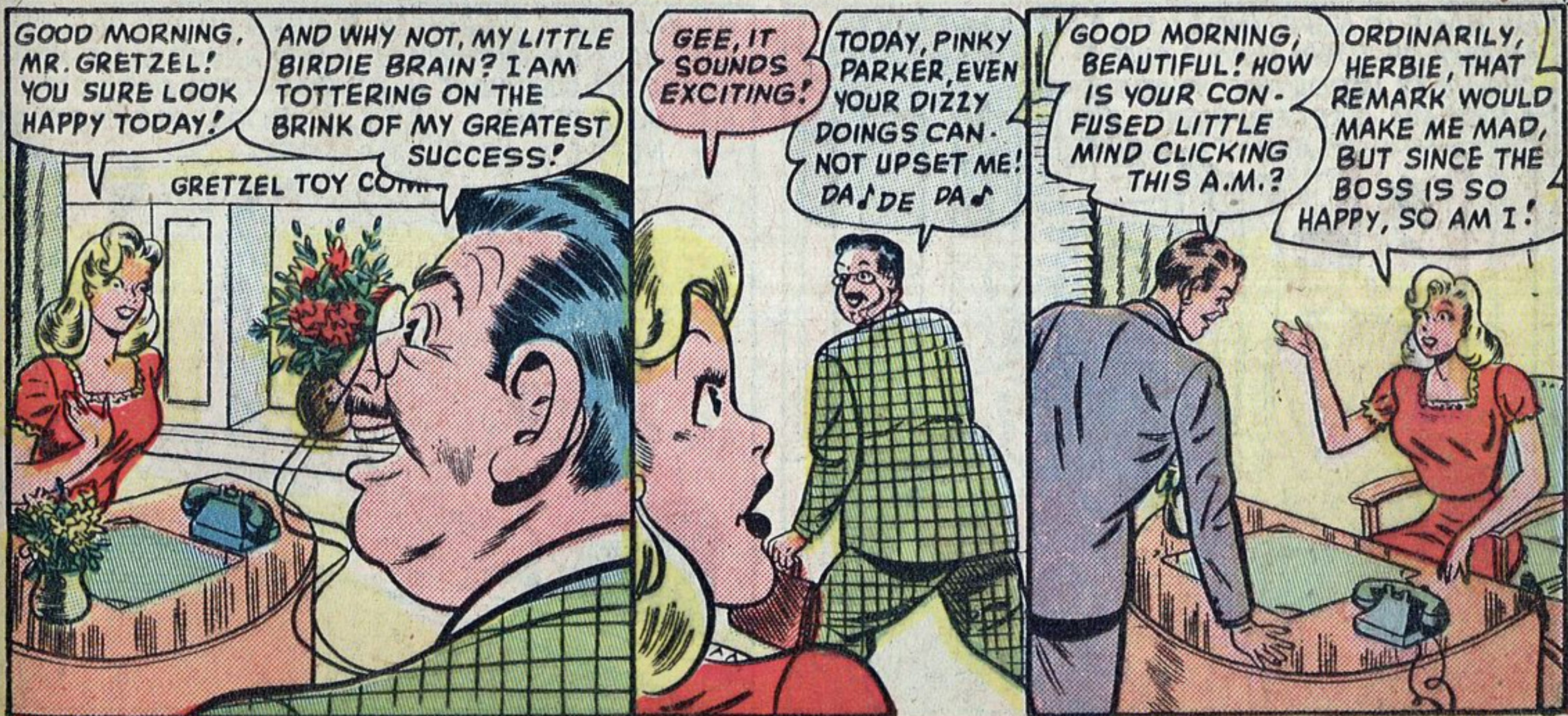
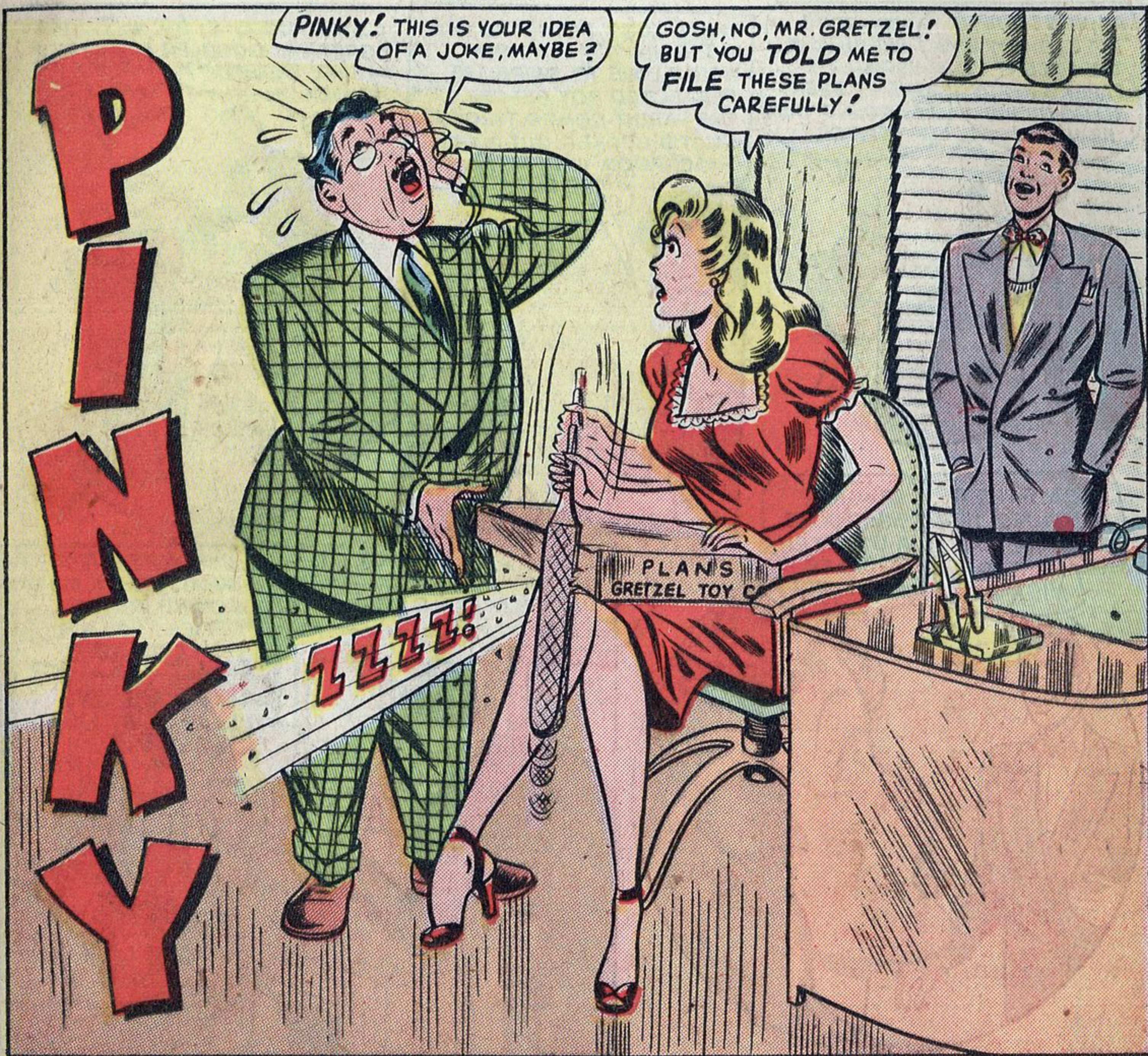
Y'MIGHT GRAB A PITCHFORK AN' GIT THAT HAY INTO TH' BARN!











ALL HUMOR COMICS



AH, YES! GUESS THE OLD BOY HAS THE PATENT PAPERS READY TO GO ON HIS NEW TOY!

NEW TOY? WHERE IS IT, HERBIE? I HAVEN'T SEEN IT AROUND THE OFFICE!

THOSE LUGS DOWN THE HALL IN THE NIX TOY COMPANY WOULD LOVE TO SWIPE THE PERFECTED TOY BEFORE THE PATENT COMES THROUGH! SO IT'S LOCKED OUT IN THE STOCKROOM WITH ME! ALSO THE DUD!



DUD?



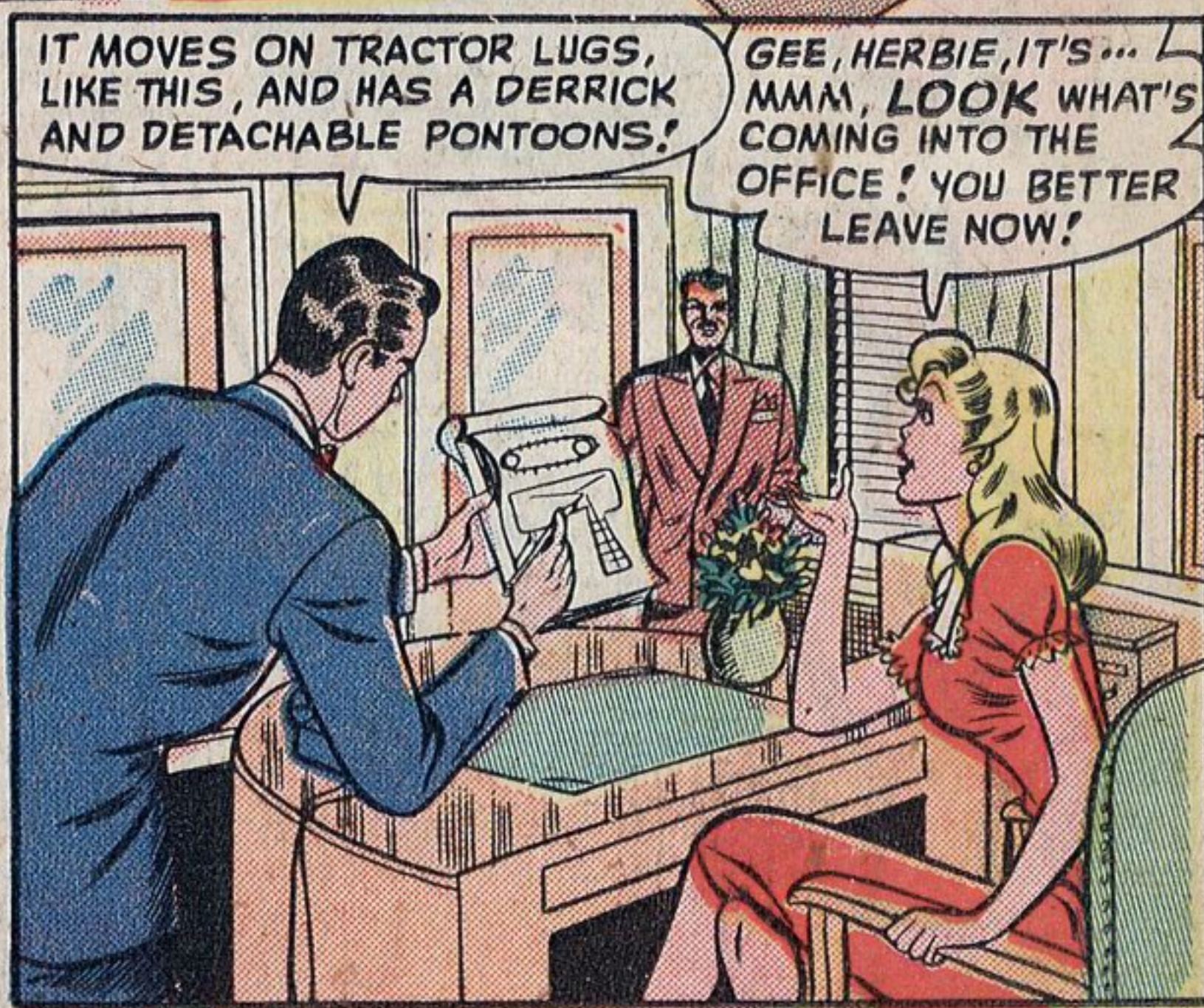
YEAH, THE ONE GRETZEL GOOBLER THAT DOESN'T WORK!

WHY DOES HE KEEP A GOOBLER THAT DOESN'T WORK?



HE SAYS IT'S A REMINDER THAT EVEN HE CAN MAKE A MISTAKE!

ER... JUST WHAT DOES A GRETZEL GOOBLER LOOK LIKE?



IT MOVES ON TRACTOR LUGS, LIKE THIS, AND HAS A DERRICK AND DETACHABLE PONTOONS!

GEE, HERBIE, IT'S... MMM, LOOK WHAT'S COMING INTO THE OFFICE! YOU BETTER LEAVE NOW!



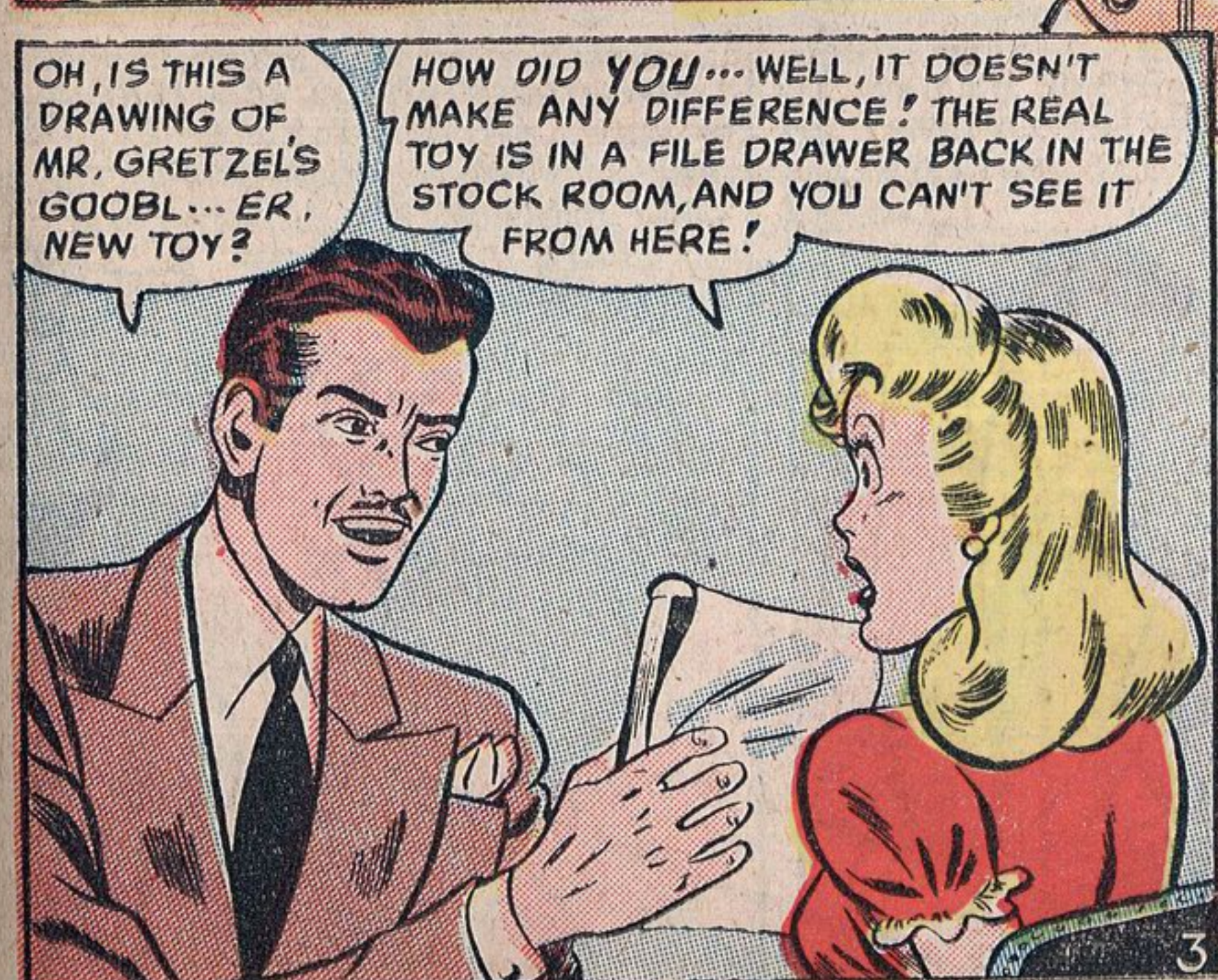
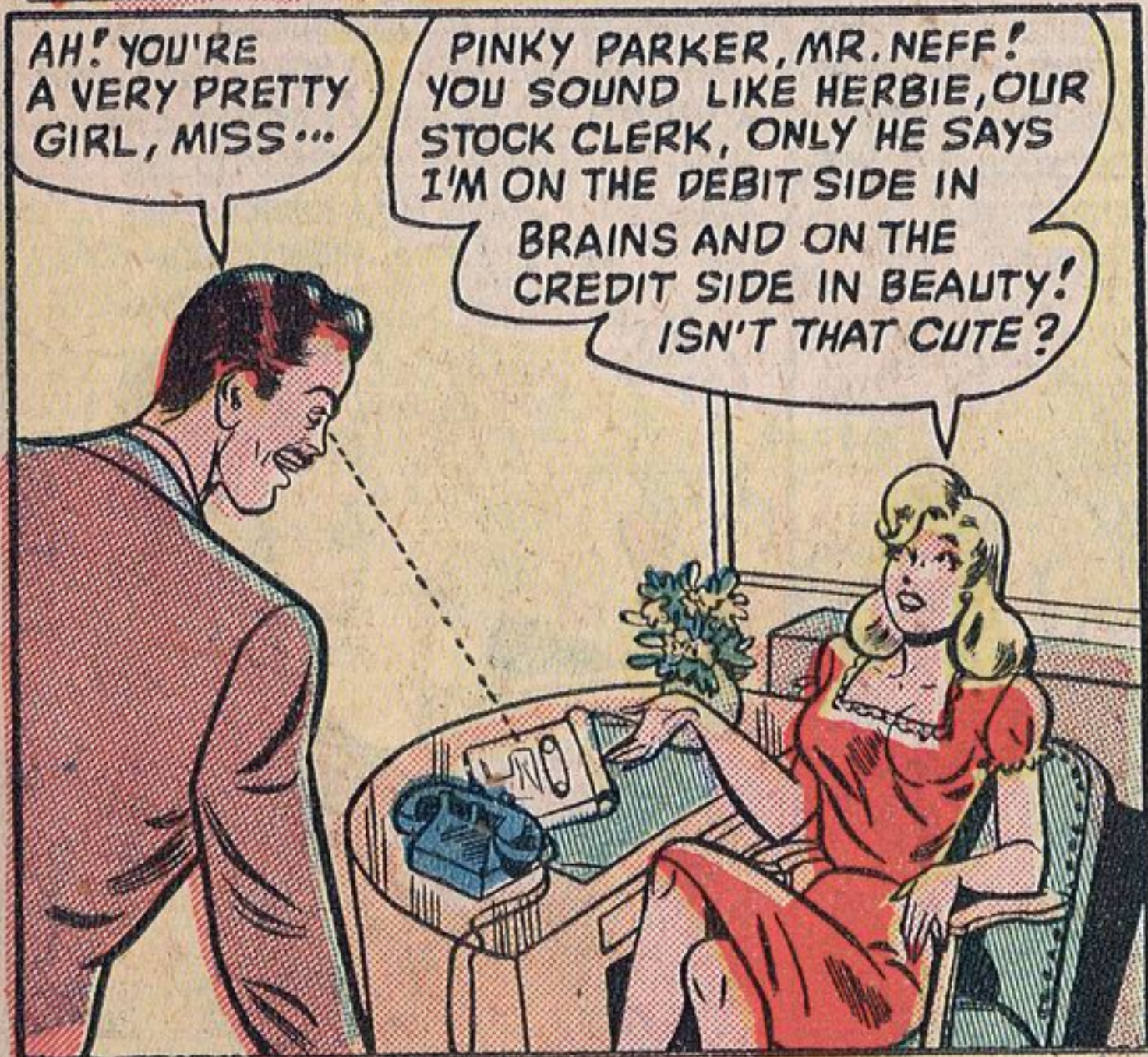
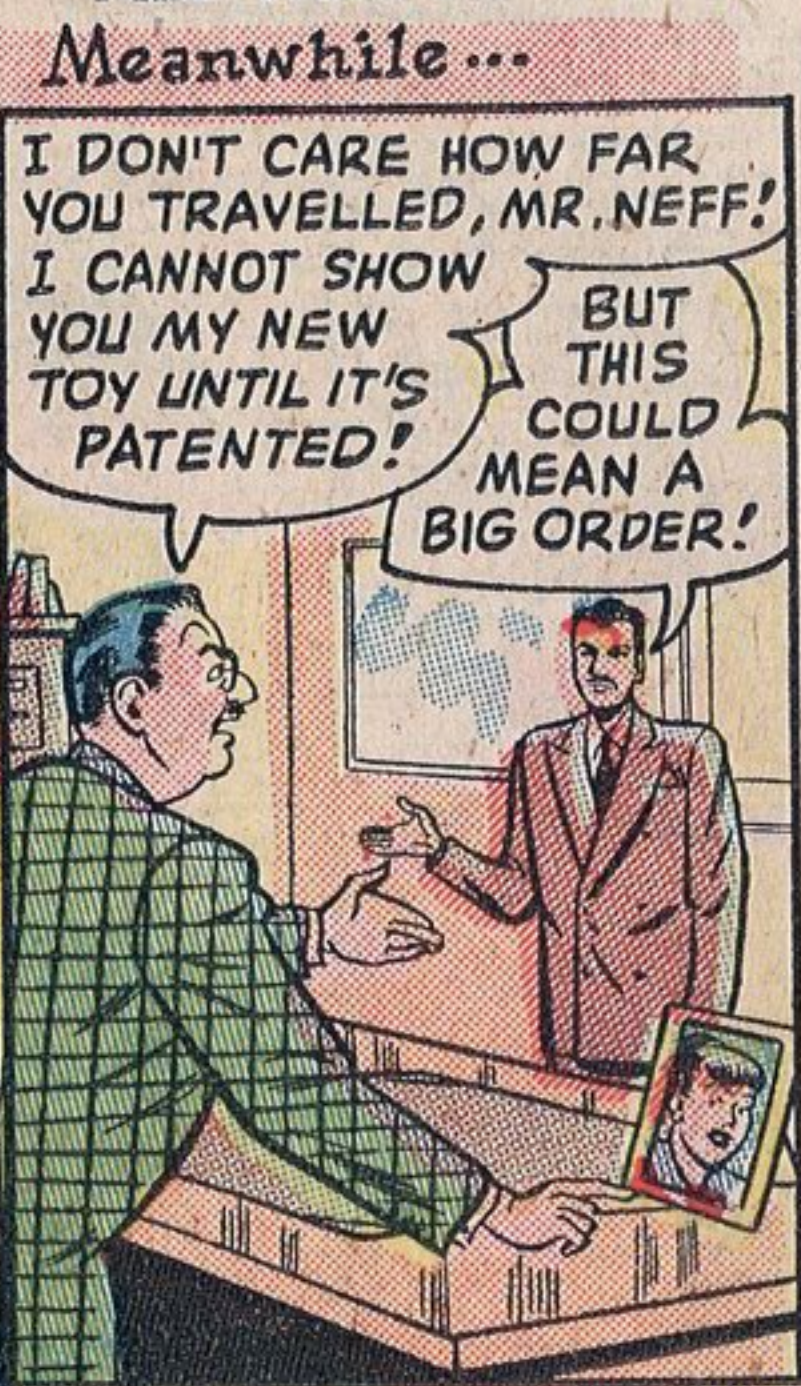
MY NAME IS NEFF, MISS! I'M AN OUT-OF-TOWN BUYER AND IT'S VERY IMPORTANT THAT I SEE MR. GRETZEL RIGHT AWAY!

SIGH! HUH? OH, YES, SIR!



MR. GRETZEL, THERE'S A HANDSO...ER, IMPORTANT BUYER TO SEE YOU! HIS NAME IS MR. NEFF!

SEND HIM IN, PINKY! AND NEVER MIND YOUR ROMANTIC DESCRIPTIONS, PLEASE!

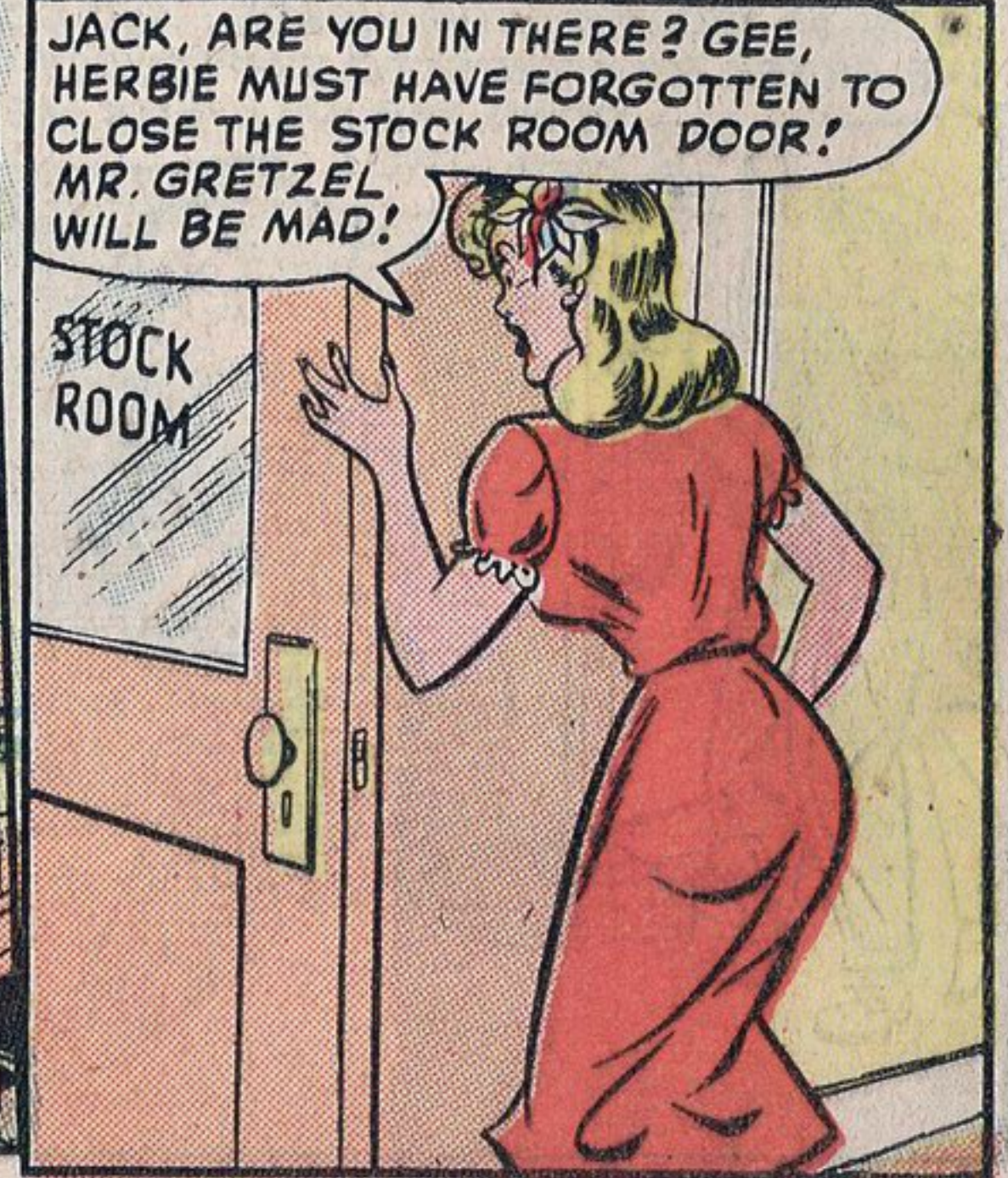
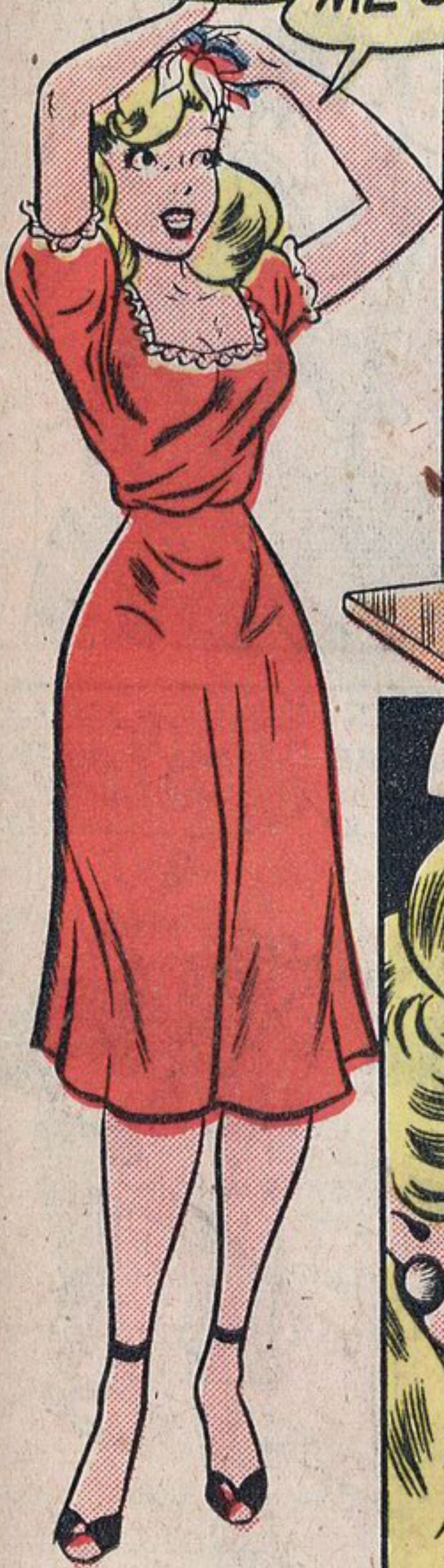




GOSH, IMAGINE LITTLE ME GOING OUT WITH AN IMPORTANT BUYER! I CAN'T BE SO DUMB AFTER ALL, OR HE WOULDN'T WANT TO TAKE ME OUT!

HERE I AM, JACK, I...
GOLLY, WHERE IS HE?

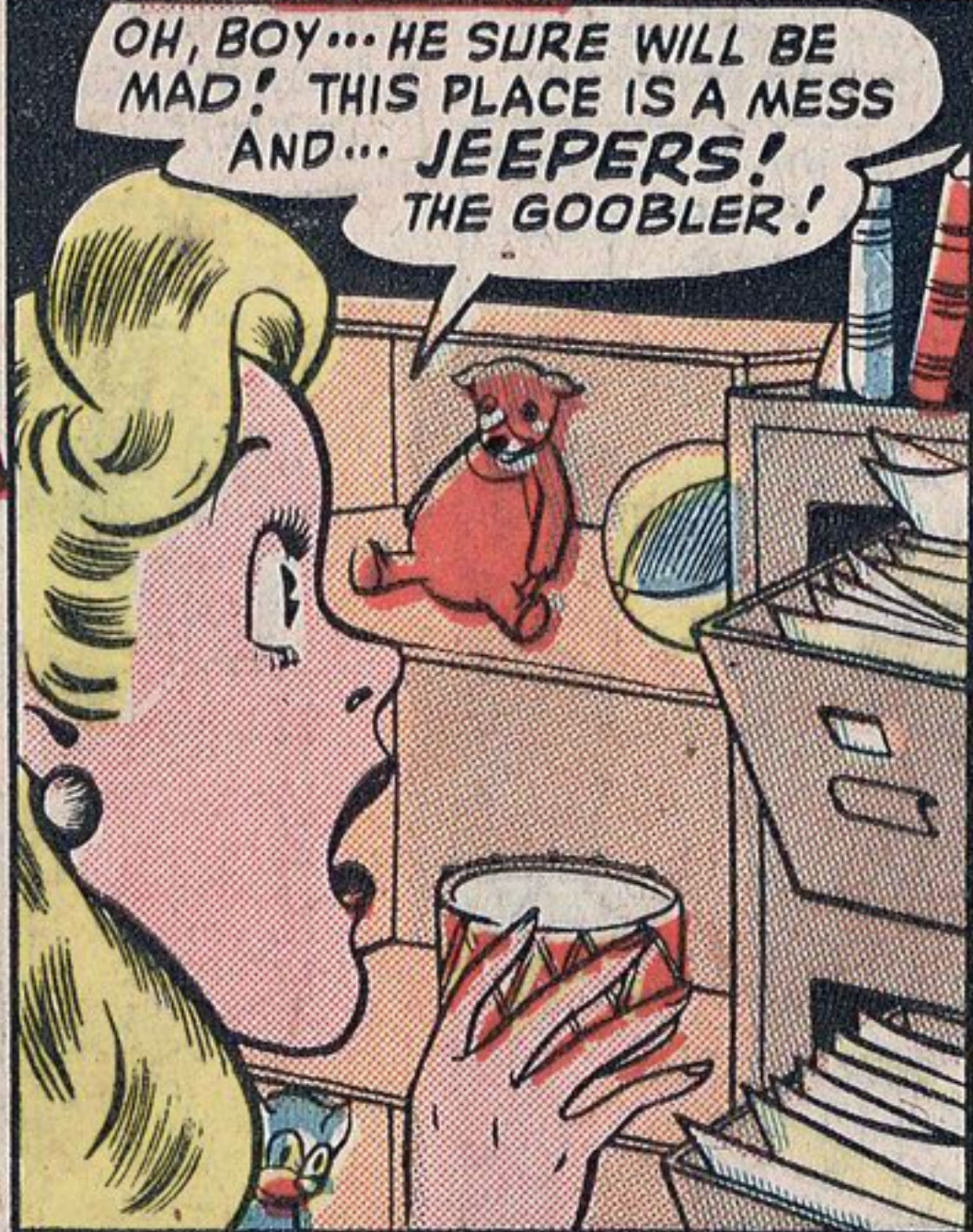
JACK, ARE YOU IN THERE? GEE, HERBIE MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN TO CLOSE THE STOCK ROOM DOOR! MR. GRETZEL WILL BE MAD!



OH, BOY... HE SURE WILL BE MAD! THIS PLACE IS A MESS AND... JEEPERS! THE GOOBLER!

Next day...
TRAITOR!

OH, HERBIE! I COULDN'T HELP IT! HE BROUGHT ME ORCHIDS AND WHEN I CAME BACK AFTER PUTTING THEM ON, THE OFFICE WAS EMPTY AND YOUR STOCK ROOM... WHAT'LL I DO?



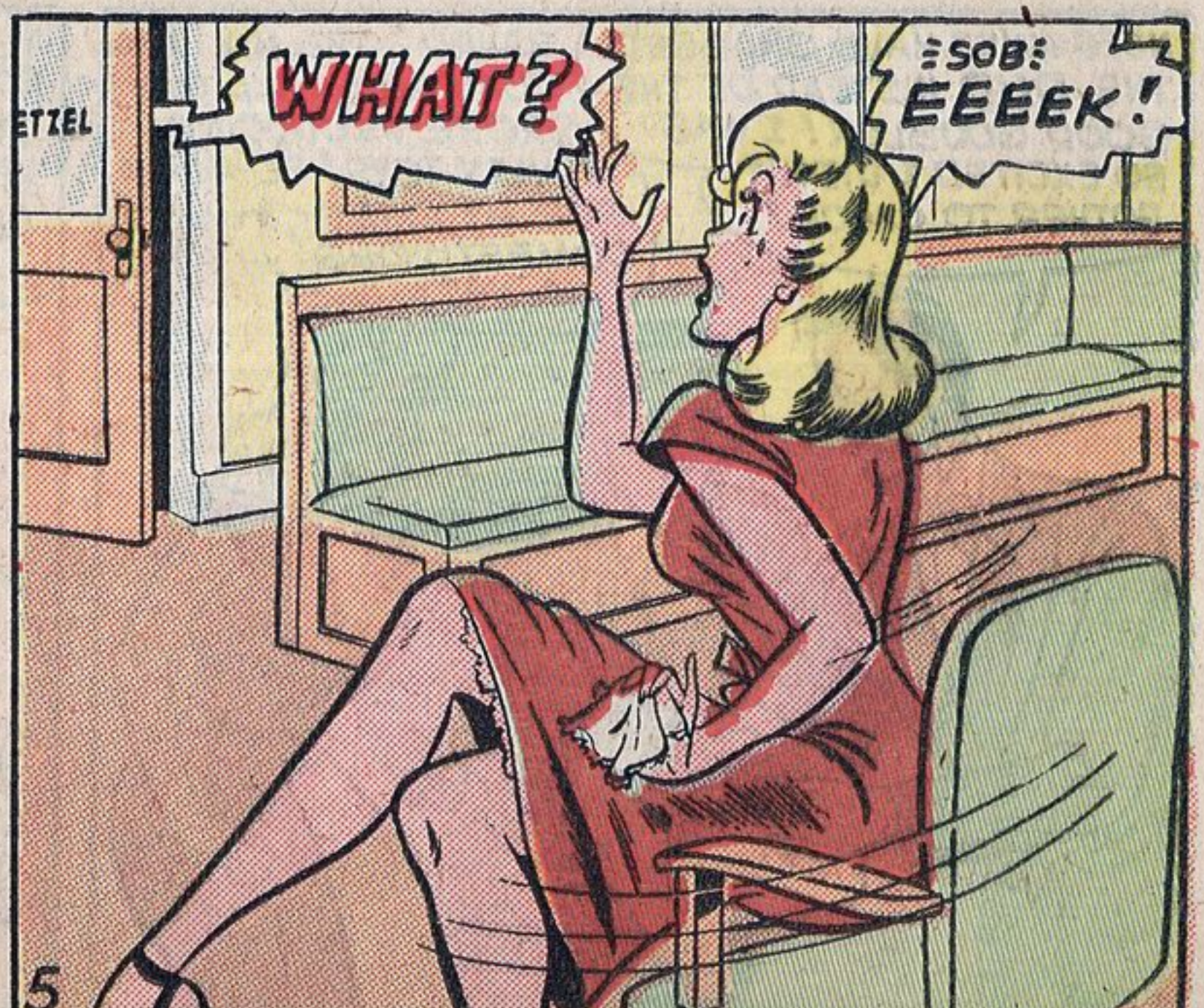
HERBIE, PLEASE?

HONOR DEMANDS THAT I REVEAL THE FACTS TO THE BOSS! BESIDES, IF YOU'D GONE OUT WITH ME LAST NIGHT, NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED!

MR. GRETZEL

WHAT?

SOB! EEEEEK!





Gamlin's Gremlin



UNCLE GAMLIN stared ruefully at the brilliant square of television screen in Clancy's Pool Parlor. "That's ten more dollars you owe me, Gamlin," Clancy cackled gleefully. "Kid McGurk's stretched out on the canvas colder than a salt mackerel."

"I can't understand it," Gamlin mumbled. "My luck is gone. I haven't won a bet from you in a month."

"Luck, you call it," Clancy chortled. "You just don't know how to pick 'em—fighters or horses."

"I still say it's luck," Gamlin said heatedly, brandishing his heavy cane. "This walking stick used to bring me luck but it's lost its charm."

"Hah!" Clancy sneered. "That nobby old shillelagh your grandfather brought from the Old Country isn't worth breaking up for kindling."

"Is that so?" Gamlin replied, bristling. "This was given to Grandfather Finn Poole by one of the Little People he once helped out. It's got powers, that's what it has."

"I suppose you'll be telling me you have your own private leprechaun," Clancy chuckled. "Why don't you get him to lead you to his pot of gold? Then you wouldn't have to owe me money."

"I wouldn't be joking about the Little People," Gamlin warned. "And maybe I do have a leprechaun."

"You bring a leprechaun in here, you superstitious old goat," Clancy said jovially, "and I'll call off all bets you owe me."

"All right, Clancy," Gamlin agreed angrily. "and I'll bet you fifty dollars on the side. By this cane of my grandfather's I'll bring the Poole leprechaun here for you to see by tomorrow night!"

Later that evening as Gamlin walked home he grumbled to himself wrathfully. "Why did I go betting with Clancy again," he thought. "Of all the pig-headed fools. With the rent money due tomorrow I ought to be figuring out a way to get my hands on some money instead of throwing more Clancy's way."

He turned onto the walk in front of his house

with some misgivings. "I hope Fanny is asleep," he thought nervously. "If she catches me coming in at two o'clock in the morning it will be bad enough, but when she finds out I lost money betting on Kid McGurk's fight I'll lose a couple of rounds with her, too."

He hesitated at the front steps and looked in through one of the front windows. "Oh-oh," he murmured. "I think I see her shadow by the window. I'll get it now for sure."

"And well deserving of it too, Gamlin Poole," a shrill voice piped. Gamlin caught his breath sharply and peered about him. The dim street lights shed enough brilliance for him to see there was no one; the street was deserted. He took his cane and probed the thick shrubbery growing to the right of the steps.

"Come out if you're in there," he ordered.

"Look out who you're poking in the ribs," the voice said peevishly.

Gamlin stepped back quickly as a little wrinkled man less than three feet tall emerged from the bushes. He had a long white beard and was clothed in a red jacket with seven rows of gold buttons down the front. A tassled red cap flopped over one pointed ear. "Wh-why," Gamlin gasped, "you're one of the Good People . . . a leprechaun . . . unless my eyes are going bad."

"Weren't you the one who was after calling me," the little man said peevishly, "bragging to Clancy about me. I wish I had never promised your grandfather, Finn Poole, that I'd come when a Poole called me by swinging that stick."

"I didn't believe the tales my grandfather used to tell me," Gamlin muttered. "I only said that because Clancy got my goat."

"You'll be the goat, Gamlin Poole," the leprechaun piped angrily, "if you've brought me all the way from the Old Country just to satisfy your worthless friends. What else is it you want?"

"Money," Gamlin said hesitantly.

"You're a disgrace to the Pooles," the little man shouted. "In all of my two thousand years I've never met a more shiftless spalpeen."

"If it's my money you want," he continued, as he turned and disappeared into the shrub-

bery, "that's what you'll get. A promise is a promise."

Gamlin tried to peer into the dense growth of rhododendrons. In a moment the little man was back with his tiny arms piled high with crisp green bills. Gamlin reached avidly for the money but a sharp command from the leprechaun halted him.

"Hold on, Gamlin Poole," he said. "Before I give you this money there are a couple of conditions you must observe: you're to tell no one how you got this money and you must give me back that walking stick."

"I'll agree to the first gladly," Gamlin said, "but I won't give up the cane. I know you want to be released from your pledge but I have a lot of things for you to do. This cane will be lucky for me again—if I have anything to say about it!"

"All right," the leprechaun said sullenly. "You have the advantage; a leprechaun never breaks his word. But I'm warning you that this money will never do you any good."

"You're a smooth one," Gamlin said, as he took the money and stuffed it into his pockets, "but I'm on to you."

"I have no choice as long as you have that cane," the little man growled, "but don't be surprised if things don't work out the way you have them figured. I'll do all in my power to best you."

Gamlin blinked and the little man disappeared. He shrugged his shoulders, took a firm grip on his walking stick and strode into the house.

"There you are, you black-hearted stayout," his wife, Fanny, greeted him. "I was wondering when you'd get enough courage to come in and face me. I suppose you lost more money at Clancy's?"

"That I did, darling," Gamlin said gayly. "I lost ten dollars betting on Kid McGuirk."

"With the rent due tomorrow and no food in the house," Fanny shouted, "you have the gall to come in bragging about your worthlessness. I ought to bounce you clear out of the house."

Aunt Fanny advanced threateningly on her husband, who backed hastily away, raising his hands in a placating gesture. "Easy, Fanny," he said quickly. "If I hadn't lost the money to Clancy and my temper besides we wouldn't have this." He reached into one bulging pocket and withdrew a fistful of green currency.

"Saints preserve us," Fanny gasped. "Real money! Tell me where you got it," she demanded.

"I can't tell you," Gamlin said, withdrawing another fistful, "but there's more where this came from."

"I must be dreaming," Fanny said happily. "That's it! I fell asleep waiting for you."

"You can rave all night," Gamlin said, stifling a yawn. "I had a busy evening; I'll be off to bed." He piled the money on the living room table and made for the staircase.

"Are you taking that ugly old walking stick to bed with you?" Fanny asked.

"That I am," Gamlin replied. "From now on me and this cane are going to be mighty close." Fanny eyed her husband and cane for a moment, then turned her eyes to the stack of money on the table.

The next morning Gamlin was awakened by a violent shaking. "Wake up, you scheming reprobate," Fanny shouted.

Gamlin sat up sleepily in his bed, then grabbed frantically at his side, asking excitedly, "Where's my cane?"

"Never mind that," Fanny said, "just come downstairs and look at the 'money' you brought home last night."

Gamlin slipped on a robe and hurried after the angry Fanny to the living room. There she pointed to the center of the table, where there was a great heap of rhododendron leaves. "Why, that sneaky little . . ." Gamlin sputtered. "Where's my grandfather's cane? I'll show the thief!"

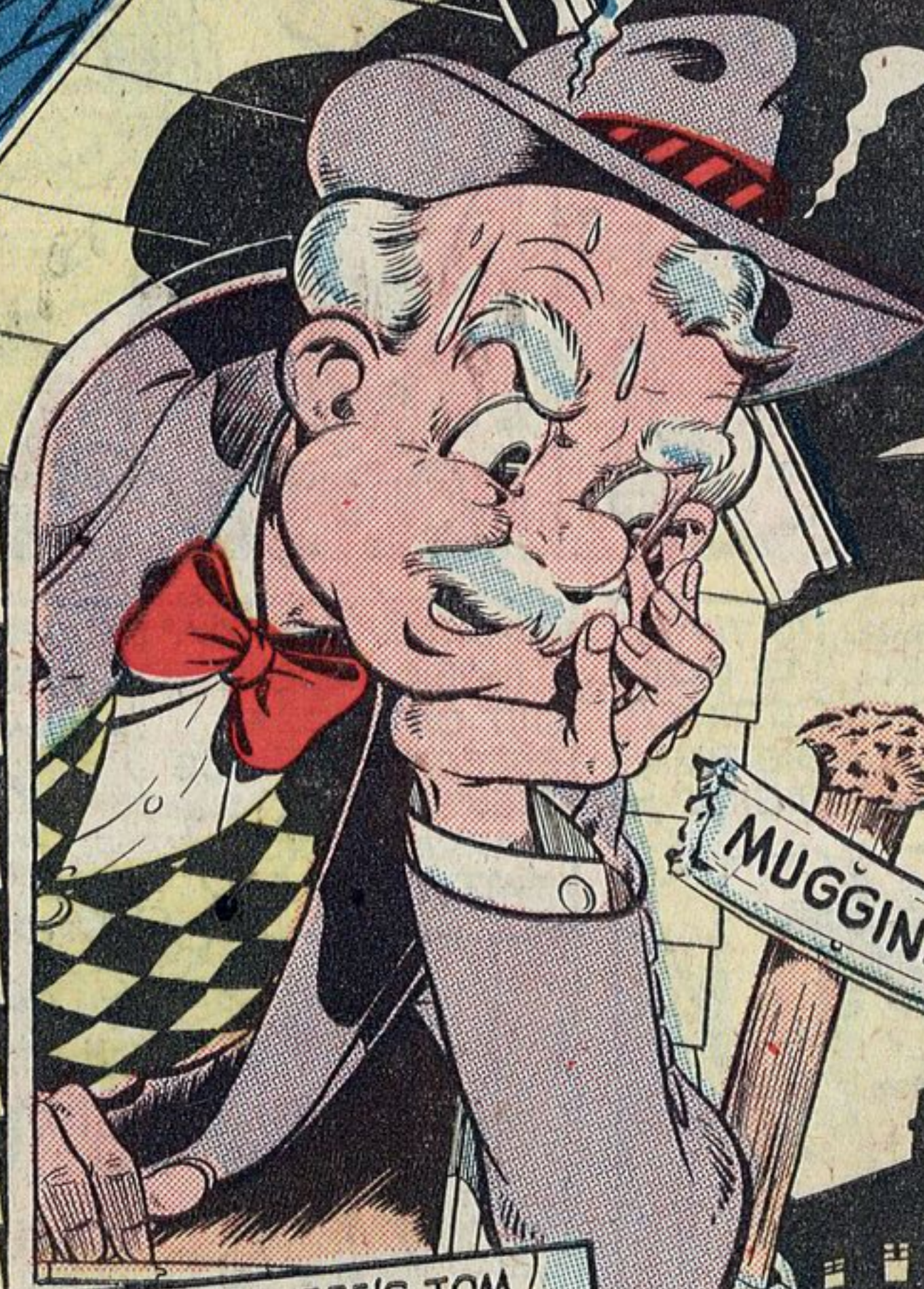
"Oh, that," Fanny said. "I never have liked it so today I got rid of it. A little old junk man gave me five dollars for it this morning." Digging down into her apron pocket she withdrew a crumpled rhododendron leaf and regarded it in amazement. "Well, I'll be jiggered," she stammered.

It was shortly after that when Clancy came upon Gamlin digging in the garden. "Say, Gamlin," he said, "I want to tell you I won't hold you to your bet. I had a funny thing happen last night. A little old man came to my place and warned me about gambling . . . oh, never mind, you don't believe me . . . but, anyway, the bet's off."

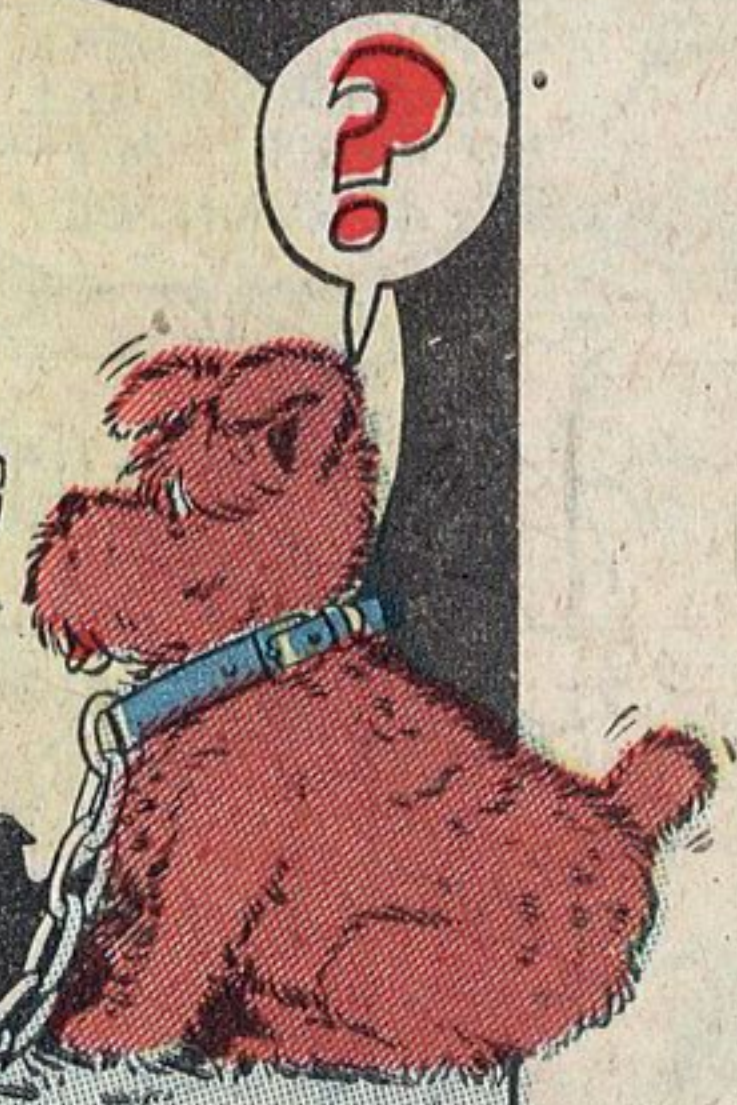
"Give me a hand with these blasted rhododendron bushes," Gamlin panted, "I'm tearing the lot of them out by the roots."

ALL HUMOR COMICS

Uncle FUDDLY



DON'T LOOK SO INNOCENT, YOU BIG LUMMOX! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, I WOULDN'T BE HERE!

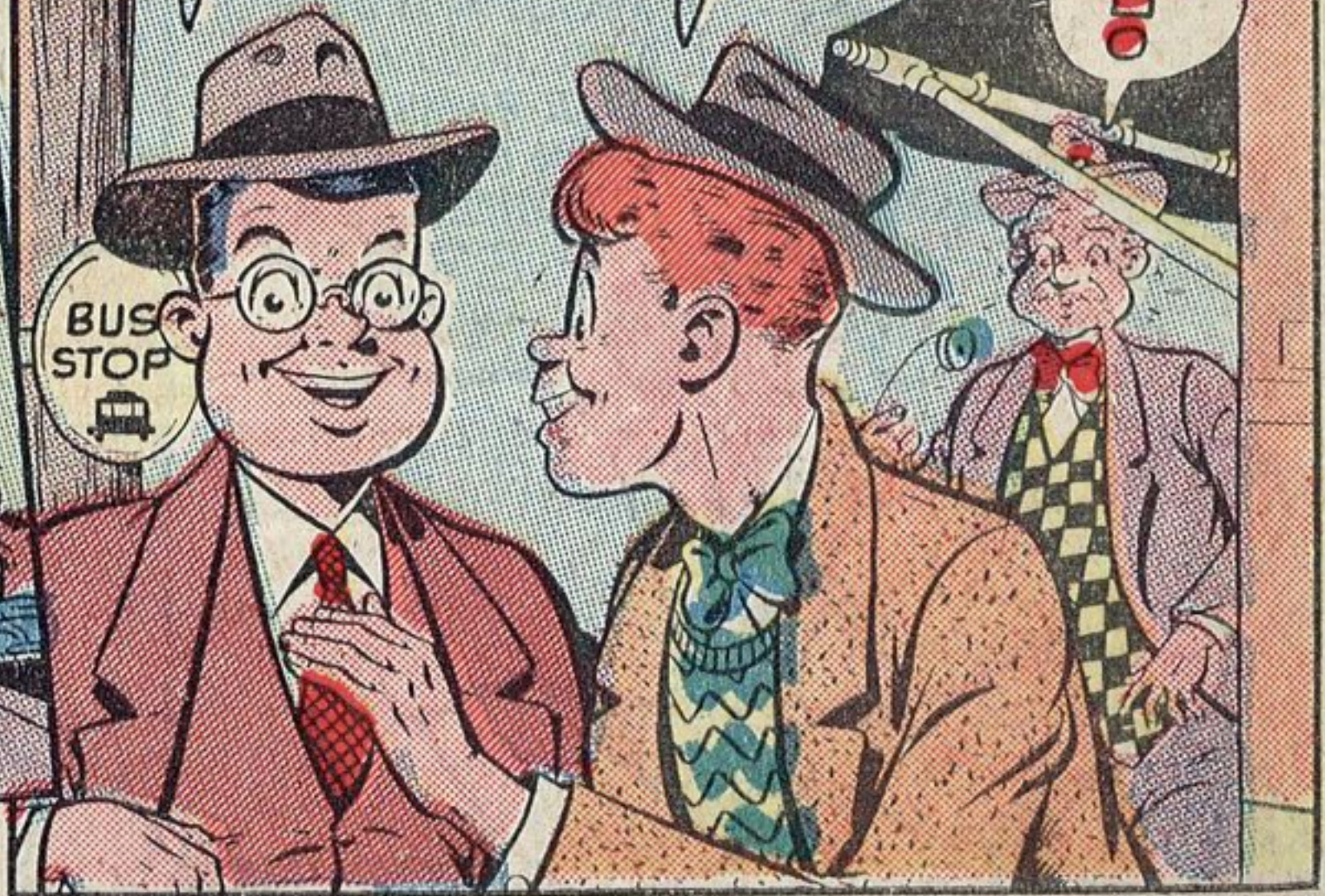


HMM! THERE'S TOM BARTON! HE AND PEGGY MUST HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM THEIR HONEYMOON!

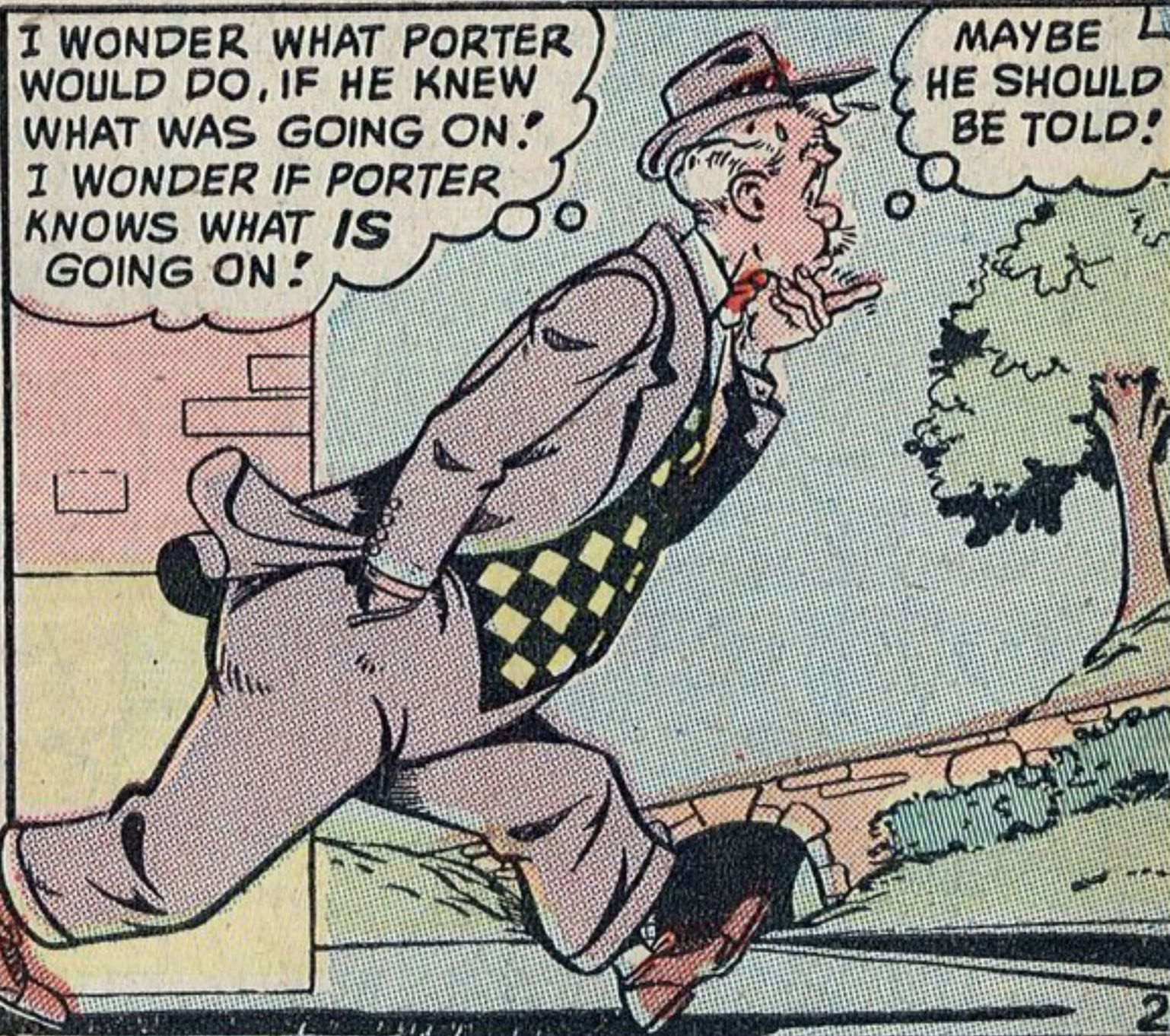
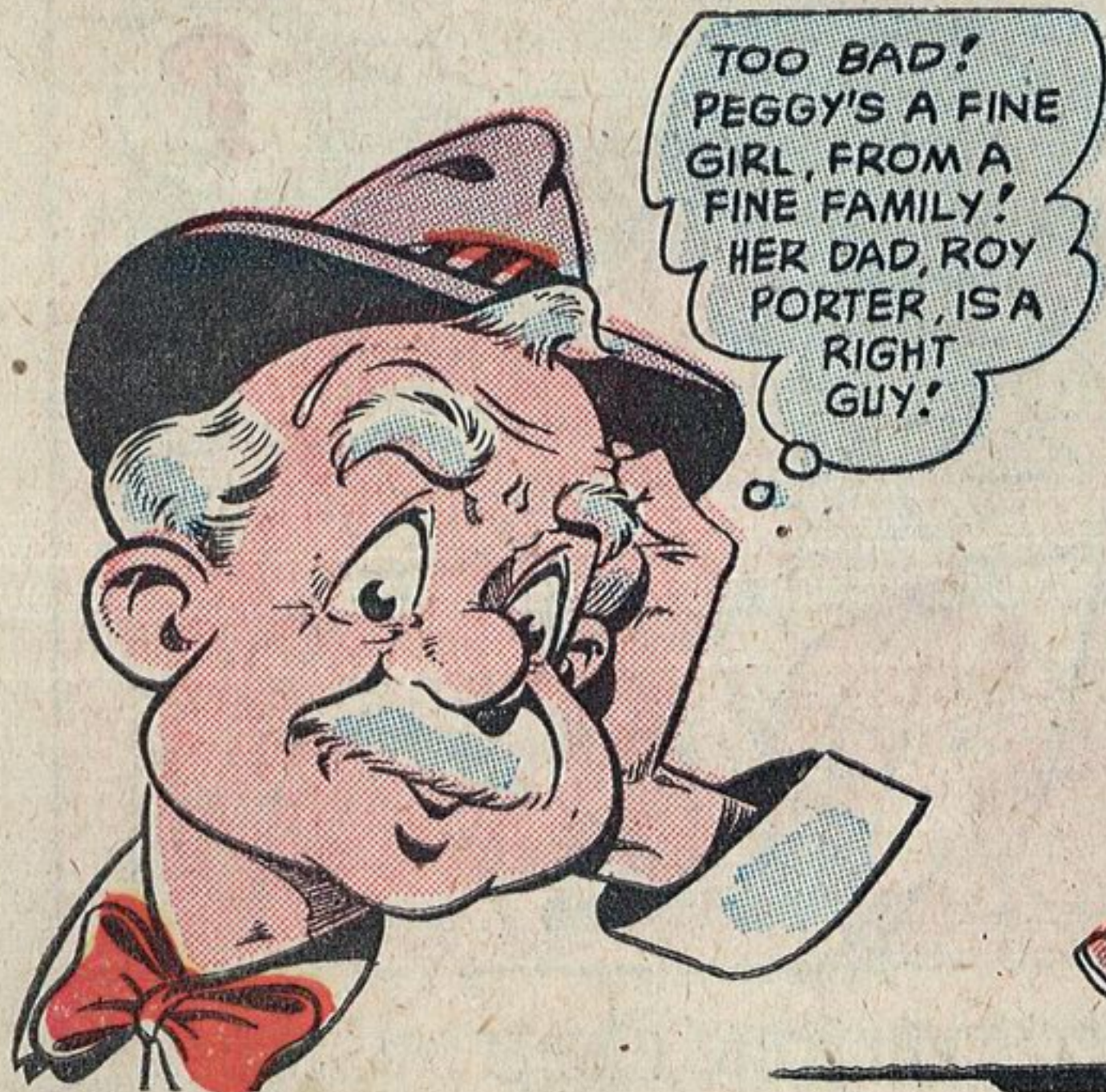
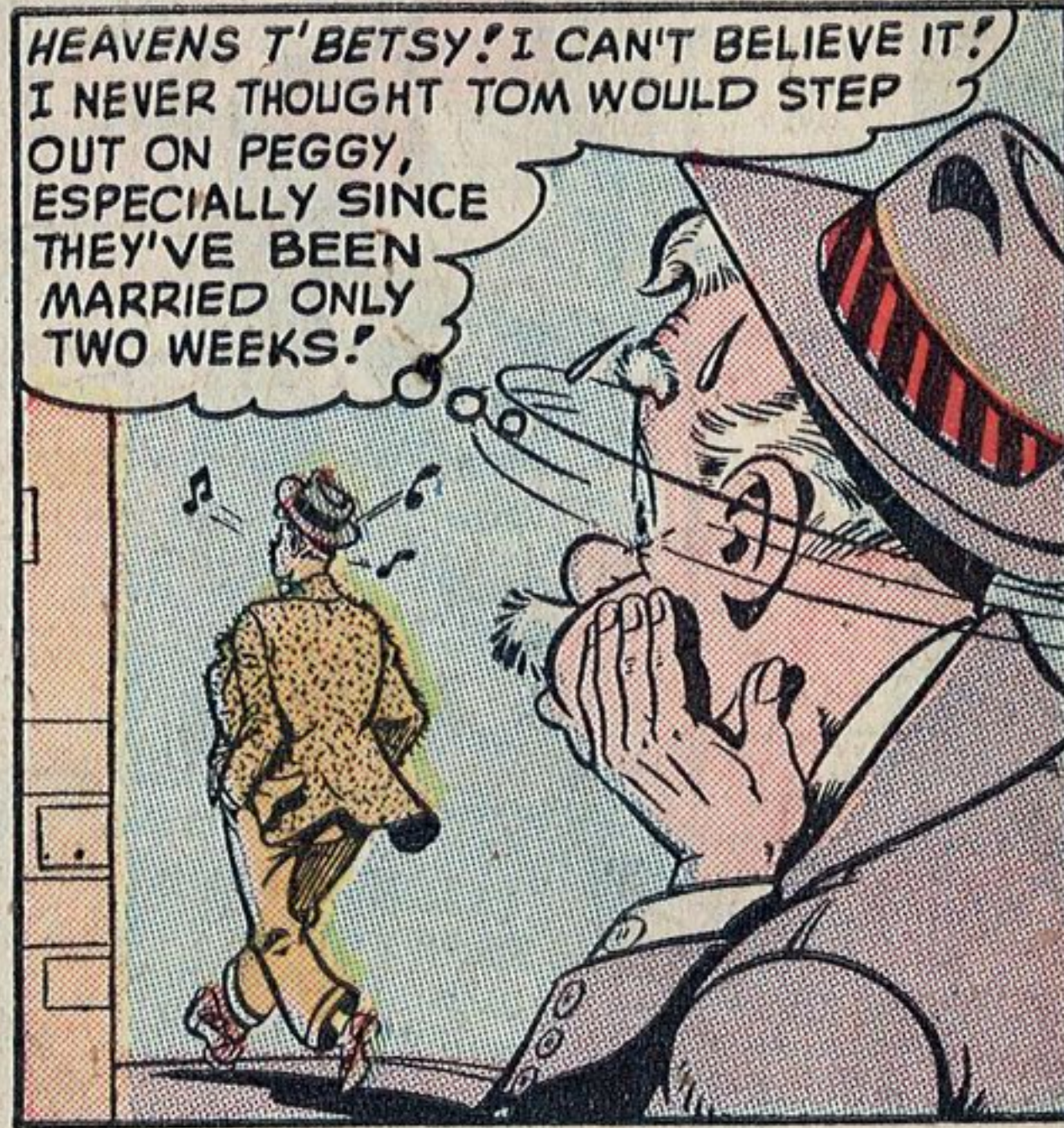
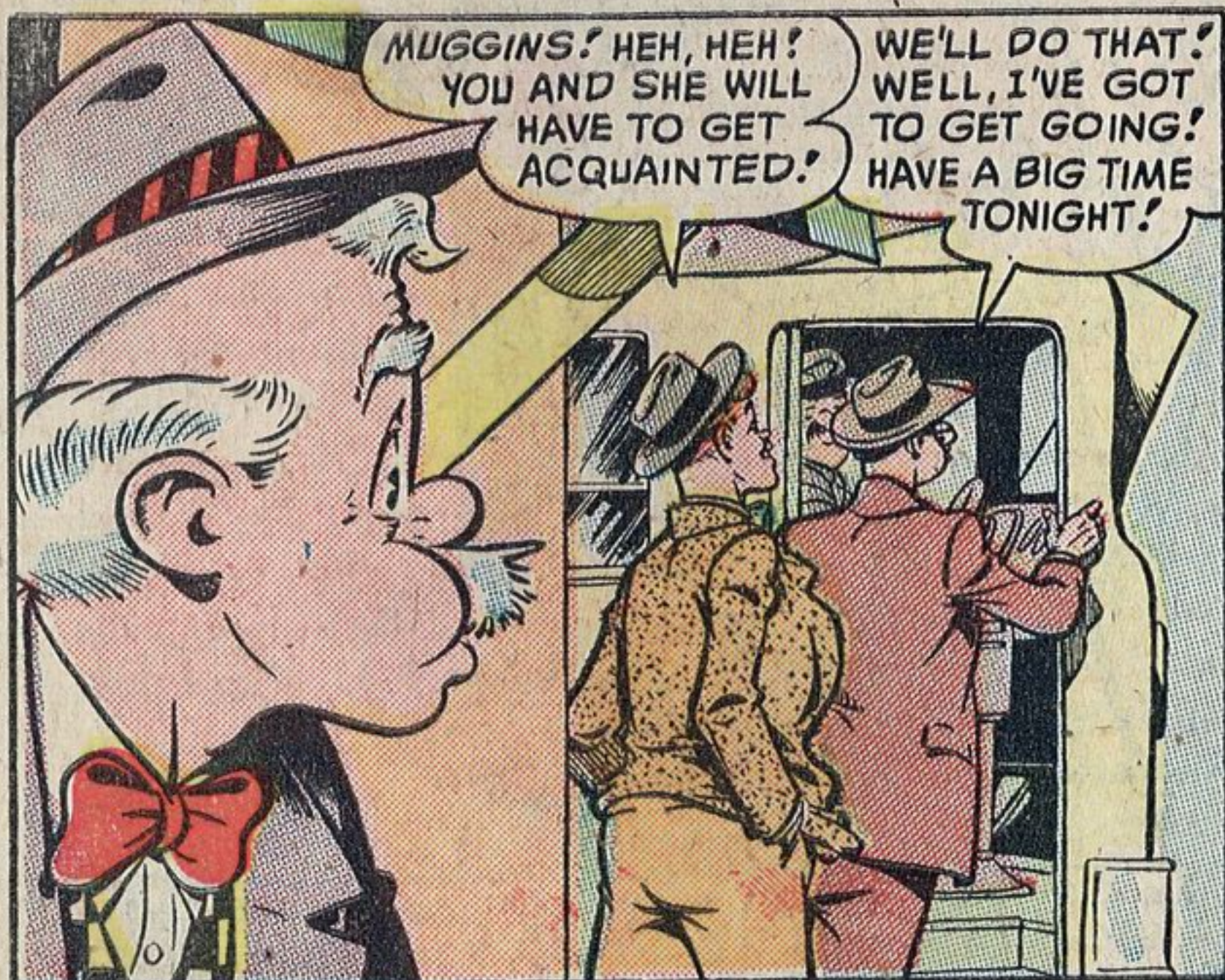
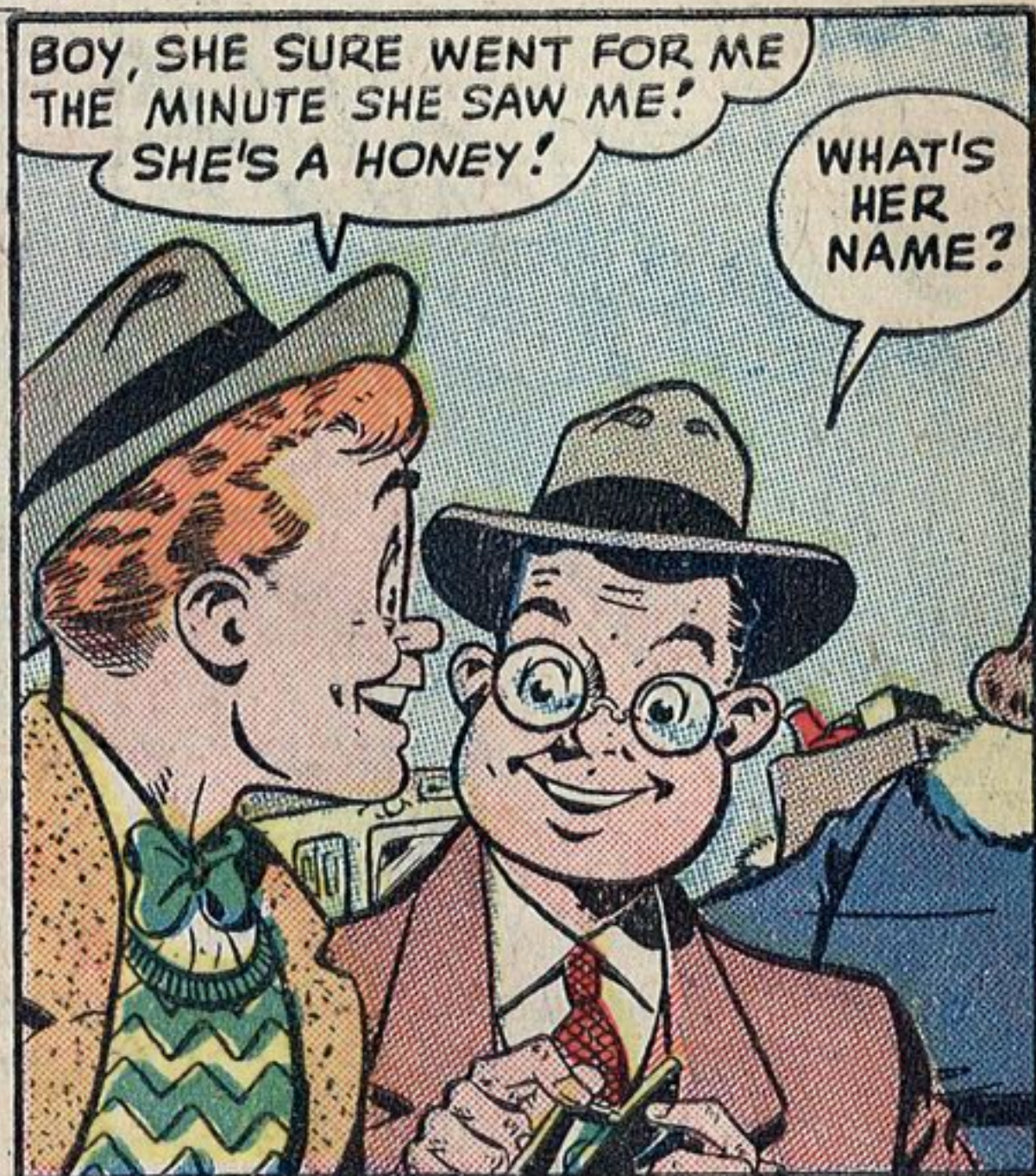
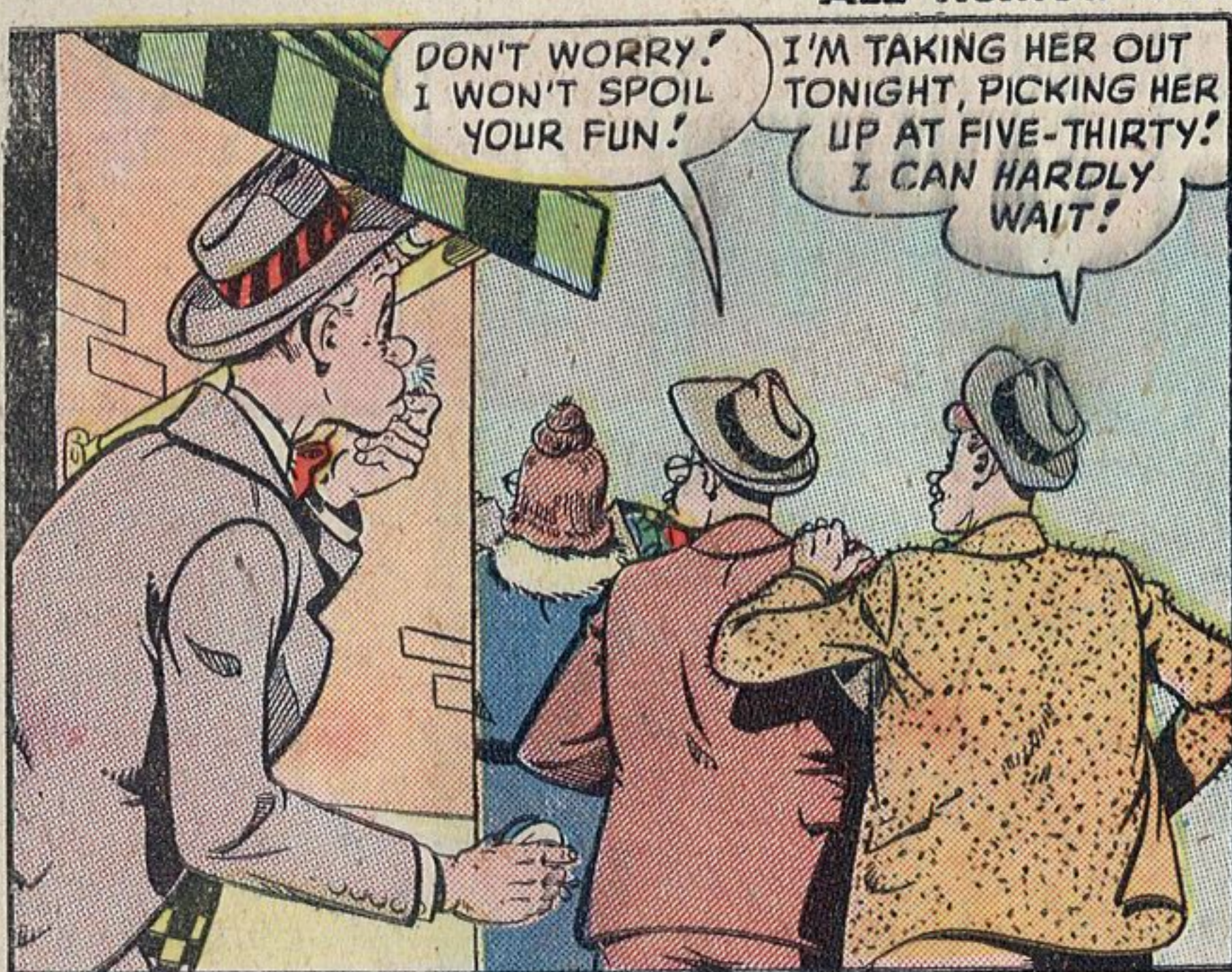


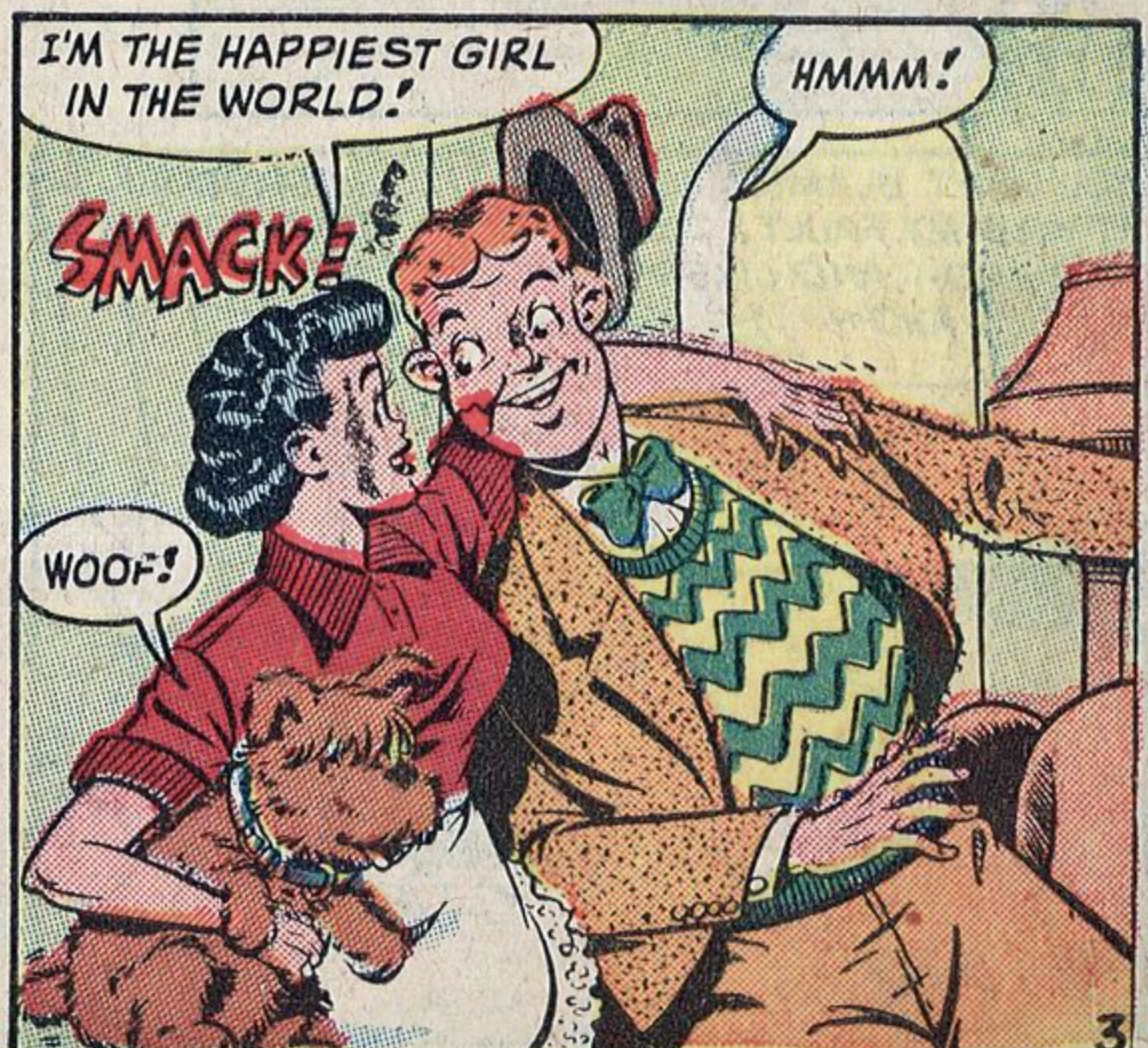
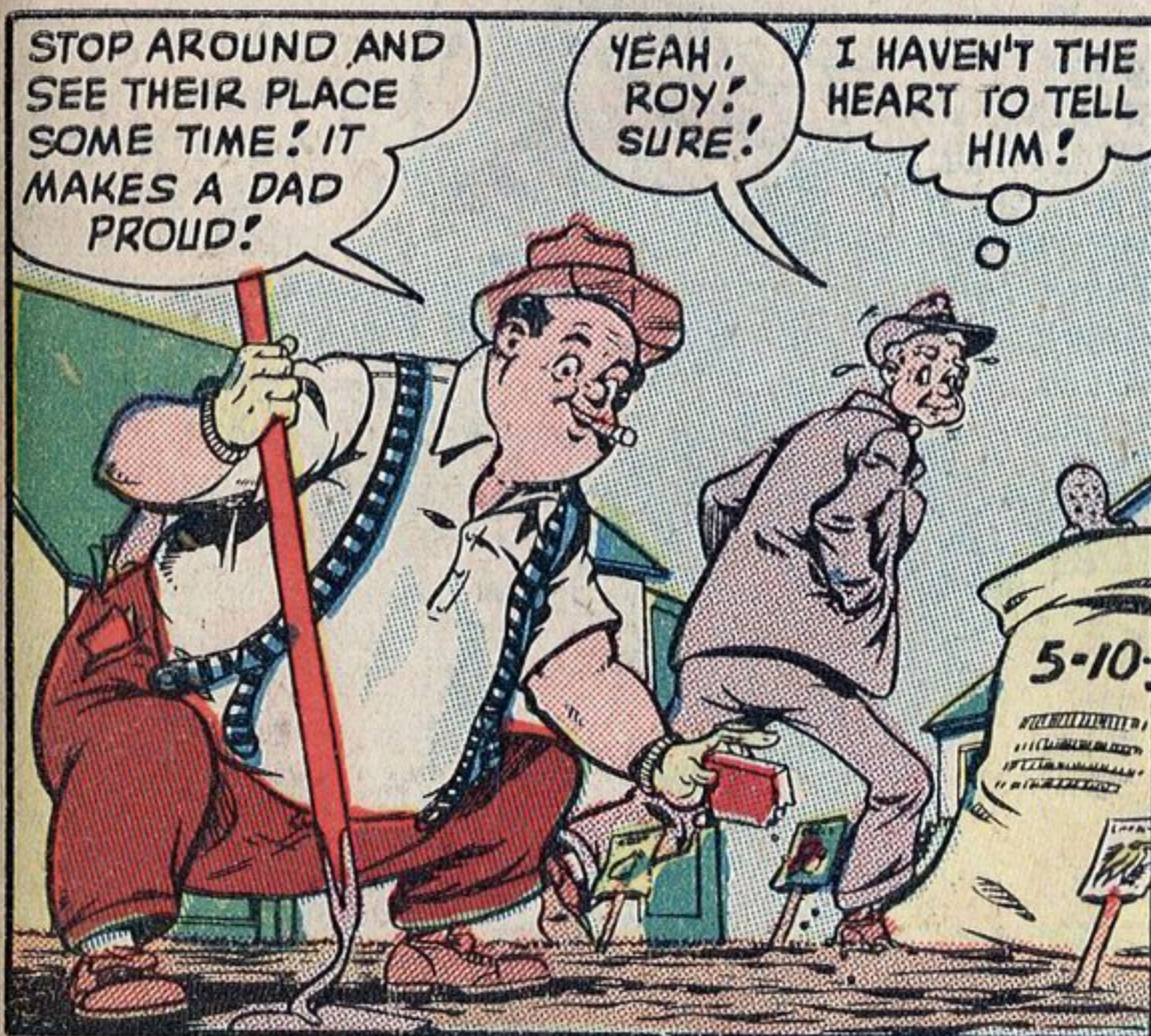
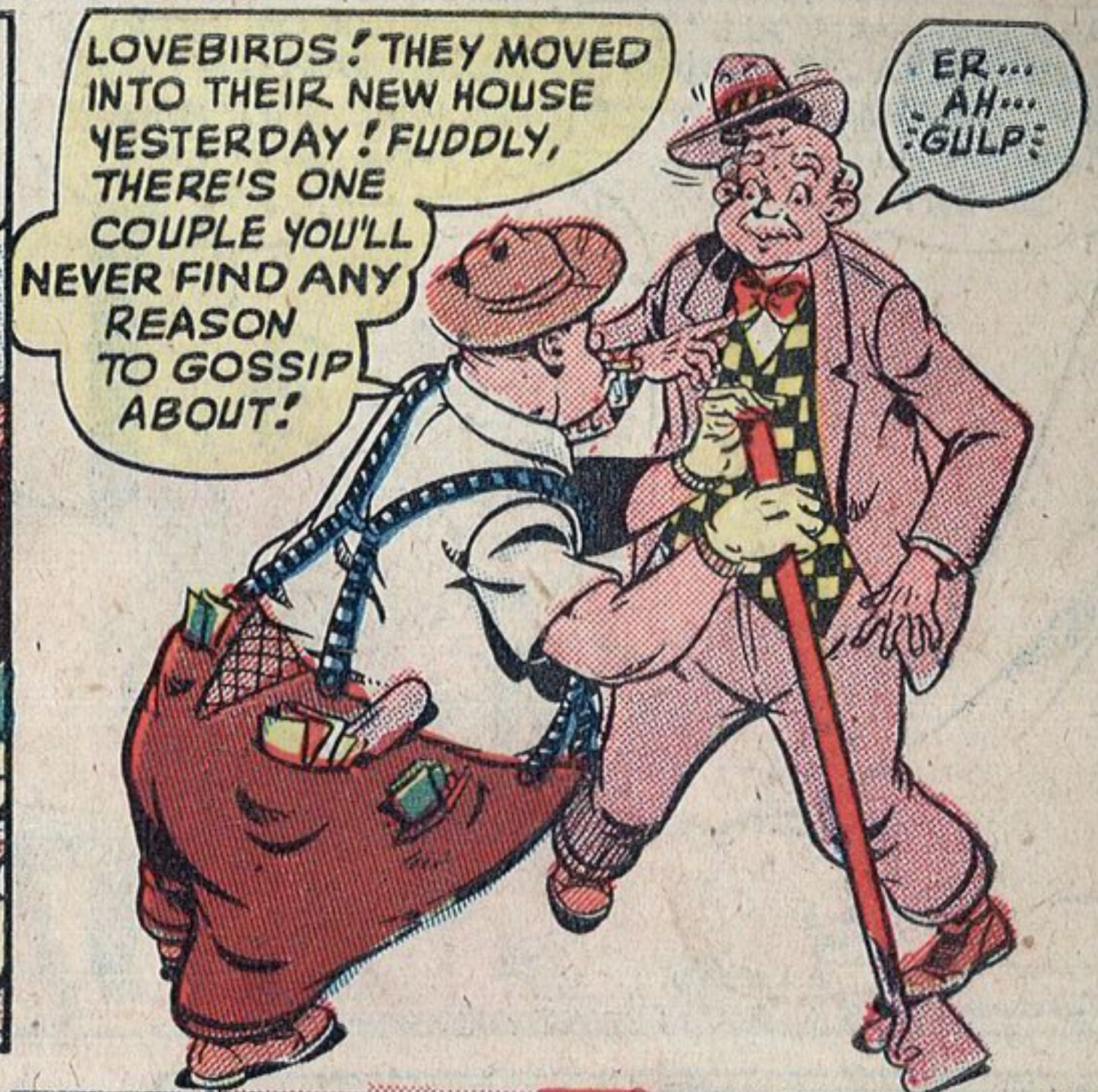
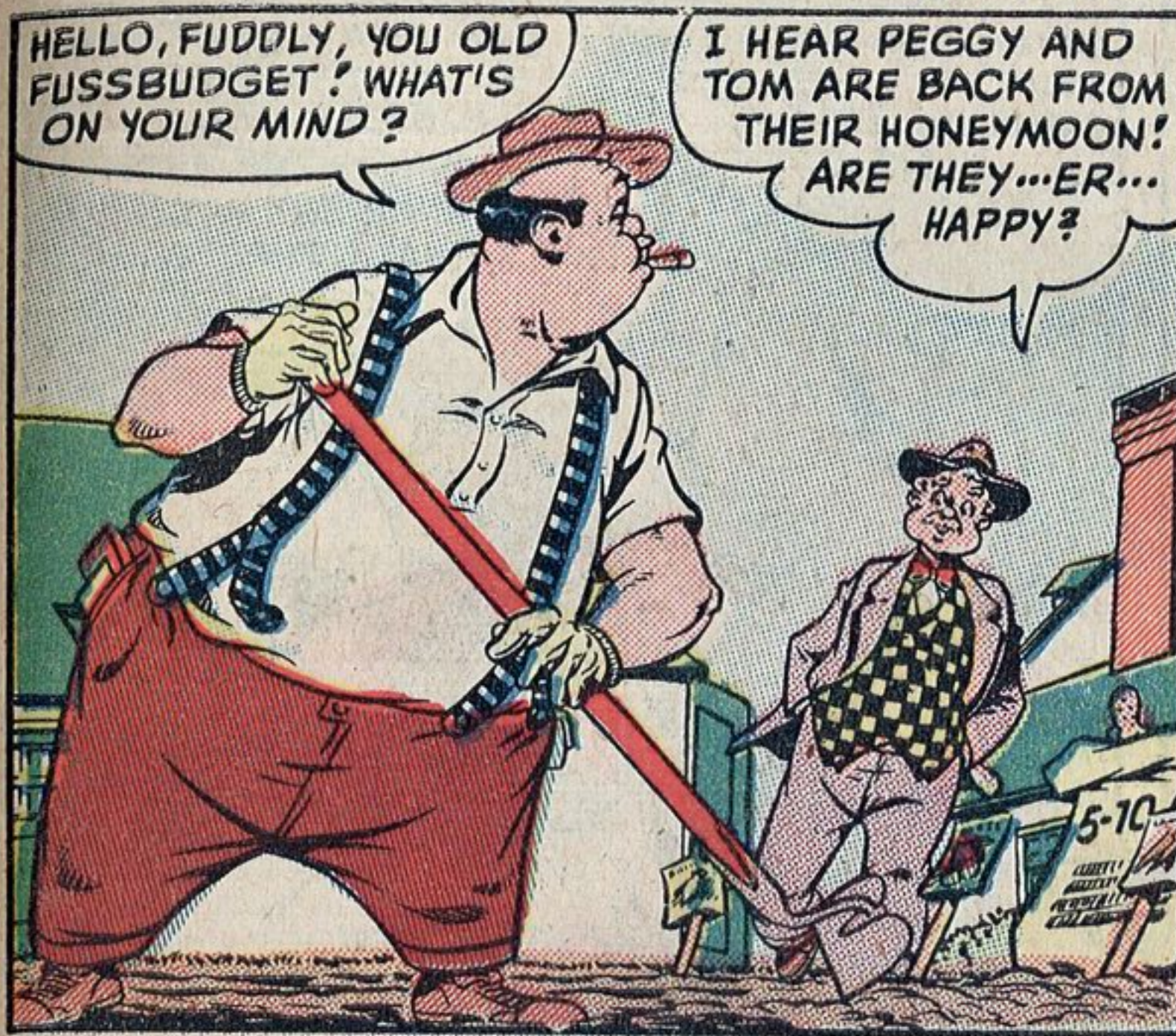
A CUTE ONE, HUH? REALLY WON YOU OVER, DID SHE, TOM?

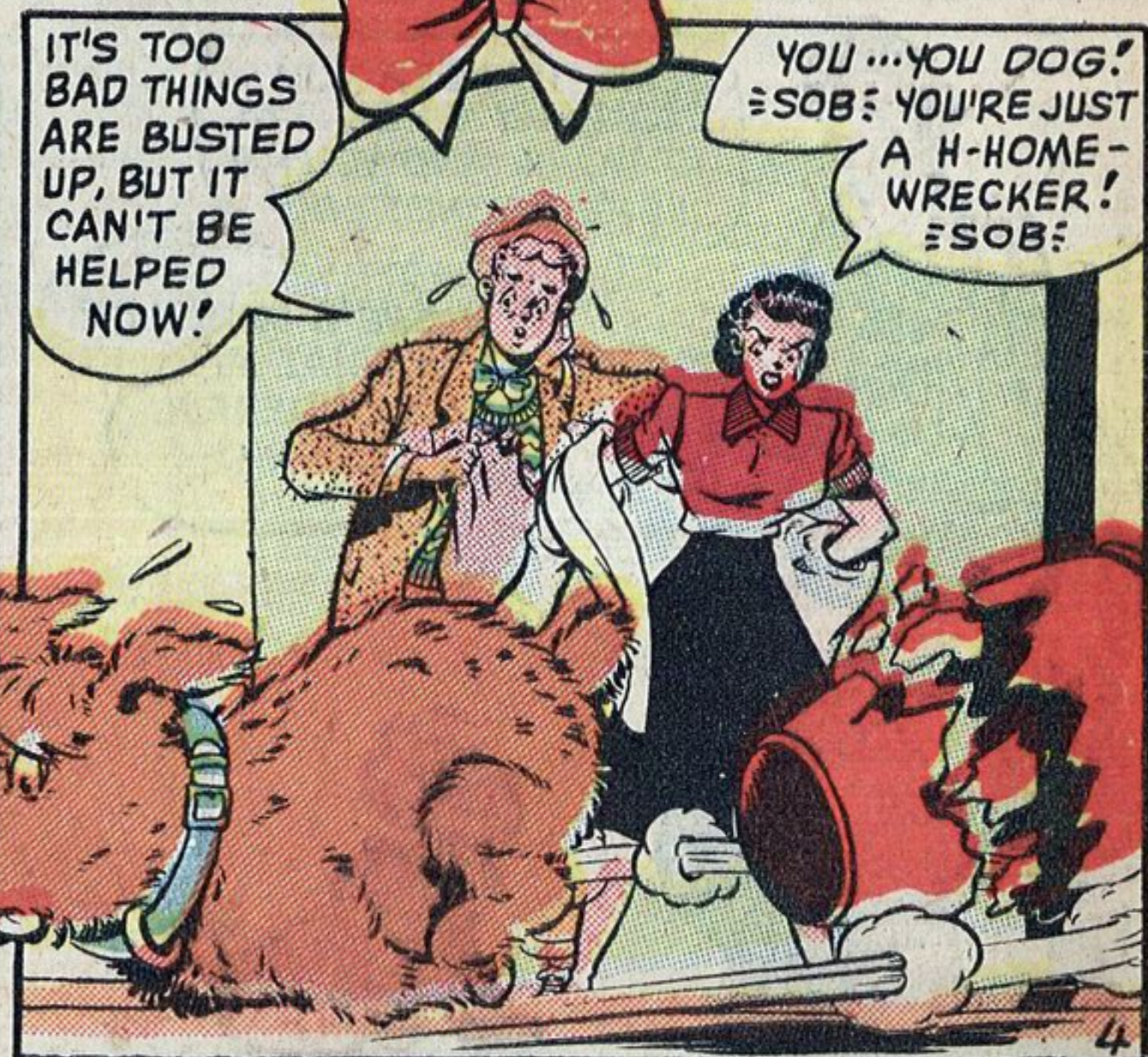
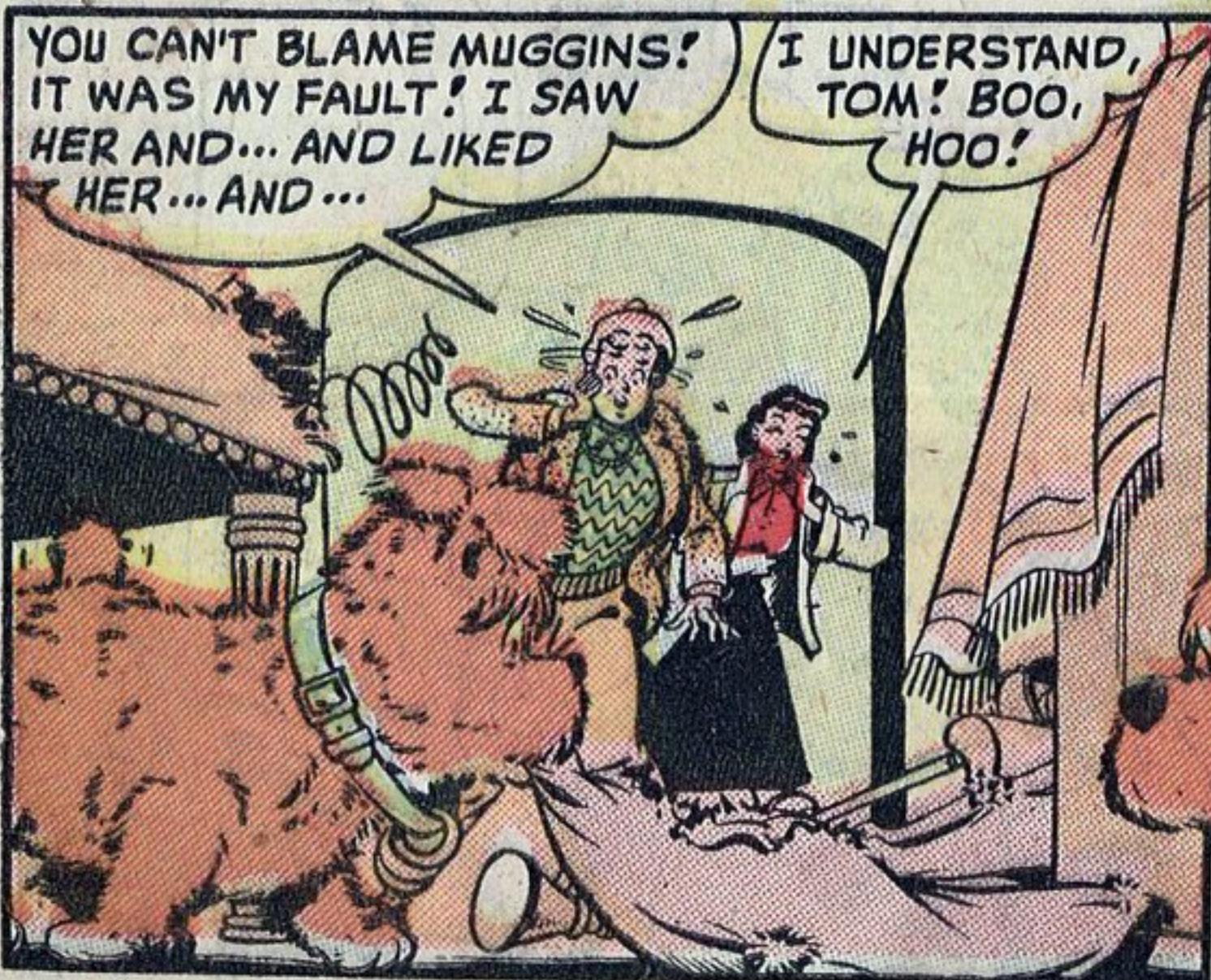
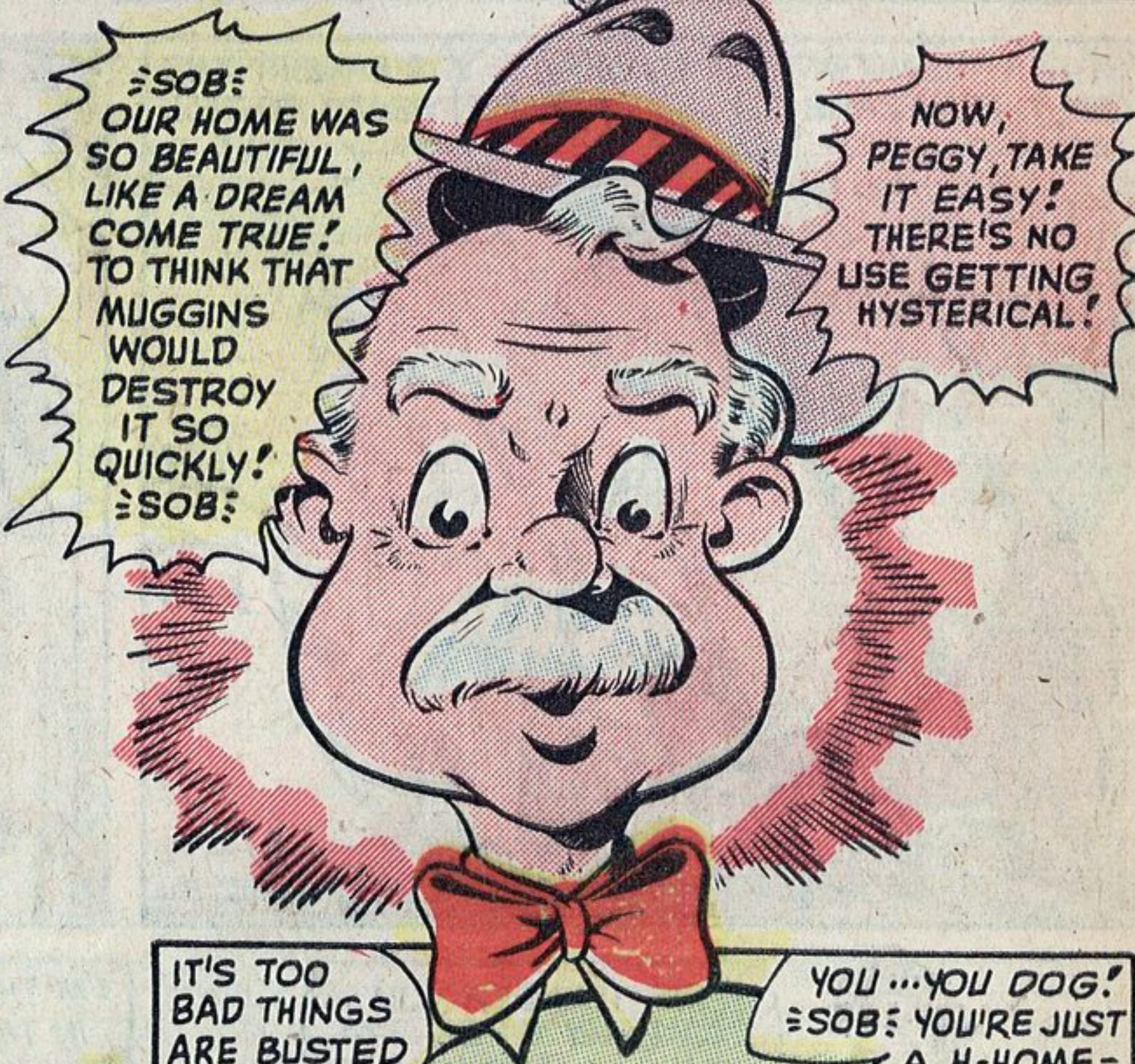
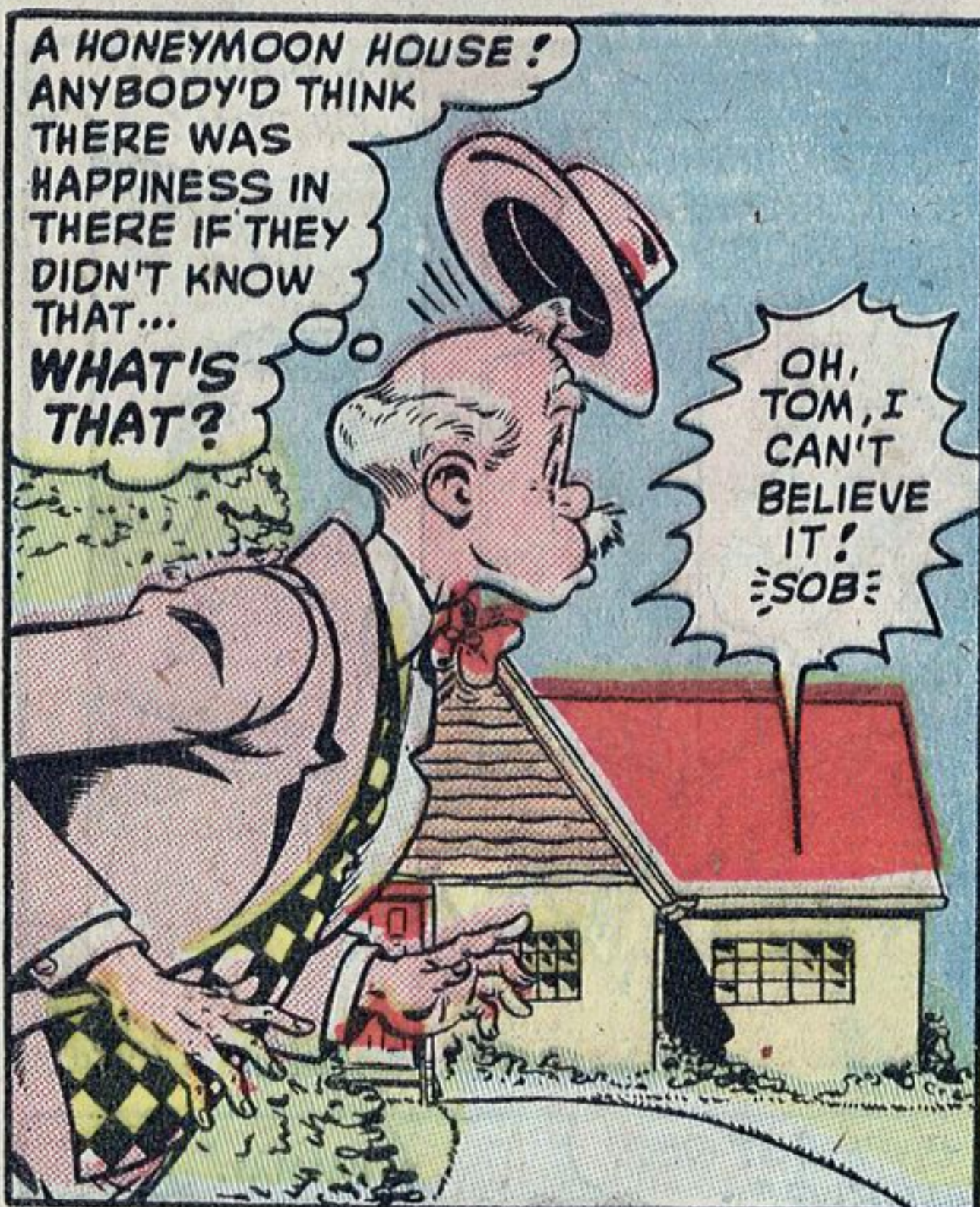
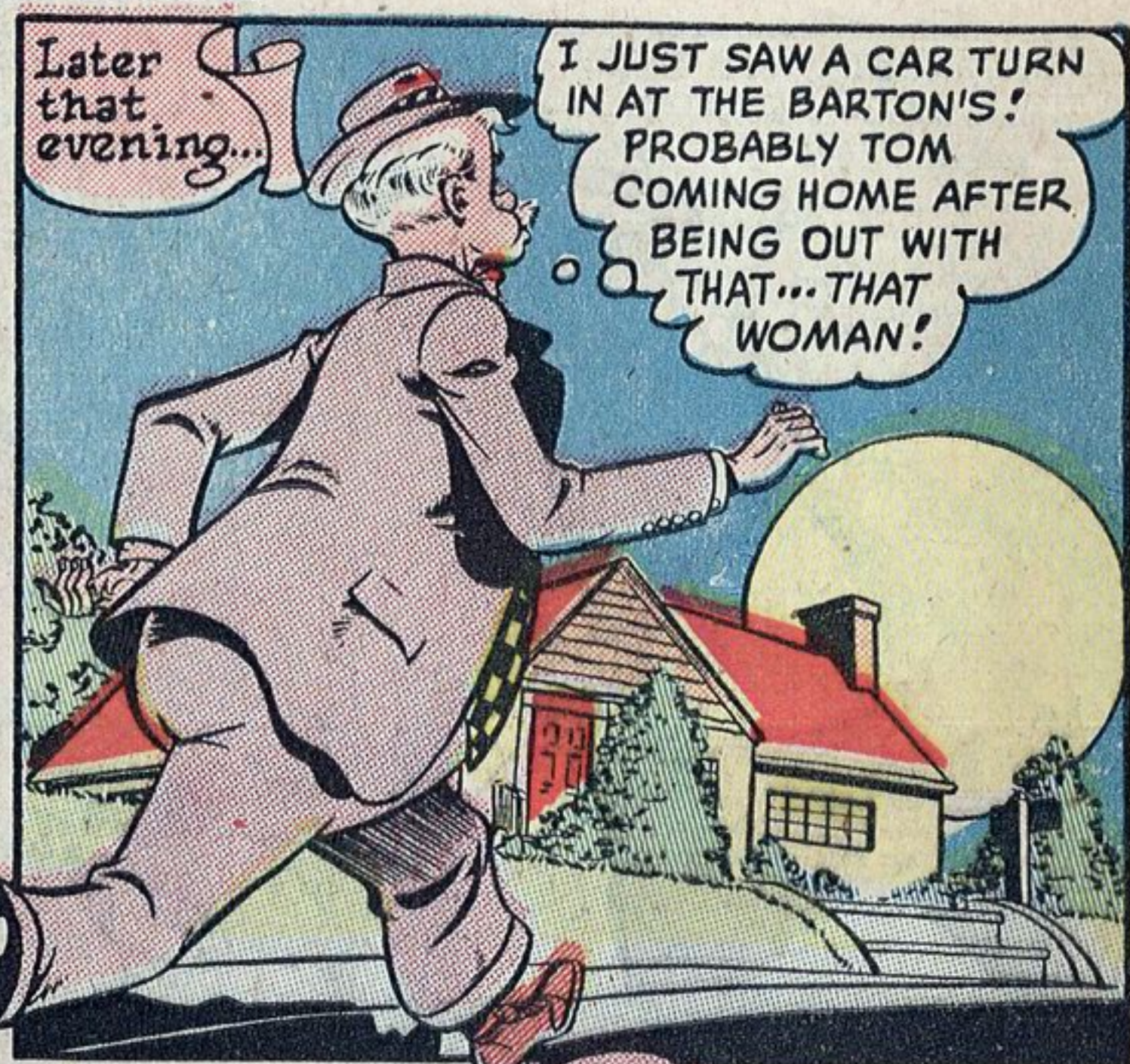
YEAH! BUT FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, DON'T LET PEGGY FIND OUT ABOUT IT!

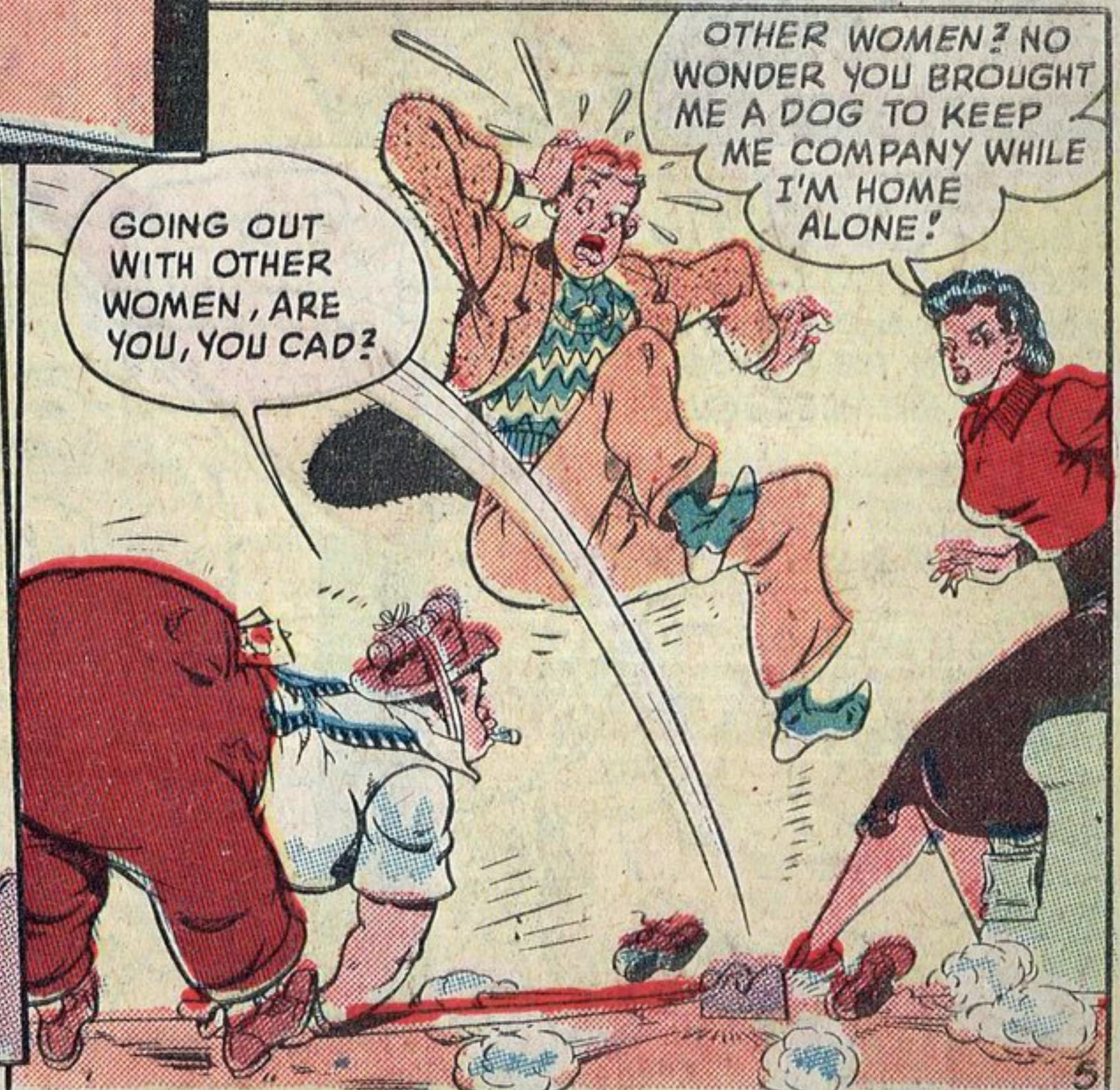
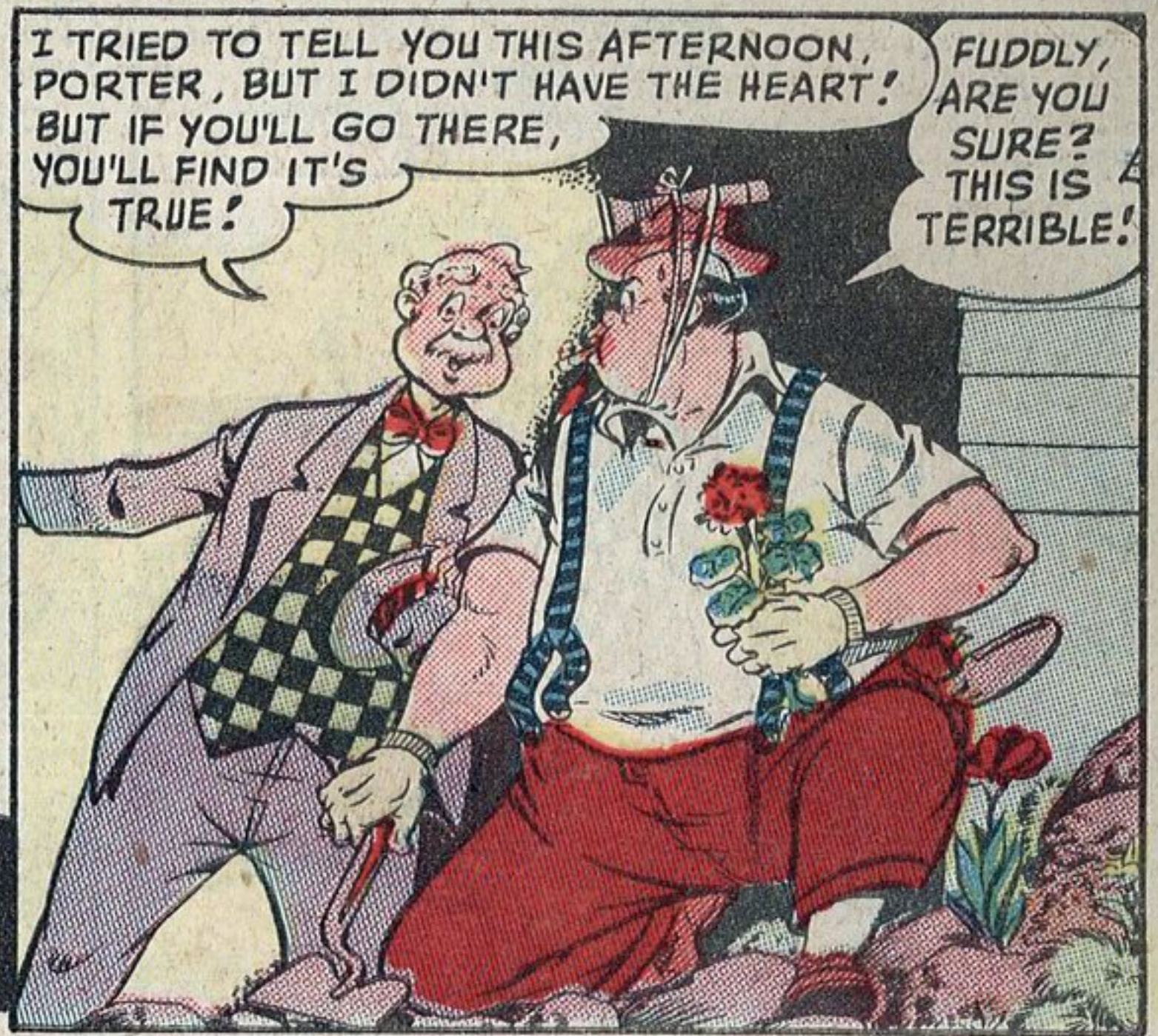


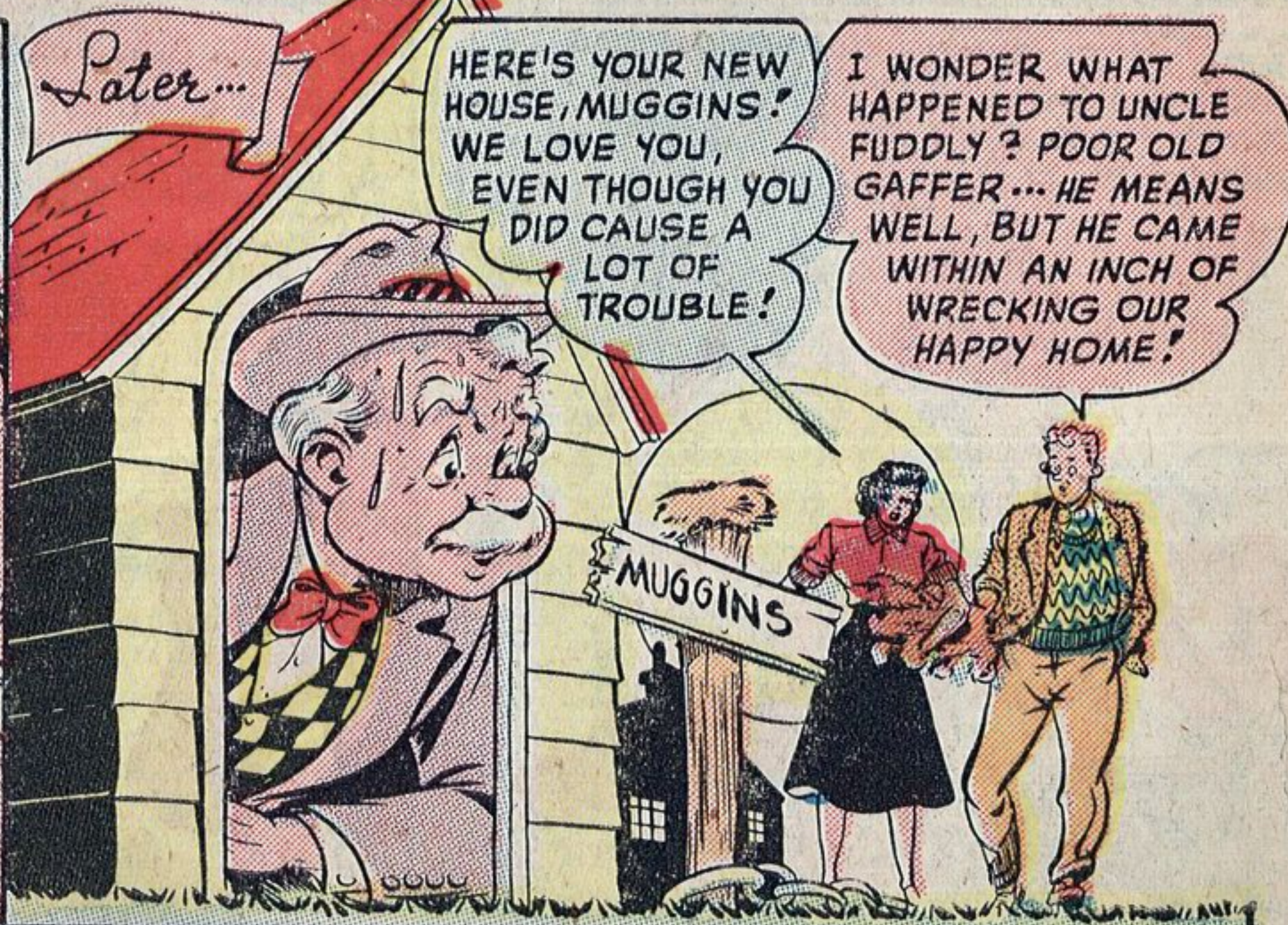
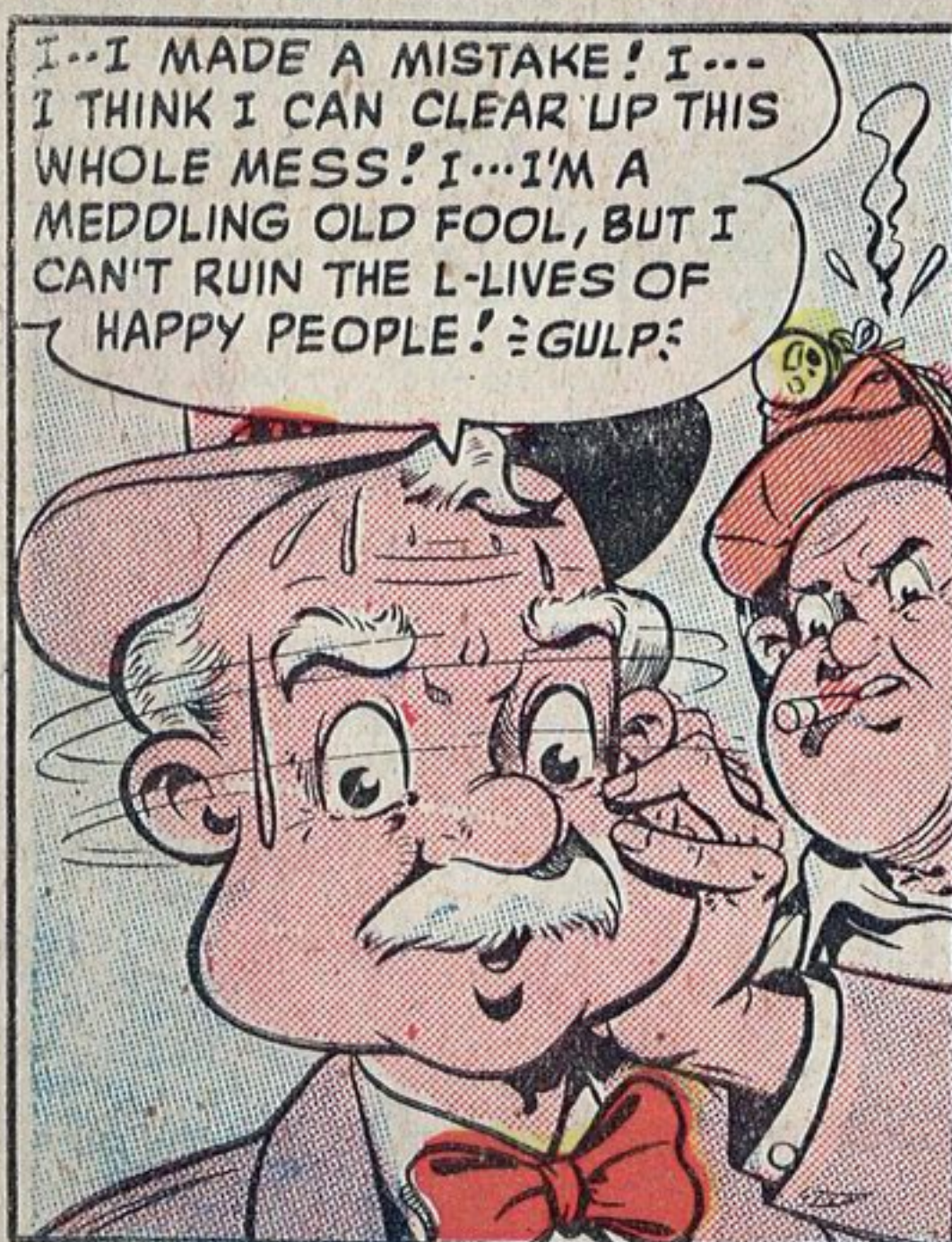
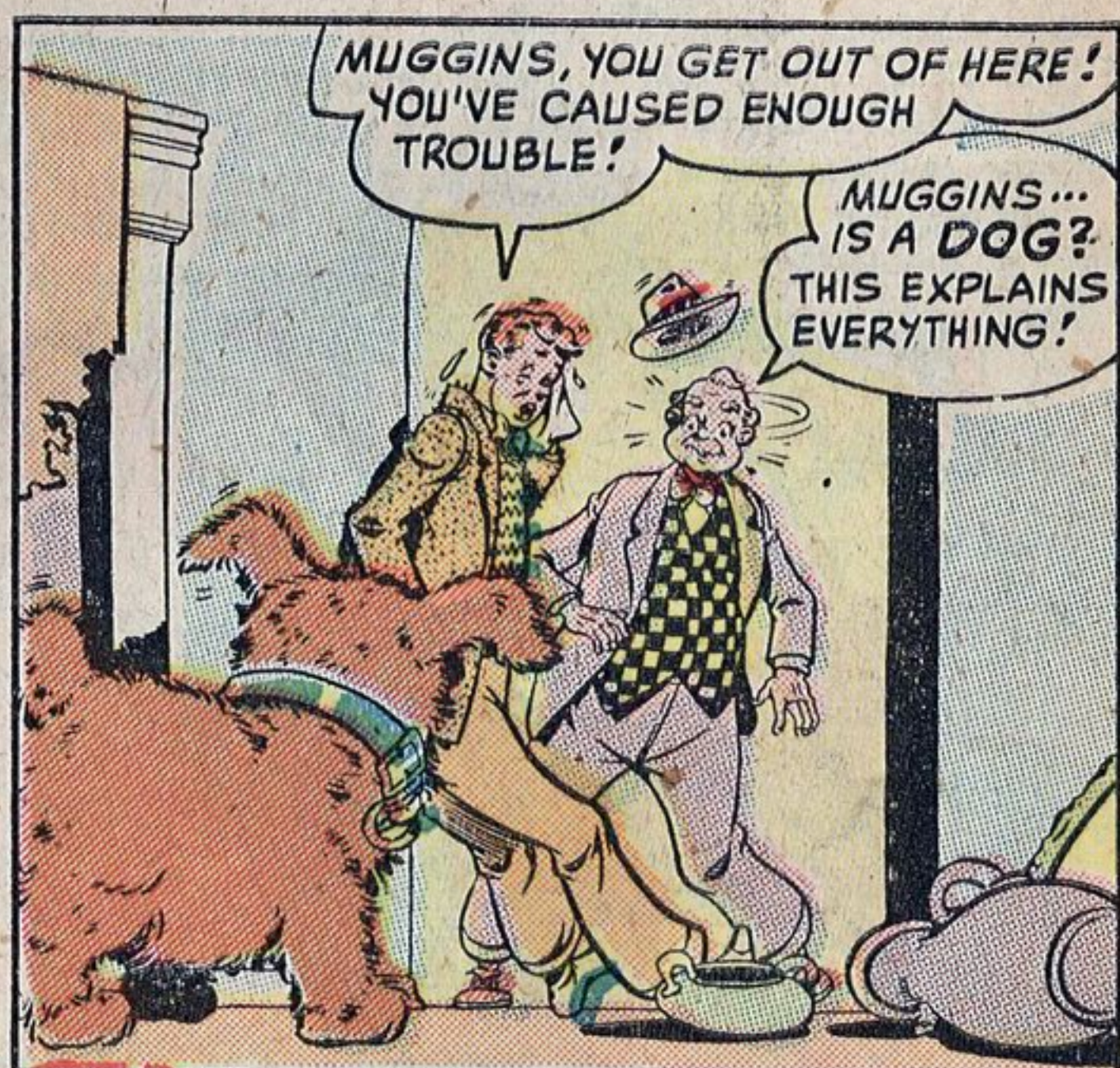
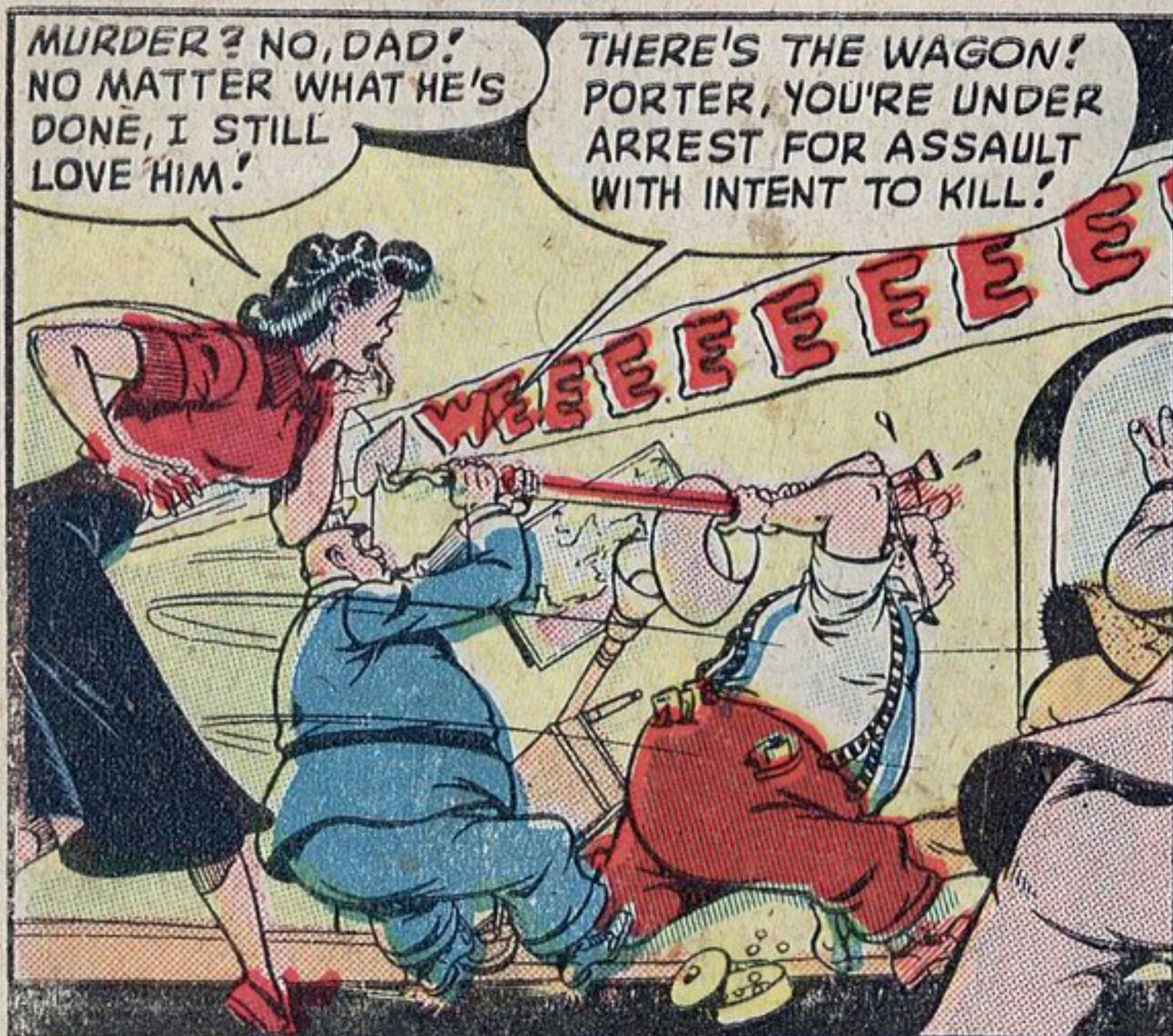
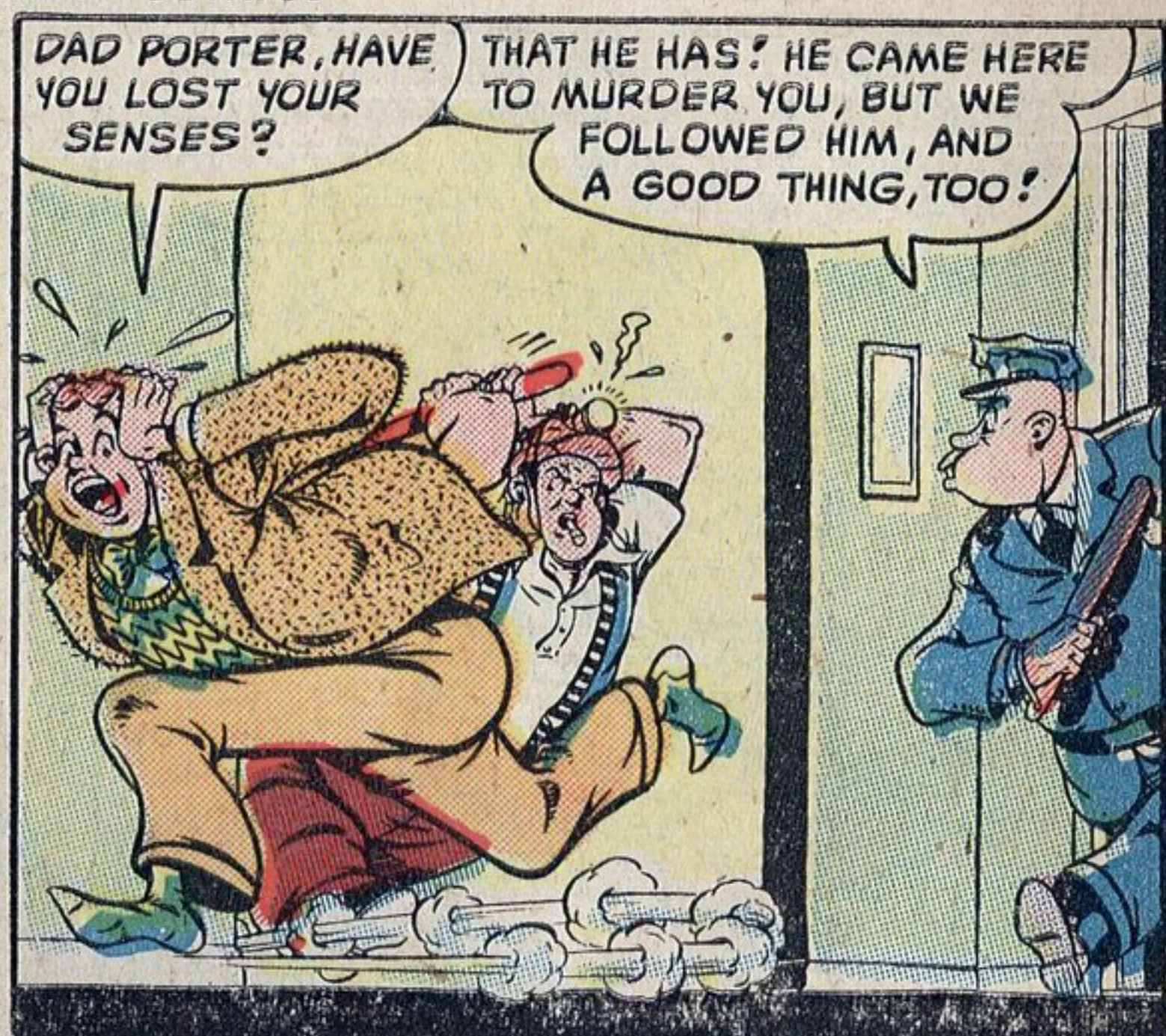
The busiest guy in town, minding everyone else's business...







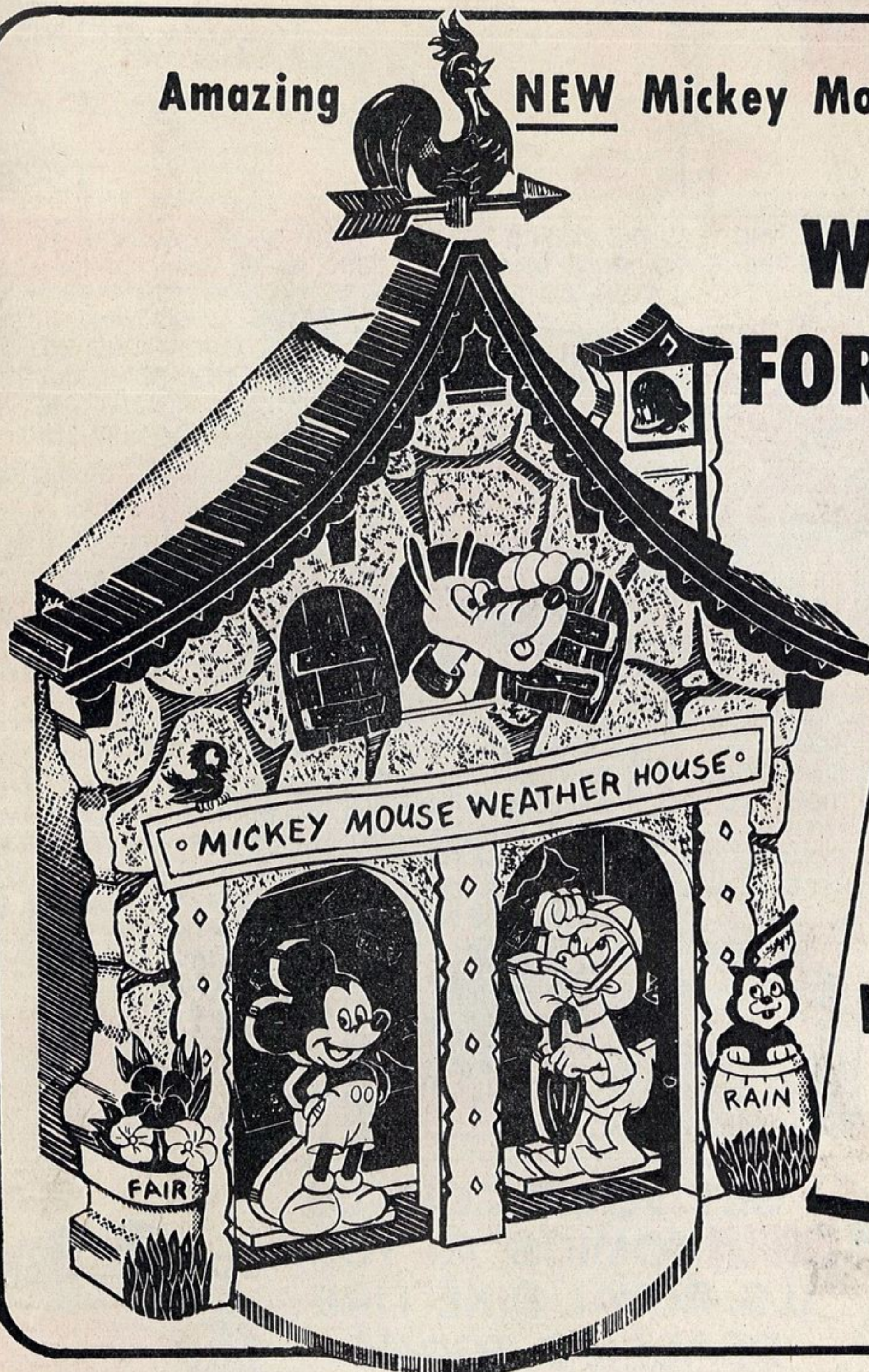




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BAMBOOZLING THE BANK ROBBERS



WHEN
DESPERATE
GUNMEN ROB
THE TOWN
BANK, DEPUTY
U.S. ROYAL
AND THE
BOYS OF THE
ELM CITY BIKE
CLUB GO
INTO ACTION
WITH A
DARING PLAN!



...AND TELL THE POLICE TO
BE THERE WITH GUNS DRAWN!
SEE YOU LATER, BOYS...

EVERY SECOND COUNTS, AS THE JET
BIKE RACES AHEAD OF THE ROBBERS...



GOOD THING THIS IS THE
ONLY ROAD OUT OF TOWN
...NOW TO PLANT THAT
SIGN AT THE HIGH-
WAY TURN-OFF!

AND SOON...

WELL, I'LL BE--
RIGHT INTO A DEAD
END TRAP! BUT
THE SIGN...

...WAS MOVED TO
THROW YOU OFF
THE TRACK--INTO
OUR HANDS!



GREAT WORK,
BOYS! WE
SURPRISED
THOSE CROOKS
WITH A
ROYAL
RECEPTION!



ROYAL IS RIGHT!--OUR
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES
GAVE US PLENTY OF
SPEED WITH SAFETY.
RIGHT, FELLAS? AND,
SAY, SPEAKING OF
SURPRISES--I'VE GOT
A REAL ONE WAITING
FOR YOU...

LATER, AT THE CLUBHOUSE...

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COMIC BOOK
ON BIKING?!

TAKE IT EASY,
BOYS...THERE'S
A COPY WAITING
FOR EACH OF YOU--
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AFTER ME,
TOM...



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HEAD--HE NEVER DOES
ANYTHING RIGHT!

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WOTTA SELLING JOB HE
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